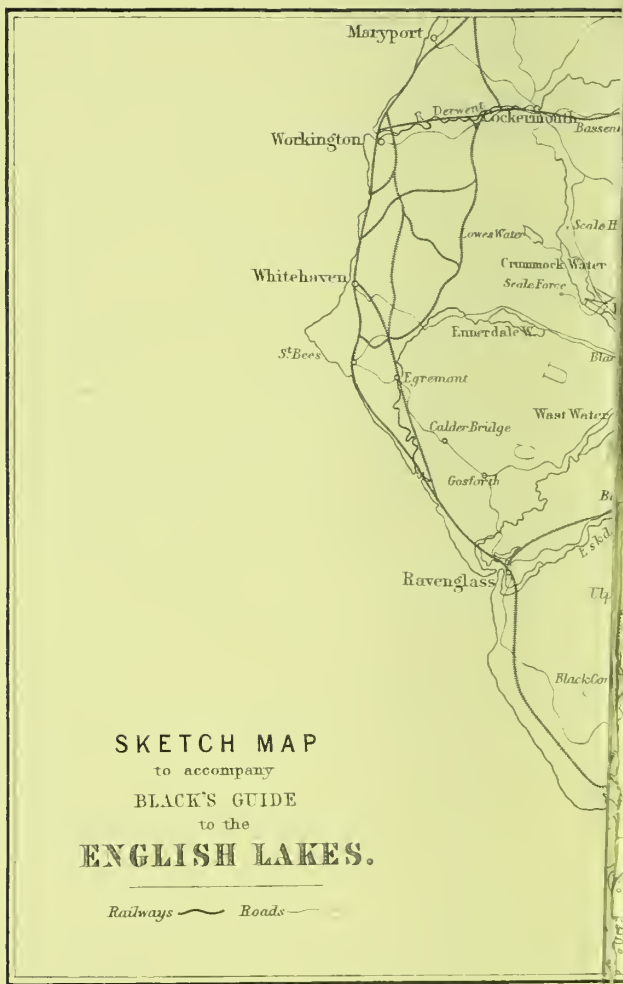
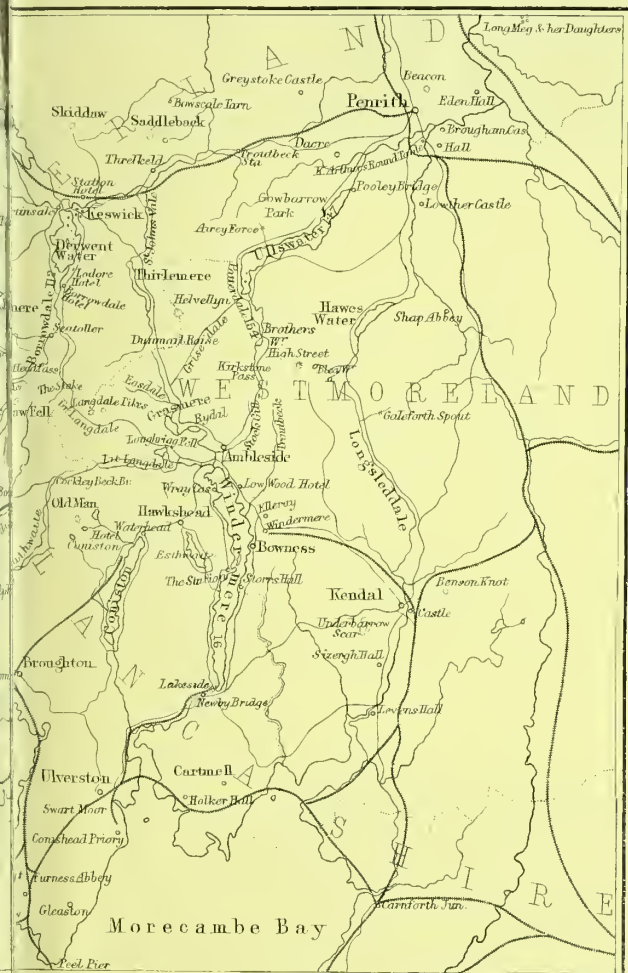




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ULLSWATER.

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BLACK'S GUIDE
TO THE
ENGLISH LAKES

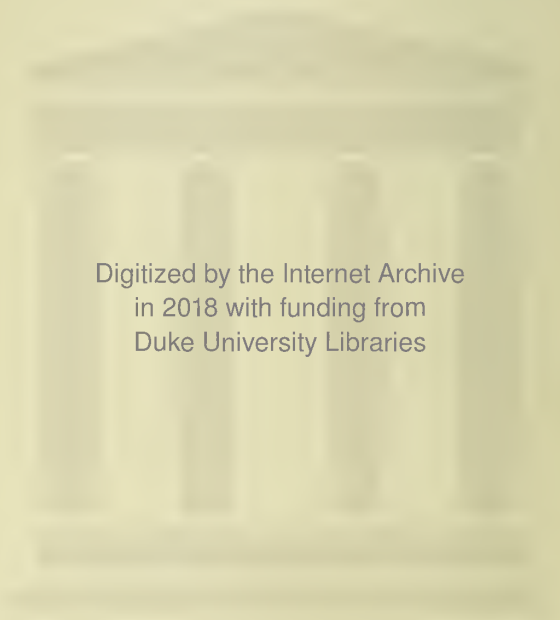
EDITED BY
GORDON-HOME

AUTHOR OF "WHAT TO SEE IN ENGLAND;" "YORKSHIRE," ETC.

TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION

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1905



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PREFACE

THIS is the twenty-fourth edition of *Black's Guide to the English Lakes*. It has again been revised, changes that have taken place since the last edition have been duly noted, and improvements in coach and other services have been included.

The notes as to motoring in the Lake district are a new feature, and it is hoped that they will be found useful to those who wish to know to what extent a car can be used for exploring this mountainous country.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
WINDERMERE SECTION	16
Kendal—Windermere—Windermere Village—Bow- ness on Windermere.	
ULLSWATER SECTION	41
Penrith—Hawes Water—Ullswater.	
CENTRAL SECTION	66
Ambleside — Coniston — Langdale — Grasmere and Rydal.	
KESWICK SECTION	125
Keswick—Skiddaw and other mountains round Keswick—Thirlmere—Bassenthwaite—Derwent- water — Borrowdale — Scafell — Buttermere — Crummock Water—Lowes Water.	
COAST SECTION	191
Whitehaven — Seascale — Wastwater — Eskdale — Duddon Valley—Furness—Grange over Sands.	
MOTORING IN THE LAKE DISTRICT	219

NOTE FOR CLIMBERS

THOSE who undertake any climbing in the Lake district should be provided with the following necessities :—

1. A reliable compass.
2. A coloured contour map of 1 inch to a mile scale.
3. A strong stick.
4. Sandwiches and flask.
5. Strong watertight boots with nails to prevent slipping.
6. A light mackintosh.

MAPS

GENERAL MAP OF LAKE DISTRICT	<i>In Pocket at end of Volume.</i>
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SEC.	SECTION MAPS	FACING PAGE
1.	Windermere	24
2.	Pooley Bridge, Ullswater, and Matterdale	40
3.	Patterdale, Helvellyn, Ullswater, and Hawes Head	54
4.	Ambleside and Grasmere	70
5.	Coniston	80
6.	Keswick and Skiddaw	132
7.	Thirlmere, Borrowdale, and Buttermere	158
8.	Langdales, Scafell, Eskdale, and Wastwater	170
	Plan of Furness Abbey	211

DISTRICT PAGE MAPS		
Ullswater		48
Windermere, Coniston, and Grasmere		66
Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite		154
Buttermere, Crummock, and Lowes Water		180
Wastwater, etc.		198

MOUNTAIN OUTLINES

With their names as seen from the following Lakes

	FACING PAGE
Windermere	32
Ullswater	58
Grasmere and Coniston	110
Derwentwater	136
Buttermere	188
Hawes Water and Wastwater	200

INTRODUCTION

THE Lake Country extends over part of the counties of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire, its greatest length or breadth nowhere more than about fifty miles. Into this area are closely packed the most picturesque features of England. Though Scottish lochs and mountains may be more imposing in their grandeur, no tract of Britain presents a richer combination at once of sublimity and beauty than the English Lakes.

As to the configuration of the district, it has been frequently pointed out that it approaches to that of a circle, the spokes of which radiate from the central mountain-mass situated near the head of Borrowdale. Recent research tends to show that not only do the valleys radiate in this manner, but the lakes in them are formed in the process of radiation, and for the most part conform to the true "Alpine" type, owing their existence, not to any accidental barrier, but in all probability to ice action from the common centre. Their typical form is a "steep-sided, flat-bottomed trough," continuing under water the sides of the valleys till they reach a level floor; and they are generally at their deepest opposite the steepest part of the shore. Ullswater and Hawes Water, to the east, lie more or less outside the main group. A well-marked depression traverses the district from north to south,

attaining its highest point at Dunmail Raise (783 feet). Another less complete depression traverses the valleys of Borrowdale and Wastdale. Readers interested in this subject are referred to the various works on the geology of the Lake district, with which should be compared Dr. H. R. Mill's recent Bathymetrical surveys reprinted from the *Geographical Journal*.

Apart from general features of conformation, adapting themselves to charms none the less appreciated by those for whom they spell out the records of time, the geologist will here find a great variety of stratified and unstratified rocks, in a series from granite to carboniferous beds. The botanist will rejoice over many rare plants, and in facilities for observing the effect produced upon vegetation by the temperature of different altitudes. The antiquary, too, will have scope for his researches in a district that must have been inhabited from very early times. "Druid circles" and "Pictish forts" speak of the prehistoric inhabitants; Roman camps and roads are frequent; "Runic crosses" attest the strong Norse element, which has left its mark so decidedly on the place-names. Furness Abbey is one of the finest mediæval monuments in England; Calder and Shap Abbeys also have left interesting ruins; while of later architecture, Elizabethan and Jacobean, there are many survivals. Local poets and prose-writers have recorded characteristic customs and superstitions, which may be further studied in the "Transactions" of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archæological Society, and other works.

Strange to say, however, this romantic region proves somewhat wanting in the legends, myths, and so forth, which might be expected to spring richly on such a soil. Its inhabitants would seem to be a hard-headed people, who long ago addressed themselves to the practical busi-

ness of wringing a subsistence out of the rough ground on which their lot was cast. They often fail to enter into the enthusiasm of strangers for beauties that do not lend themselves to high farming. "A fine country!" grumbled a Cumberland farmer to one whose name is well known among scholars, "yes—when it's flat, but there's precious little of that!"

Till about the middle of last century, indeed, the rest of England took much the same Philistine view of Lakeland. Mountains in those days meant bad roads, poor inns or none, the fear of robbers, and the chance of losing one's way. But it is a mistake that, as commonly supposed, Wordsworth and Southey *made* the Lakes, from the tourist point of view. An older admirer, one of the first who taught our prosaic forefathers to look for less tame models of the picturesque, was the poet Gray. The journal of his tour may still be read with interest and amusement. From him and other pioneers we learn how Borrowdale inspired feelings of awe, even of terror, and how a daring assailant of Saddleback felt so disordered that he desired to be "let blood." One well-known guide-book was fifty years old when Wordsworth wrote his hand-book; and both he and Southey complain of the crowds of holiday "Lakers" who every summer invaded Grasmere and Keswick. Undoubtedly, however, the writings of the "Lake School" went far to bring their haunts into wide favour. The poems of Wordsworth still can be best studied on the spots where they were composed in his open-air fashion of work. A "Wordsworth Society," whose published proceedings make a mine of story and suggestion, laboured for years in gathering up memories of the poetic group over which he towered. Devout disciples like Canon Rawnsley and Professor Knight have identified many of those spots, and their

commentaries are excellent companions for a ramble through Lake scenery, along with the works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, and "Christopher North," that brilliant fraternity of writers in prose and verse who have made almost every foot of the region classic ground. The literary succession which they began has been continued to our own day, Mrs. Hemans, Hartley and Derwent Coleridge, the families of Arnold and Myers, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mr. James Payn, being some of the names that at once occur to one.

If, then, the Lakes be poor in recorded folklore, they are rich in literary associations. To these we will endeavour to do justice, as not unmindful of the *genius loci*, while our main aim must be helpfulness in giving practical direction. We can no longer sneer with De Quincey, "considering what cattle our competitors are." It may even seem presumption to enter ourselves among the rivals for a task that has been undertaken by men so able, so well qualified, in one case so illustrious. But *Black's Guide to the Lakes* is now such an old favourite that we take courage to do our best in adapting it to the present requirements of tourists.

From the tourist point of view, the Lake Country is characterised by remarkable compactness and accessibility. With the exception of some outlying points, it forms a block of grand scenery through which an active walker might pass in a single day, while nowhere would he be more than a few miles from public lines of communication. A Bank Holiday amusement of local athletes is attempting to break the "Lake Fells Record" in a tramp taking in the summits of Bow Fell, Scafell Pike, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, with the towns of Keswick and Ambleside, some 67 miles of the roughest part of the district

and the cream of its scenery. This has been done (1895) in about nineteen hours and a quarter. We are far from suggesting such a feat to our readers ; but the beauties of the Lakes lie open both to bold climbs and to gentle strolls, though of course those who can take the mountain paths leading across from valley to valley are at great advantage over the mere road Rambler. The main roads are for the most part so good that cyclists find themselves little at a loss here ; indeed, it is noted that the pedestrians who used to throng the district in summer show a tendency to take to wheels. For the benefit of this class we have marked the hotels connected with the Cyclists' Touring Club by C, which may also be a hint to other tourists of houses well recommended and usually not the most expensive.

We have borne in mind excursionists of nearly all kinds, consulting not so much, perhaps, for travellers on wheels, who sit in less need of guidance, and for experts in mountain-climbing, who have their own oracles : Mr. Haskett-Smith's *Climbing in the British Isles*, the records of the *Alpine Club Journal*, the Visitors' Book at Wastdale Head Hotel, their chief resort. Our book takes rather the standpoint of the ordinary pedestrian, from which to estimate the distances and difficulties of the expeditions suggested. We have indeed described the usual ascents, here to be prefaced by a general hint of caution and prudence, which we have occasionally emphasised *in loco*. Those who exercise ordinary care can in most cases pick their way without a guide ; but rashness and heedlessness may easily be paid for by a broken limb or a night in the open ; and worse accidents are not unknown.

In these days, every one is supposed to have some idea of the difference between a tramp across a rough moor and a saunter by a road. To clear our conscience, we will

remind tyros undertaking mountain excursions, that it is always well to be provided with a stout stick, a map and compass, a packet of food, and (*pace* Sir Wilfrid Lawson, one of the Members for the district) a small flask of spirits, to be kept for emergencies. Not all of these may be needed. But if there should be any going astray, the reserve of provision may just make the difference between tiding over difficulties and succumbing to them. The use of map and compass should be practised in fine weather, if this is to avail one when caught in mist or storm.

One point should not have to be insisted on ; but we find the ungeographical mind in frequent ignorance of the usage by which the *right* and *left* banks of a stream are so named as if one were descending it, so that, in ascending, the right bank is not the one on our right, but the contrary : this rule we shall invariably follow. And is it too elementary to mention that should one get lost, it is generally safe to follow running water, which must lead downwards, that is, into the valley where tracks or roads are likely to be ?

The Lake roads, and even the mountain paths, in many cases, are well off for guide-posts, sometimes better represented by stone tablets, since foolish tourists, in the exuberance of their spirits, have been known to set the arms of a post awry, so as to deceive those coming after them, a most mischievous trick that deserves a tour on the treadmill. The inhabitants of the district will be seldom backward in giving information to strangers, albeit somewhat wondering perhaps at their idle curiosity. Nor, except in rare cases, are occupiers of the land churlish in allowing access through their enclosures to the free fells. It were to be wished that intruders always showed due consideration in return ; for instance, in the simple matter of shutting gates after them, the neglect of which, as does

not occur to the Cockney holiday-maker, may cost somebody a day's work in separating flocks that have got mixed through his heedlessness. People here also, like most mountaineers, expect to be spoken to civilly, a hint not always out of place in our observation. The "Statesman" or yeoman of the Lake Country may be a dying-out class, but few of its natives do not pride themselves on a sturdy independence, shown often by a manner less *dour* than that of their Scottish neighbours, while equally self-relying and self-respecting.

The climate of the Lakes, it must be confessed, is one of the wettest in Britain. Seathwaite, with a rain record of about 150 inches, has in this respect the fame of a gloomy primacy; but we understand that the Styhead gauge in this vicinity has marked nearly 186 inches on an average of twelve years. Most of the high passes where observations are made, show at least 100 inches for the same period; while, though the surrounding districts do not attain such "bad eminence," the most favoured seldom get off with less than an annual down-pour of 50 inches, double that of London. On the other hand, there is much "clear shining after rain," and the more favoured spots have also a record of sunshine higher than most parts of our kingdom; the explanation being that in the Lakes the rain generally comes down in a business-like manner while about it, instead of threatening and drizzling and hesitating in the way so vexatious to pleasure-seekers. Sudden storms and showers are naturally frequent among the mountains; and the tourist would do well never to be far from his weather-proofing, as to which we will only say that we have found very serviceable a light cloak of the material now coming so much into use, which is not air-tight like the old mackintoshes, but keeps out any reasonable amount of rain.

The best time for visiting the Lakes is May and June, when all their charms are at the freshest, when also they are not crowded, as in the popular holiday season, July and August. At the latter time the weather is more likely to be disappointing, while the unbroken green of the fern-clad heights, seldom varied by the purple of heather, produces a certain effect of monotony. In September this begins to be diversified by the rich hues of autumn, and then there may come a stretch of more settled weather, often extending into October or even further. Then also, as in early summer, which is usually the driest period, the heat of the valleys will be less trying than at the height of the season. At all seasons, indeed, the Lakes have their beauty; some admirers maintain that it is in winter they must be seen to perfection. Not always, indeed, as in the hard January and February of 1895, are they covered with throngs of skaters, enjoying the pastime Wordsworth loved,

Till in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

But in ordinary winters the snow dignifies the mountains into something of Alpine grandeur, their summits wrapt in lights and shadows unknown to summer visitors.

Christmas and Easter now bring their quota of tourists, and hardy adventurers delight in defying winter among perils that a century ago seemed appalling even in halcyon weather. But it is necessary to mention that out of the season many of the chief hotels will be found in a state of more or less suspended animation; and the same remark applies more forcibly to the lines of coach and steamboat communication, which in most cases stop with surprising abruptness at the end of September, beginning to run in May or at Whitsuntide. It is only in

the high season, in fact, that the demand brings about a full supply of these conveyances, to be duly indicated at each centre of resort, as we proceed.

The whole district is encircled by the lines of the London and North-Western and of the Furness Railways, from which short branches penetrate here and there into its recesses. At several points the railways connect with lines of coaches, chars-à-bancs, and steamboats, by which various round trips may be made in a day or more at leisure, as allowed by the through tickets issued for these combined journeys, usually available for a week, with the option of halting at any place on the way. For details as to routes, fares, and the cheap tickets given under certain conditions, we must refer the reader to local programmes. Let us quote, as example, what is called the *Middle Circular Tour*, on which, it appears, for 7s. first class (the second and third class fares, where coaches and steamers come in, are not much lower), passengers can be taken from Ambleside down Windermere, across to Coniston by rail and coach, up that lake, then back to Ambleside by road, in seven hours or less.

Tourists wishing to take a rapid view of the chief points of Lakeland might begin at Windermere, doing the Coniston round one day, and the Langdales with Grasmere the next; then drive by Thirlmere to Keswick; thence make the Borrowdale and Buttermere round, or the longer circuit by Wastwater and Ennerdale; and leave the district by Penrith, not omitting a peep of Ullswater. Such a flying tour, which might of course be taken in the reverse order if preferred, would give a cursory view of the principal features, while of course leaving many minor attractions unseen. But for our part, we would sooner spend the whole time in any one centre, such as Keswick

or Ambleside, photographing in memory, as it were, some characteristic scenes.

All over the district will be found excellent hostelries of all kinds, from first-class ones of fame to good old-fashioned inns, which in many cases are developing towards the pretensions and prices of their more luxurious neighbours. Prices make sometimes a sore point here, but the best Lake Hotels are not dearer than others with the same accommodation and under similar circumstances of patronage for only part of the year. It would be impossible to give a satisfactory table of charges to be expected: enough to say that they vary in much the usual proportion, and that our lists at each place will be arranged as far as possible in a descending order of importance and expensiveness.

Before passing on to the successive Sections into which it is convenient to divide our Lake Tour, we present readers with a few tables that will be of use or interest, if only to study on one of the wet days which, we hope, will not be their too frequent experience.

CHARGES FOR PRIVATE CONVEYANCES, PONIES, AND GUIDES

For a one-horse conveyance, 1s. per mile (driver 3d).

For a two-horse conveyance, 1s. 6d. per mile.

Or if the stage extends to 10 or 12 miles, 1s. 4d. per mile.

The return journey generally charged one-third more.

A one-horse vehicle for the whole day should be 15s., and the driver's fee for such an excursion 5s.

Ponies 5s. or 7s. 6d. each, according to distance, and guides the same.

RAINFALL AT KESWICK FOR PAST 32 YEARS, 1873 TO 1904

The variation is very considerable, ranging from 42·34 inches falling upon 172 days in 1887 to 84·57 inches upon 252 days in 1903, the average for 32 years being 59·234 inches upon 205·812 days.

A similar variation may be noted in each month as shown in the following tables :—

	LEAST RAINFALL.			GREATEST RAINFALL.			AVERAGE FOR 32 YEARS.	
	Total Inches.	Year.	No. of Days.	Total Inches.	Year.	No. of Days.	Total Inches.	No. of Days.
Jan. . .	·11	1881	5	14·39	1873	21	6·31	19
Feb. . .	·45	1891	10	12·74	1894	23	4·81	16
Mar. . .	·68	1900	11	13·61	1903	31	4·38	17½
April . .	·36	1873	6	5·28	1904	21	2·88	14½
May . .	·96	1896	5	5·73	1886	18	3·07	15½
June . .	·43	1887	6	5·70	1881	19	2·87	14
July . .	·80	1876	5	7·29	1888	24	4·22	17
Aug. . .	1·19	1880	6	12·49	1891	24	5·53	18½
Sept. . .	·68	1894	4	11·52	1891	23	5·58	17
Oct. . .	2·32	1879	12	13·87	1903	30	6·56	19
Nov. . .	1·71	1879	12	14·94	1877	26	6·38	18
Dec. . .	·65	1890	9	13·00	1900	28	6·61	19

GLOSSARY

OF WORDS IN LAKE DISTRICT PLACE-NAMES¹

Band—the summit of a minor hill.

Barrow—a hill.

Beck—a stream, a brook.

Borran—heap of stones cleared from rough land.

Brant Fell—steep fell.

Cam—the ridge or comb of a hill.

Coom or **Coombe**, a hollow in the side of a hill.

Cove—a recess amongst the hills.

Den, Dene—a glen.

Dodd—a hill with a blunt summit attached to a larger hill.

Dore—an opening between walls of rock.

Dun—a swell of ground, hillock (cf. *Down, Dune*).

Ea (Ang.-Sax.)—signifying water, entering into composition under various shapes,—*a, au, ay, e, ea*. Examples—*Eamont, Esthwaite, Easdale, Hays-water*.

Fell—bare elevated land, answering in some respects to the wolds, moors, and downs of other parts of the island.

Force—a waterfall.

Gate (Ang.-Sax.)—a way.

Garth—an enclosure, a garden.

Ghyll, Gill—a narrow ravine: the affected spelling seems to have been introduced by Wordsworth.

¹ Many names here, of course, are mere contractions: thus *Topot Fell* for "Top o' the Fell." Some vary between an older and newer form: the *Wallow Crag* of modern maps is a corruption of *Walla Crag*; the *Rothay* is with the poets *Rotha*; and *Aira* and *Airey Force* are the same name.

- Grange**—a large farmhouse and its dependent buildings.
Hag—an enclosure, a wood.
Hause—1. A narrow *passage* like a throat. 2. A narrow connecting *ridge* like a neck.
Holm—an island.
Howe—a gentle eminence within a vale.
Keld—a spring or well.
Knock—a hill.
Knott—a rocky excrescence on a hill;—frequently the hill itself is known by this appellation, and then it consists of little more than bare rock.
Man—the pile of stones built upon the highest point of a mountain.
Nab—the abrupt termination of a mountainous projection; an extremity, a point.
Ness—a projection into a lake, a promontory.
Pen—a hill—the Scotch *Ben*.
Pike—anything peaked or pointed; hence applied to the summit of a hill.
Rake—a strip of ground (usually covered with smooth sward, but sometimes strewn with stones) lying on the side of a hill, and sunk below the level of the neighbouring parts, frequently forming a miniature pass amongst rocks.
Raise—a heap of stones thrown up by way of tumulus.
Rigg—a ridge; in the same manner, brigg from bridge.
Scar, scarth, carr—a *gash*, as it were, in the face of the earth, exhibiting the rock beneath.
Screes—steep slopes covered with loose stones at the foot of precipices from which they have fallen.
Scrogs—stunted bushes; scrubs.
Slack—a depression; a hollow.
Stickle—a sharp peak.
Syke—a rivulet.
Tarn—a small sheet of water, usually high up amongst the mountains.
Thwaite—the root means *cut*; application doubtful: ground cleared of trees, or cut off from large estate.
Wath—a ford, used in composition only.
Wray—a corner, a landmark.
Wyke—a bay.

HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

There is some little diversity on this head; we have tried to follow the most recent surveys.

	Feet.		Feet.
Scafell Pike	3210	Ill Bell	2476
Scafell	3162	Dale Head	2473
Helvellyn	3118	Robinson	2417
Skiddaw	3054	Seat Sandal	2415
Bowfell	2960	Harrison Stickle	2401
Great Gable	2949	Froswick	2359
Pillar Mountain	2927	Pike o' Stickle	2323
Fairfield	2863	Pike o' Blisco	2304
Blencathra ("Saddle-back")	2847	Place Fell	2154
Crinkle Crags	2816	Yewbarrow	2058
Grasmoor	2790	Causey Pike	2050
St. Sunday Crag	2756	Black Combe	1969
Highstreet	2663	Wansfell Pike	1597
High Stile	2643	Catbells	1482
Old Man	2633	Silver Howe	1345
Kirkfell	2631	Helm Crag	1300
Grisedale Pike	2593	Nab Scar	1300
Glamara	2560	Latrigg	1203
Red Screes	2540	Loughrigg	1100
Harter Fell	2509	Gummer's Howe	1054
The Carrs (<i>Wetherlum</i>)	2502	Castle Crag	900
High White Stones	2500	Orrest Head	870
		Brant Fell	500

HEIGHTS OF PASSES

	Feet.		Feet.
Esk Hause	2490	Kirkstone	1480
Sticks Pass	2450	Garburn	1450
Nan Bield	2100	Scarf Gap	1400
Walna Scar	2035	Hardknott	1290
Gatescarth	1950	Wrynose	1270
Grisedale	1930	Honister	1190
Black Sail	1750	Buttermere	1096
Styhead	1600	Whinlatter	1043
Stake	1576	Dunmail Raise	783

THE LAKES

	Length in miles.	Average breadth (fractions of mile).	Average depth in feet.	Elevation above sea in feet.	Area in square miles.
Windermere .	10·50	0·54	78½	130	5·69
Ullswater .	7·35	·47	83	476	3·44
Coniston .	5·41	·35	79	143	1·89
Wastwater .	3·00	·37	134½	200	1·12
Derwentwater .	2·87	·72	18	244	2·06
Bassenthwaite .	3·83	·54	18	223	2·06
Ennerdale .	2·40	·46	62	368	1·12
Crummock .	2·50	·39	87½	321	0·97
Buttermere .	1·26	·35	54½	329	0·36
Hawes Water .	2·33	·23	39½	694	0·54

The above are reproduced from the latest survey, by Dr. H. R. Mill ("The English Lakes, with Bathymetrical Maps and Illustrations"). The following are approximate, being based on older surveys.

Thirlmere, ¹ about	2·7	0·35	...	533	...
Grasmere ,,	0·9	·55	...	208	...
Rydal . . .	0·7	·22	...	181	...
Esthwaite . .	1·6	·38	...	217	...
Lowes Water .	1·25	·37	...	429	...

¹ The size and level of this lake is still in a transition state, pending the completion of the Manchester Waterworks scheme. The *greatest depths* found by the Ordnance Surveyors in the other four lakes were:—Grasmere, 180 feet; Rydal, 55 feet; Esthwaite, 80 feet; and Lowes Water, 60 feet. *Average depth* not given.

WINDERMERE SECTION

WINDERMERE, thanks to its facilities of access, and the abundance of accommodation at its popular resorts, is the lake most often visited. It moreover may be taken as the eastern centre of Lakeland communications, so that here our task clearly begins.

From London there are two ways of reaching Windermere by rail. One route is either by Midland or London and North-Western Railway to *Carnforth Junction*, thence by the Furness line to *Ulverston*, where a short branch to *Lakeside* connects with the steamers at the foot of the lake. The other route, which may be called the more direct one (7 or 8 hours by quick train), keeps the L. & N.-W. line from Carnforth to **Oxenholme**, where a branch goes off for *Windermere Station*, about a mile above the lake. On this branch, the first station is *Kendal*, which might be stopped at as one of the pleasant vestibules of Lake scenery.

KENDAL

Hotels : *Commercial* (C), *King's Arms* (C) in Main St. ; *Grosvenor Temperance* (C) at the first bridge on way from station ; *Railway*, etc.

Kirkby Kendal, the largest town of Westmorland (pop. about 14,000), takes this name ("Church town") from its position on the banks of the Kent. It is a place of flourishing industry, with more to show for itself than Appleby, the county town. The cloth once famous

as "Kendal Green" is no longer made here; but the chief manufactures are of similar fabrics,—tweeds, rugs, carpets, etc.,—and the stone-works of Kendal are also notable.

Standing on both sides of the river, and sloping up a hillside beyond, the town is built with great irregularity: "all the houses," says Gray the poet, "seem as if they had been dancing a country dance and were out." Three leading streets may be distinguished, forming a rough T, the top of which runs along the slope of the hill, while a long winding thoroughfare leads across the river valley to the station.

This road one has no difficulty in following till it mounts the hill to strike the chief line of street, *Highgate* to the left, *Stricklandgate* to the right. This junction makes the centre of the town. Taking *Stricklandgate* first, we pass on the right a little market-place, the entrance to which is beside the *Public Library*. On the opposite side, a little lower down, comes the *Museum*, in front of which a board informs strangers how they may obtain admission to its Natural History and Antiquarian collections. A curious effect is produced by the alleys on this side, framing open peeps of the wooded hillside behind. At the bottom, near *St. Thomas's Church*, we reach the division of roads for *Windermere* and *Burneside*. Beyond will be seen the *Town Fell*, a knoll provided with seats for enjoying the view.

Now let us return to the central point to take the line of *Highgate*, above which rises a good residential quarter, while the manufactories lie below near the river. Opposite the new *Town Hall*, we may turn up *All Hallows Lane*, to the right, past the *Corporation Baths*, then presently, on the left hand, ascend *Castle-Howe Hill*, a circular mount, crowned by a monument in memory of the Revolution of 1688, which overlooks an extensive prospect of chimneys and green slopes. This mount, with its deep fosse, is of great antiquity as a stronghold, ascribed to Saxon times, and believed to have been one of those *Laws* where rude justice was administered.

Returning to the main street by the other side of this height, we come into the *Kirkland* quarter, where several ancient houses will be seen. Here, between the road and the river, rises the square battlemented tower of the *Parish Church*, its oldest part dating from about A.D. 1200, a spacious Gothic edifice, remarkable for having four aisles, like the famous St. John Lateran at Rome. It contains three chapels at the east end, belonging to the ancient families of the Parrs, Bellinghams, and Stricklands. This church is rich in old oak carvings; and, besides a fine modern reredos, there are several curious monuments and epitaphs, the most notable that in the chancel to *Ralph Tirer*, Vicar of Kendall, d. 1627 :—

London bredd mee—Westminster fedd mee
 Cambridge spedd mee—My sister wedd mee
 Study taught mee—Kendall caught mee
 Labour pressed mee—Sickness distressed mee
 Death oppressed mee—The Grave possessed mee
 God first gave mee—Christ did save mee
 Earth did crave mee—And heaven would have mee.

Crowning a hill opposite, across the river (bridge a little way up), a clump of trees hides on this side the ruins of *Kendal Castle*, four broken towers and the outer wall surrounded by a fosse. Of these remains we may have caught a better view to the left of the railway from Oxenholme; but one might well seek them out, if only for the views of the town and valley from this point. This, the seat of the ancient Barons of Kendal, belonged successively to the families of Taillebois, Le Brus, Ross, and Parr, and was the birthplace of Henry VIII.'s last queen, who had the good luck to survive him.

About a mile to the south of the town, at a spot where the river almost bends upon itself, hence called Water Crook, are the still perceptible remains of the Roman station *Concangium*, formerly a place of some importance, to judge from the number of urns, tiles, and other relics of antiquity discovered there. In the walls of some farm buildings in the vicinity are two altars, a large stone with a sepulchral inscription, and a mutilated statue.

A mile and a half to the west, at the termination of a long ascent over an open moor, is the bold escarpment of limestone rock called **Underbarrow** (or Scout) **Scar**, which will repay the trouble of reaching it, by the splendid view of the distant Lake mountains which its terrace commands. So will **Benson Knott**, rising abruptly on the east of the town to a height of nearly 1100 feet.

On the lower course of the Kent are two fine seats—the first about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the other about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles farther down.

Sizergh Hall, the ancient seat of the Stricklands, one of the chief Westmorland families, is an antique fortified building standing in an undulating park sprinkled with wood. Only a small portion of the old towers remain; frequent additions and repairs have given an irregular but picturesque aspect to the whole pile. It contains a considerable collection of carved oak, tapestry, portraits, and armour. There is a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Antonio More, excellently painted, and some portraits by Lely and Romney. One apartment is called the Queen's Chamber, from a tradition that Catherine Parr once lodged there. A portrait of Charles II., by Vandyke, was presented to the family by King James II. (Visitors are admitted on presenting their cards.)

Levens Hall has another fine park on the banks of the Kent, the main part of it separated from the mansion by the turnpike road to Carnforth. This house also is rich in carvings, tapestry, and pictures. (Permission to see the interior must be obtained by writing beforehand to Captain J. F. Bagot, the owner.) The oak carving in the library and the drawing-room is especially admirable. The large drawing-room contains a portrait of Anne Boleyn, and one of Henry VII., by John de Maubeuse. The study has a fine old Italian picture of the Holy Family. In the library is a full-length painting, by Lely, of Colonel James Graham, a former owner of Levens, who was Keeper of the Privy Purse to King James II. A fine picture of his wife, a Howard, hangs by his side. But the special

distinction of Levens is its elaborate gardens in the style of the seventeenth century, trim alleys, bowling-green and wildernesses fenced round by dense thickets of bush ; yews, hollies, and laurels cut into a variety of grotesque shapes, the whole forming a remarkable example of the almost extinct topiarian art. On the 12th of May annually, after the fair at Milnthorpe, a large party are invited to the gardens at Levens to witness various athletic sports, bowling, leaping, etc., whilst several tables are placed in the open air, on which is spread a favourite repast consisting of *morocco* (a very strong old ale peculiar to the place), radishes, etc. (Gardens open at present, Thursdays.)

Longsleddale, and the way by it to *Hawes Water*, is the most ambitious excursion that may be said to belong to Kendal. This picturesque vale has been celebrated by more than one writer ; its last appearance in literature being anonymous, for it is apparently the scenery of the first part of *Robert Elsmere*. The river Sprint, which runs through it, is struck at **Burneside**, the next station on the way to Windermere ; but the rail saves little over a mile of walking. From Kendal one takes the Penrith road for four miles and a half, then follows a road on the left, leading steeply down the brae-side to the Sprint, its current employed to turn mills. Here a bridge crosses for the Burneside road ; but our way keeps the east side of the stream up the valley of *Longsleddale*,—"a little scene of exquisite beauty," as Mrs. Radcliffe terms it, "surrounded with images of greatness." The Chapel stands on a knoll by the roadside, eight miles from Kendal, where the narrow glen forms a pass. Not far distant a thin bed of Silurian limestone, abounding with fossils, is exposed by a quarry. This stratum can be traced across the country all the way from the river Duddon, in Lancashire. Two miles beyond the Chapel, a little below *Sad-gill Bridge*, the stream makes a pretty cascade. Soon afterwards, the enclosed land is left for the common, and *Goat-Scar* stands boldly out on the left. *Galeforth Spout*, a waterfall, not seen from the road, is on a stream rushing from the hills

on the right. The road soon commences the ascent of **Gatescarth Pass**, and enters a *slack*, where a little care should be observed, in order to hit the path, which strikes northward from a sheep-cote ; that to the left conducting by slate quarries into *Kentmere*. Some hard climbing is still required to reach the summit of the pass. As we look back, the contracted vale, through which we have passed, lies below, and the spot is high enough to command a view of Lancaster Sands.

The descent is as steep as the ascent ; *Harter Fell* presenting, on the left, a noble front to the valley of *Mardale* below, whilst *Branstree* stands on the right. From a point about two-thirds of the way down, a considerable portion of *Hawes Water* comes into sight ; and in descending, fine views of the ridges running up from the valley are obtained. A hollow to the west encloses *Blea Water*, and above is the loftiest part of *Highstreet* ; a ridge called *Rough Crag* runs up from the valley to a narrow portion of *Highstreet*, termed the *Straits of Riggendale*. Over *Rough Crag* the rough and conical face of *Kidsty Pike* shows itself. Following a stream that comes from *Blea Water*, our road descends to the *Dun Bull Inn* on *Mardale Green*, where we are 15 miles from *Kendal* and 1 mile from the head of *Hawes Water* (see *Ullswater Section*).

Kentmere Valley is the next opening to the north of **Staveley Station**, where bobbin mills keep up a flourishing industry. The road soon crosses to the left bank, and in about 4 miles brings us to the village of **Kentmere**, where the inn, by a celebrated decision of the House of Lords, has lost its license, but there is a Temperance Refreshment House. Across the bridge lies *Kentmere Hall*, the birthplace of *Bernard Gilpin*, "the Apostle of the North." Above this house, by **Garburn Pass** (1450 feet), we might cross into *Troutbeck Valley* in an hour or so. On the other side, some little way above the bridge, a track to the right would take us over to *Longsleddale*, thus struck about half-way on the line of our last

excursion. The Kent, 2 or 3 miles above, leads us to *Kentmere Reservoir*, on the side of *Ill Bell*. Following the road up the left bank, we mount into *Upper Kentmere*, and from the head of the valley can cross **Nan Bield** (2100 feet), the dip between *Harter Fell* and *Highstreet*, then by the tarn of *Small Water* take a path which will lead us into the track from Longsleddale to Mardale Green.

From the railway, if we have made neither of these divagations, we see as yet little of Lakeland but green hills, growing rugged and more bristling with wood, till to the left comes a fine peep of the narrow lake and its high wooded bank beyond, as we run into Windermere Station, where a gay squadron of omnibuses are waiting to convey us on to Bowness or Aableside.

WINDERMERE

Windermere and *Bowness* make, like *Lynton* and *Lymouth*, a sort of double-centred resort, which will soon be welded into one by their growth in each direction. There is not half a mile between the outskirts of the two. The difference between them is mainly of situation, *Windermere* standing 200 or 300 feet higher, and a little way back from the lake, with a boat landing-place of its own at *Millerground* straight below, while *Bowness* nestles on the shore. The latter is the headquarters of water excursions, as *Windermere* village of driving trips, but most of the coaches starting from the station here call at the *Bowness* hotels. *Windermere* is the postal centre; *Bowness* rather the larger place, with more hotel accommodation and a population of about 2000. Both places, abounding in lodging-houses, shops, and refreshment rooms for excursionists, look smart and well built, with electric light, good water-supply and drainage, and all that becomes prosperous resorts. An attraction shared by both is the 18-hole golf links on *Cleabarrow Fells*,

about 2 miles off, which, besides excellent natural hazards, have a splendid view to console indifferent players: they are open to strangers on introduction and subscription. Rather nearer Bowness, on *Brant Fell*, the Hydropathic has a golf ground of its own, not such a good one, which may be used by payment of 2s. 6d. per week or 10s. for the season, or at a nominal charge for residents in the establishment.

Finally, it may be said about this resort, that, while the rainfall is high by the general English standard, it is only half that of other parts of the Lakes; and that Windermere enjoys a remarkable proportion of sunshine all the year round.

Windermere, or more properly **Winandermere**, is $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and in breadth nowhere more than a mile, while at some parts it is so narrow as to suggest a river rather than a lake. It forms part of the county of Westmorland, although the greatest extent of its margin belongs to Lancashire; and what seems somewhat singular, it is for county purposes considered to be altogether in the little township of Appletrewhaithe. It has many feeders, the principal of which is formed by the confluence of the Brathay and Rothay shortly before entering the lake. The streams from Troutbeck, Blelham Tarn, and Esthwaite Water also pour in their waters at different points. Numerous islands, varying considerably in size, diversify its surface at no great distance from one another. Their names, commencing with the most northerly, are—Rough Holm (opposite Rayrigg), Lady Holm (so called from a chapel dedicated to our Lady, which once stood upon it), Hen Holm, House Holm, Thompson's Holm, Curwen's or Belle Isle (round which are several nameless islets), Ramps Holm (half a mile below the Ferry points), Ling Holm, Grass Holm, and Silver Holm. Two small islands, named from the lily of the valley, which grows in profusion upon them, are between Belle Isle and the west margin. Windermere seems to have greater depths than any of the lakes, except perhaps Wastwater. It is plentifully stocked with perch, pike, trout, and char, which last, in the proper season, is potted in large quantities and forwarded to the south. It is a remarkable fact that, at the spawning season, when the trout and char leave the lake, the former fish invariably takes the Rothay, and the latter the Brathay.

Char are found in several of the lakes, the best it is said in Conistone. This fish frequents the deepest parts, and feeds

principally by night, so that the angler has seldom an opportunity of taking it. The usual way of fishing for char is with nets, and many of the inns have a stew into which they are thrown as soon as caught, and kept ready for use. The ordinary length of the fish is from 9 to 12 inches, and it is in its greatest perfection from July to October. It has been conjectured that char was introduced into these lakes by the Romans, who, in the decline of the Empire, were withheld by no considerations of trouble or expense from gratifying their luxurious appetite. The char found in the Welsh lakes is of a distinct species, but Agassiz, the Genevese naturalist, states that the char of the north of England is identical with the *Ombre chevalier* of the Lake of Geneva.

The Lake fishing all over the district has been much improved for anglers by the efforts of an Association (subscription 10s.) Windermere is the best lake for angling. The season on all the Lakes is from 1st April to 1st October.

The prevailing character of the scenery around Windermere is soft and graceful beauty rather than wildness and sublimity; and it challenges admiration on the score of grandeur only at its head, where the mountains, after retiring for a short distance, rise to a considerable height. The rest of the margin is occupied by eminences, which, being exuberantly wooded, add a richness and a breadth to the scenery.

WINDERMERE VILLAGE

Hotels: *Rigg's*, above station; *Elleray* and *Queen's*, a little way below, less pretentious.

The village here is quite a new one, still growing fast about the railway station, which is its chief *raison d'être*, though it has long been a site for choice villas and mansions such as *Elleray*, where "Christopher North" once lived. The chief public building, unless the station be so regarded by materialistic minds, is *St. Mary's Church*, recently enlarged by a tower with fine clock and peal of bells, and a chancel containing an east window in memory of the late vicar. This, with the most elegant quarter of the place, is down the Ambleside road, leading straight past *Rigg's Hotel*. The first footpath to the left, just beyond the church, leads us round to the *College Grounds*, a pretty central opening before a handsome building once in high repute as a school, but only part of it is now used for this purpose, the rest being let out as private resi-



dences. Visitors might no doubt take a peep ; but one at least of the occupants stickles as to the privacy of these grounds. The footpath running behind them would lead us out at the junction of the old and new roads up the hill from Bowness.

We return to the Ambleside road, which would carry us obliquely down to the lower Bowness road. But just below the path to the College Grounds opens a second one running down by a wood, at the foot of which strangers may be advised not to stray into a labyrinth of side tracks where even residents can lose their way. This well-marked path forms a pleasant short cut to *Millerground* landing-place (about ten minutes), where rowing-boats are to be had at the usual charge of 1s. an hour ; and for the same sum one can be ferried over to *Red Nab*, the shortest way for Hawkshead and Coniston. *Miller Brow* on the right, and *Adelaide Hill* on the left, of this little port, are favourite view-points ; the former provided with a seat by the roadside, the latter marked by a flag-staff in commemoration of Queen Adelaide's visit. Here it is about a mile to Bowness along the lower road, which, intersected by the path just mentioned, doubles back from the Ambleside road to follow the lake shore southwards by the grounds of *Rayrigg*, once the summer residence of William Wilberforce.

WALKS FROM WINDERMERE

Orrest Head (870 feet).—Just behind the town, this bare height rises above the woods of *Elleray*, the paths through which are open to visitors, unless where marked as private. One enters by a wooden gate opposite the Post Office, on which is painted *Footpath to Troutbeck* ; then almost at once a tiny sign-post directs one to the right to join for a little the private road winding up behind Rigg's Hotel. Keep always to the right, attending to the boards, and in a quarter of an hour or more you will gain the top, for perhaps the best prospect of the whole lake, seen to most advantage in the morning with the sun at one's back.

The left branch of the path entered opposite the Post Office, leading for nearly a mile through the woods, makes a short cut to *Troutbeck* (about 3 miles). Where it comes out of the grounds to join the Troutbeck road, another road turns to the right and leads up by a group of cottages and near two farms, whence, by rough tracks and gaps or steps in the walls, we can make shift to get at Orrest Head from the back, a round of 3 or 4 miles. But before turning up as above mentioned, one should follow the Troutbeck road for at least a few minutes to get the beautiful views from gaps opened in its wall.

The **Troutbeck Valley** makes one of the choicest and easiest excursions from both Windermere and Ambleside. It opens on to the high-road between those places at *Troutbeck Bridge* (Inn: *Sun*), where two roads diverge up the west and east sides of the valley. For the east road, from Windermere, one turns off further back, under Orrest Head. At the Church, on the east side, these roads communicate by a bridge, and here a path runs over to the main part of *Troutbeck Village* and the *Mortal Man Inn*, so called from its quaint sign-board, now removed :—

O Mortal Man, that liv'st on bread,
How comes thy nose to be so red?—
Thou silly ass, that looks so pale,
It is with drinking Birkett's ale.

Half a mile on, at the *Queen's Head Inn*, the two roads join to mount over *Kirkstone Pass* for Patterdale. (See *Ambleside Section*, p. 71.)

The long scattered village of *Troutbeck* begins about a mile and a half above Troutbeck Bridge; and, not to speak of the lovely prospects of lake and mountains commanded from several points, it forms one of the most picturesque gatherings of English homes. Its many-chimneyed cottages, with their unnumbered gables and slate-slab porticoes, stand, as Christopher North tells us, “for the most part in clusters of twos and threes, with here and there what in Scotland is called a *clachan*,—many a sma' toun within the ae lang toun;—but where, in all broad

Scotland, is a mile-long scattered congregation of rural dwellings, all dropped down where the painter and the poet would have wished to plant them, on knolls and in dells, on banks and braes, and below tree-crested rocks—and all bound together in picturesque confusion by old groves of ash, oak, and sycamore, and by flower-gardens and fruit-orchards rich as those of the Hesperides?”

Ill Bell is the strange name of the conical point (nearly 2500 feet) seen towering above the long slope northwards behind Orrest Head ; and that is the most commanding summit at the head of the lake, to be sought by all who do not shrink from a climb of three hours or so. With experienced guidance, a moonlight night is recommended for the ascent, the reward of which may or may not be a magnificent sunrise. As to the best route, there seems a difference of opinion even among local guides. Some recommend taking across country behind Orrest Head to mount the long slope, which others attack rather from Troutbeck Valley. By the former line, if perhaps the more direct, strangers might easier go wrong, and they may be advised to steer by Troutbeck, where, at the bridge near the church, a lane to the right leads obliquely up the slope, then by a large quarry, over *Garburn Pass*. This road, to be followed as straight as possible, disregarding turns to either hand, is interesting as perhaps part of the old Roman road across the fells. (See *Ascent of Highstreet from Ullswater*.) At the highest point of the pass, soon after passing through a gate, a track can be taken over the open moor ; then the prominent cone of Ill Bell is full in view, an hour off or less for a sturdy tramper. Others are in favour of a more heroic assault from Troutbeck Park, the highest house in the valley below that curious hump dividing it, known as *Troutbeck Tongue* ; from this point the way is straight and simple, if steep.

The rather lower height beyond *Ill Bell* is **Froswick** (2359 feet), and farther to the north rises the ridge of **Highstreet** (2663 feet), to both of which points we might

hold on with some up and down work. (See *Ullswater Section*.) Though Highstreet is not so conspicuous as Ill Bell, some prefer the view from **Thornthwaite Crag**, the former's southern buttress, reached most directly by a track up the eastern branch of the Troutbeck Valley. On the east side of Ill Bell lies the *Kentmere Reservoir*, from which we might descend down the valley to Staveley Station (about 7 miles), sometimes taken as base of operations against the above-mentioned mountains. Garburn Pass has been already mentioned as leading between the Troutbeck and the Kentmere valleys (see p. 21).

There are some pleasant paths about the railway to Kendal, where, with this line to guide and its crossings to help him, one can hardly go wrong for half an hour's stroll. The high-road to Kendal, or the railway, will put us on the way to the Kentmere and Longsleddale excursions described a few pages back.

To Bowness.—From Windermere Station to Bowness pier is about a mile and a half downhill by a road which presently makes a loop; the old road going off to the left, while the new one saves about 200 yards by keeping straight on along the Rayrigg woods. Rather longer is a delightful footpath which goes out of the east end of Windermere near the railway, by the cricket-field, and, keeping a little way up the slopes, comes into Bowness below the Hydropathic. It may be gained by turning to the left at the Queen's Hotel; or on the old Bowness road, just out of the village, there will soon be seen a direction-board to the footway. New buildings are so much entrenching on the line of this path that it is a little hard to indicate it; but there are wicket gates all the way, which should guide the stranger who takes care not to hold too much up or down. At one point it passes right before the windows of a cosy house; then farther on a board shows where one might turn up for *Brant Fell*, which shuts in Bowness, as Windermere lies on the slope of *Orrrest Head*.

The loop of the road between Windermere and Bowness is a spreading settlement, with St. John's Church as its nucleus, which, like a Catholic and a Congregational chapel here, serves both places.

A fine service of motor omnibuses and coaches is carried on between Windermere and Grasmere. The journey takes an hour or less, and during the season all trains are met at Windermere station. At least six journeys in each direction are made daily all through the year.

The chief coach drives we merely mention, as their routes are described elsewhere. Nearly all these coaches pass through Bowness, or send down to fetch passengers to the starting-point at the station. In each case the return fares are about a half more. Seats booked at all the hotels. All start after breakfast, except the later coaches towards Keswick. Most of them run from Whitsuntide to October.

Keswick, by Ambleside and Grasmere, 6s. 6d. There are three coaches a day, at least, and about as many more going only to Grasmere or Ambleside.

Ullswater, over Kirkstone Pass and by Patterdale, 6s. Time given to take steamer down the lake.

Coniston by Bowness, Nab Ferry, and Hawkshead, 4s. Time at Coniston to sail down the lake and back in a steam gondola, or to visit Furness Abbey by rail; but the latter visit might better be made from Lake Side pier.

The round of the *Langdales*, 5s. A very rough road, on which able-bodied passengers are expected to walk part of the way. This coach runs only occasionally up till July.

BOWNESS ON WINDERMERE

Hotels: *Old England*, *Crown*, *Belsfield*, *Hydropathic*, overlooking the lake. *Royal* (C), the old chief hostelry, open all the year. *Stag's Head* (C), *Albert*, and smaller inns.

Bowness (which should be pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, and addressed with the addition of Windermere, there being two other places of the same name in the Lake District) is descended into by the Lake Road between new shops, villas, and lodging-houses that are fain to proclaim a view of the water as their strong point. At the bottom the old part of the village clusters irregularly round *St. Martin's*,

the parish church of Windermere, a handsome restored building with a square tower and the remains of what was a finely painted chancel-window, which originally belonged to Furness Abbey or to Cartmel Priory—

All garlanded with carven imageries,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device.

When perfect it had seven compartments: the second represents St. George and the Dragon; on the third, fourth, and fifth, the Crucifixion is figured, with the Virgin on one side, and St. John, the beloved disciple, on the other side of the Cross, whilst the arms of France and England are quartered above, and a group of monks is pictured underneath. In the seventh division are depicted two mitred abbots, and below them two monks. Armed figures and tracery fill up the rest of the window, interspersed with the armorial bearings of families who conferred benefactions upon the abbey, amongst which the coat of the Flemings frequently occurs.

In the churchyard is a monument to Bishop Watson of Llandaff, the well-known theological writer, who, being a native of Westmorland, lived at Calgarth Park near Windermere, and left his Welsh diocese to take care of itself while he defended the Church on paper.

Below the church lies the harbour, enlivened with boats and yachts numbered by the hundred, and by the coming and going of steamboats, not to speak of electric launches, for here is the centre of the lake navigation. Beyond the small steamboat pier is another for the crossing to the Ferry Hotel; and behind it a spacious shelter and refreshment room that must be a boon to excursionists in such a variable climate. Round the shore of the little bay extend a whole arsenal of boat-houses and building-slips to turn out the fleet of trim craft hailing from this port. Boats of all kinds can be hired, including an electric launch. A shilling an hour is the charge for an ordinary rowing-boat. Bathing is hardly so practicable; but a morning plunge might be had off one of the boat-slips round the corner, or from a small island behind Belle Isle in front

of the bay. At Millerground landing-place also, a mile or so along the lake, the youth of Windermere take leave to immerse themselves.

There is little danger for rowing-boats unless in squally weather, the lake here being narrowed by Belle Isle, which forms the grounds of a curious-looking mansion, a mixture of mosque, temple, and martello tower, and is kept strictly private. On any of the smaller islands one may land at will; the rocky circular one known as *Hen Holm* even invites picnic parties by providing them with stone seats and table. Fishing-tackle would be supplied by the boatmen, and the fishing here is free to all comers for pike and perch; while for trout and char, a license can be taken out at the Post Office, which costs only half-a-crown, and covers all the streams of Westmorland.

WALKS FROM BOWNESS

Biskey Howe, just behind the Hydropathic, is a rocky knoll, rather grandiloquently called the "Park," laid out with winding walks and seats for enjoying the view of the lake. Behind it to the left rises **Brant Fell** (500 feet), which naturally commands a still finer prospect. At the back of Biskey Howe, turning into private grounds, we at once see an avenue going off to the right (*board*) for *Brant Fell*. Before long this road divides, the left branch running straight up to Brant Fell Farm, the right leading to the view-point. The latter soon intersects another path to the farm, which has climbed steeply upwards from behind the schools and by the gas-works. The broader road holds on along the hill face till it makes a twist to the top of the knoll known as the Summit, though this is not the highest point, where there are seats with a good look-out over the lake, the town being concealed by coppice-wood.

We are warned not to trespass in the grounds through which the terraced walk leads us. If we had followed the narrower path keeping up to the left, it would have brought us to the farmhouse, behind which we can get

upon the Hydropathic golf-ground, and make our way to the very top of the fell ; but there is no distinct path on its rough ridge, except to the back of the farm, where a cart track edges the broken ground, in a few minutes coming out into the Kendal road, by which one might descend to Bowness after passing all round Brant Fell. Or if one took this road to the left, a short way on, where it makes a sharp turn at the gate to *Matson Ground*, another pretty path will be seen leading back to below the first farm. Either of these rounds might be done in an hour.

Moreover, by at once taking a track to the left of the latter path (supposing we have passed below the farm without getting on to Brant Fell) a less trim path might be followed, or as easily missed, that would carry us through meadows and copses and over wall-steps to the footway between Bowness and Windermere. Even should one stray a little too far to the right, a road will be reached rather higher up, above the next farm, which takes much the same line.

At Windermere, we already mentioned the low road to *Ambleside*, leading out of Bowness at the north end, then passing near the lake shore and by Rayrigg Hall. A very pleasant half-hour's stroll can be recommended here to newly married couples and others, striking up the *Millbeck* stream by the first lane to the right past the last electric lamp. This becomes a woodland, near the bottom of which, where the stream divides, a track leads through the trees to two pretty little falls. The main path mounts upwards to come into the Windermere road below St. John's Church, opposite the *Queen's Drive*, the main street of that suburb which we have mentioned as common to Windermere and Bowness.

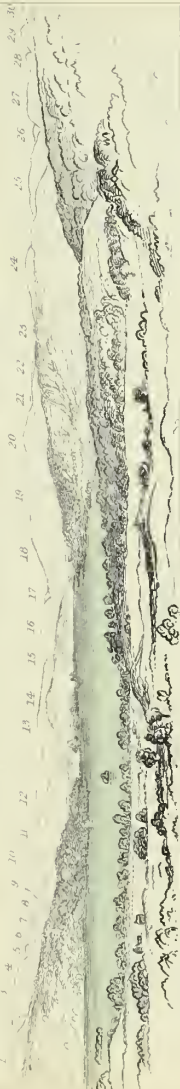
The path round the bay southwards immediately behind the boat-houses is too much blocked up by them for anything but peeps at the lake, and in any case soon comes to an end. But a little way back a broad way

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH END OF BELLE-ISLE WINDERMERE



- | | | |
|--------------|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 Steel Fell | 6 Rydal Head | 14 Yoke |
| 2 Rouse Top | 7 Dove Crags | 15 Applethwaite Common |
| 3 Bowfell | 8 Wansfell Pike | 16 Crest Head |
| 4 Great Rygo | 9 Cadale Moor | 17 Haw |
| 5 Fairfield | 10 Helm Isle (below) | |
| | 11 High Street | |
| | 12 Frosnick | |
| | 13 Bell | |
| | 14 Lady Helen Isle (below) | |

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN FROM BISCAY HOW, BOWNESS



- | | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 Grange | 9 Pike of Stickle | 24 Red Steeps |
| 2 Wansfell Pike | 10 Harrison's Stickle | 25 Cadale Moor |
| 3 Bowfell | 11 Rawnyark | 26 Gray Crags on Ayes Water |
| 4 Great Rygo | 12 High Rygo | 27 High Street |
| 5 Great Rygo | 13 Silver How (below) | 28 Frosnick |
| 6 Helm Isle | 14 Loughragg Fell (below) | 29 All Bell |
| 7 Wansfell Pike | 15 Helm Crags (below) | 30 Yoke |
| 8 Wansfell Pike | | |
| | 16 Steel Fell | |
| | 17 Malsbaw's Top | |
| | 18 Nab Scar | |
| | 19 Great Rygo | |
| | 20 Fairfield | |
| | 21 Rydal Head | |
| | 22 Dove Crags | |
| | 23 Wansfell Pike | |

R. Mason Edin.

leads by the cemetery, in less than a mile, to the old ferry at the **Nab**, a favourite stroll through meadows, entered from the road behind the Shelter, at a nursery garden. The driving-road takes a rather wider sweep round the other side of the cemetery. At the Nab, where the lake is at its narrowest (about 400 yards), a ferry-float, worked on a chain, conveying vehicles and horses, runs every few minutes, fare 2d., including return. The other ferry, a launch plying from Bowness to the Ferry Hotel, is less frequent, and the charge a little higher, as becomes a vessel with a saloon and a flag.

Both these crossings bring us to the same point on the Lancashire shore, the *Ferry Hotel*. This first-class house is well situated, and marks a stopping-place of the lake steamers. The road behind it presently divides, to the right running up the lake shore to Ambleside under the wooded **Claife Heights**, so conspicuous from the opposite side. A minute or two along this road we pass the entrance to the *Tower*, where one pays 1d. for admission and 3d. for going into the *Station*, the name given to a low white tower a little way up, where nature may be seen bewitched through windows of coloured glass by any one who cares for such a spectacle. Behind the Station, a very arduous path leads up to the *Summer-house* above, but we do not recommend this unless to very active tourists; and from the way in which the path is obstructed we imagine the proprietor to be of the same opinion. The top of the height will be more easily gained from behind, by taking the road in the other direction for Hawkshead and Coniston, which, at first skirting the lake southwards, presently doubles back and mounts to **Far Sawrey**, a mile from the ferry. The dark tower above Far Sawrey is of the nature of a "folly," and no quest for Childe Rolands among the public. Behind the pretty inn here a lane leads up on the moors. By holding as straight as possible over them towards the highest point in view, a mile or so north-east of Far Sawrey, a solitary cottage will be seen below a knoll, on the other side of which a seat overlooks the prospect almost opposite Bowness. But here

we are trespassing ; and there seems some question as to whether the public are free to visit these heights at all. The lane or track already mentioned runs on through the woods for some two miles to *Belle Grange* ; and at one or two other points it is possible to descend to the Ambleside road, but the footpaths seem rather doubtful in every way.

A good extension of a trip to this side of the lake would be as far as **Hawkshead**, round *Esthwaite Water*, through country pretty in itself, and interesting as the scene of Wordsworth's school life. The route to Hawkshead is that taken by the coaches from *Bowness* to *Coniston*, and it makes an agreeable excursion to profit by the coach so far, walk up the hill above Hawkshead to *Tarn Howes*, and return by country roads to *Red Nab*, where a boat can generally be got across the lake to the *Millerground* landing, or the shore road can be followed below *Claife Heights* back to the Ferry.

From *Bowness* we drive or walk a mile down the lake to the ferry, unless it is preferred to cross in the launch to the Ferry Hotel, where also conveyances could be hired. The road to *Far Sawrey* has been already described. From just beyond its church, passed before reaching the village, a path cuts across the meadows, avoiding *Far Sawrey* altogether but giving a sufficient view of it, and rejoining the road before entering *Near Sawrey*. The terms *far* and *near* in this case seem given from the *Esthwaite* side, and are therefore reversed to us coming from *Windermere*.

From *Near Sawrey* the road drops to the side of the little lake. **Esthwaite Water** is nearly two miles long, and never more than a third of a mile broad. The regularity of its margin, and absence of high hills around, might render it monotonous, but for the farther summits which peer into it from other valleys. Of these the most conspicuous is *Wetherlam*, a broad height of the *Coniston* range, which has been prominent since we topped the hill from the ferry ; while to its right the

wild peaks of *Langdale*, and to its left *Coniston Old Man* with *Dow Crag*, have occasionally been visible. *Esthwaite Water* is the scene of the fine skating description in the *Prelude*, just before which another passage describes a row on this lake, with Wetherlam's huge head lifting itself over the intervening ridge. A beck, called the *Cunsey*, flows from Esthwaite into Windermere.

After passing the head of the lake and a small separate pond called the *Priest's Pot*,—probably a fish-preserve in old days,—the road turns to the left at a finger-post, and crosses the valley to *Hawkshead*, now full in view before us, which we reach in 4 miles from the Ferry.

Hawkshead (Hotels: *Red Lion*, *Sun*, etc.) is an ancient market-town of small size. "The irregular outline of the narrow winding streets; the pavement of single slates covering the 'famous brook,' which gives the name of Flag Street to one of them; the low archways; the picturesque frontages of the houses, with their many-paned windows and primitive chimneys; the open court in the centre of the town; the Church upon the hill, with its winding approach; and the ancient Grammar School below it, for three centuries a famed academy;—all these things give a visitor to Hawkshead a succession of quaint surprises" (Knight). A few minutes suffice to walk up to the Church, commandingly placed on a small eminence, peep into the Grammar School, and explore the little labyrinth of quaint archways and narrow streets.

The Church, which dates from the 12th century, but has been terribly "restored," contains a monument to the parents of Archbishop Sandys, a great benefactor of Hawkshead in the reign of Elizabeth. He founded the Grammar School in 1585, and made additions to the Church. A marble tablet records the interment here in 1806 of Elizabeth Smith, the gifted young poetess and scholar of Coniston. In the School, below the Church hill, an oak bench is shown with Wordsworth's initials cut among those of other scholars. The building is much as in his school-days, save that the doorway has been

rebuilt, and on the walls are mottoes from the poet's works, designed by Mrs. Rawnsley. In Wordsworth's time the boys boarded out, and the house in which he lived is still to be seen, a plain two-storey cottage, a few yards through an archway opposite the Red Lion Hotel.

To show that it keeps up with the times, *Hawkshead* has laid out for itself a golf-course of nine holes. There is also some fishing to be had in the lake and neighbouring streams.

The road to *Coniston* passes *Hawkshead Hall*, often erroneously called the birthplace of Archbishop Sandys, who was born at *Esthwaite Hall*. This picturesque old building is now a farmhouse. The road climbs steeply up the hill to the left, meeting on the top the *Barn Gates* road from *Ambleside*. A pleasant path cuts off this angle. Pass through the archway opposite the *Red Lion*, past Wordsworth's dame's cottage, and continue up the lane for about five minutes, till a gate on the right leads into a well-made path across a field. This can be followed without difficulty, the general direction being to the right, till it rejoins the road more than half-way up the hill. The views over Windermere from this path are much finer than from the road.

The best view-point, however, in all this district is from the height above *Howes Tarn*, a mile or so farther up and on (compare our *Ambleside* and *Coniston* sections, pp. 78, 82). The pedestrian intending to return to *Ambleside* or *Bowness* should, as we said before, by all means reach this point before taking his way downward. But we must return to our driving party at *Hawkshead*.

The return journey can be made down the west side of the lake, about a mile longer, and comparatively destitute of view, but affording a pleasant change. Near the foot of the lake a rough driving-road, entered through a gate, would lead over a pretty steep hill to the secluded *Grisedale* (by no means to be confused with the better-known vale of the same name between *Grasmere* and *Patterdale*, or with the *Grisedale* near *Keswick*). This round, however, is more commonly taken by those start-

ing from and returning to *Coniston* (which see). It might be continued to *Thwaite Head*, or even to *Newby Bridge*, returning by the road up the east side of *Windermere*. But for the present we are content to round the foot of *Esthwaite Water*, rejoin the other road at *Near Sawrey*, and return to *Bowness* the way we came. The total distance of this round will be about 10 miles from the *Ferry Hotel*, and under 12 from *Bowness*.

Another half-day's walk or drive may be suggested on the *Bowness* side, as giving a good idea of what we are tempted to call the inland country—to **Strawberry Bank**, which is reached by either of two roads in 6 miles, so as to offer a varied round. The following route can of course be reversed. Leave *Bowness* by the *Kendal* road past the *Crown Hotel*, and some way up the ascent take that turning to the right for *Ulverston*. Guide-posts will then keep us straight as far as **Winster** (3 miles), where we enter the head of a wooded valley that looks as if it ought to have a lake of its own, and would anywhere else be a distinguished bit of scenery. Past the *Post Office*, and just opposite a public-house, an undirected road turns off to the right, holding on pretty straight along the left side of the valley (a dip to the right to be avoided). Half an hour's walking brings one into another road, where the stranger may be at a loss for guidance. But let him remember that *Strawberry Bank* now lies about a mile due south of him, rather low down on the opposite slope, and that on either hand he can circle round to it. If he turn to his left, he must almost at once resume the former direction down the same side of the valley, which will bring him into the *Kendal-Ulverston* road, a little above *Bowland Bridge* (Inn), then up the other slope to *Strawberry Bank*. Had he turned to the right, that road would have brought him over a brook and up a steep hill, from which he would descend on his goal, keeping down now to the left. Below the first group of houses on the ascent, a path could be taken which cuts off a sweep of the road; but the

climb saved is hardly worth the loss of the view from above.

Strawberry Bank is a pleasantly placed tavern, half-way between Windermere and Grange, often visited by parties from both these places. It lies on the slope of **Cartmel Fell**, behind which climbs the Ulverston road, in half an hour passing to the left of *Gummer's Howe* (1054 feet), which may be easily ascended; and one could pass over it to reach the road by the shore.

This shore road is to be reached more directly from Strawberry Bank, the distance to Bowness being thus about the same as by Winster. We retrace for nearly a mile the road which brought us along the west side of the valley to where it was crossed by our steep climb; then turning to the left cannot go astray in holding on to join the shore road at *Gill Head*. A little way nearer Bowness, we might save a trifle by turning through the park of *Storr's Hall*, passing behind the hotel; or if tired might catch the steamer at its pier. But here we have only some 2 miles to go, the long park drive rejoining the road behind the Nab Ferry.

Had one followed from Strawberry Bank the road behind Cartmel Fell to where it joins the shore road near the bottom of the lake, one would be here about 7 miles from Bowness. The *Lake Side* station is on the opposite bank, but so near that a hail would bring a boat to fetch one across to the pier. A mile farther down comes *Newby Bridge*, the first crossing for vehicles after the *Nab Ferry*. These two crossings give a fine round by carriage or cycle about the lower end of Windermere, more often visited by means of the steamers plying both for business and pleasure.

LAKE EXCURSIONS

The great time here is during the regattas of the Royal Windermere Yacht Club, a series of races extending over the Wednesdays and Saturdays of July. This is an old institution, as one knows from Christopher

North ; and Bowness is as famous for small yacht building as the Clyde for steamers. Dwellers on Windermere keep a sailing-boat or two, as elsewhere they might horses and carriages. Bicyclists and others who do not come with vessels of their own, can be accommodated by various insinuating hirers for 2s. 6d. per hour, or by agreement ; but the better kind of craft will not be so lightly trusted to all comers as in the case of the rowing boats. An inexperienced crew should be accompanied by a professional hand, though the best Windermere boats are built with a special view to safety.

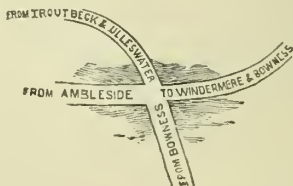
For less adventurous navigators, the steam yachts are a great resource, which ply up and down the lake half a dozen times a day or more in the season, connecting with the Furness railway at Lake Side, and with coaches at Ambleside. Combined coach and boat trips are arranged. These steamers are comfortable and well-appointed craft, with covered saloons and upper decks. The whole trip up and down costs 3s. ; the charges for shorter distances being somewhat higher in proportion, but there is a considerable saving in the return tickets given.

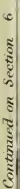
From Bowness to Lake Side is a run of about half an hour. The first pier is at the *Ferry Hotel*, then the boat recrosses to stop at **Storr's Hall**, an old family mansion where several famous authors have been guests, now turned into a first-class hotel, with fine woods and golf-course of its own. The lake begins to narrow between its leafy banks, till as the River Leven it submits to be passed at Newby Bridge, a mile short of which the boat brings up at **Lake Side** railway station (Refreshment Pavilion and the *Lake Side Hotel*) 8 miles from Grange, 10 miles from Ulverston, 12 miles from Coniston, and 13 miles from Ambleside. Here any one can be put across the lake, saving the round by **Newby Bridge** (*Swan Hotel*), which is yet worth a walk so far. On the height between the two places stands **Finsthwaite Tower**, to which from either one can walk up through the woods in twenty minutes or so. A key of this view-point may be had at the Lake Side Hotel, or at the Post Office just beyond

Newby Bridge. About a mile up the lake on the opposite side is **Gummer's Howe** (1054 feet), the highest point at this end, looking over to Morecambe Bay, where the Lake Side line puts us on both the Midland and the London and North-Western systems.

In the other direction, the boats from Bowness stop only at **Low Wood**, a pleasantly situated hotel with a reputation for honeymoons, and with coach excursions of its own, about a mile from the head of the lake on the eastern shore. Before reaching this, *Troutbeck Valley*, with the *Calgarth* woods at its mouth, has been passed; then on the other side is seen *Wray Castle*; and in front rises the amphitheatre of mountains shutting in the head of Windermere, where it is at its widest. Tourists who are set upon seeing all the lake should begin with the other end, which, beautiful as it is, will seem tame after the upper waters, so grandly enclosed.

The road from Windermere to Ambleside (5 miles) comes down to the lake side about half-way, passing through *Troutbeck Bridge*, then by the *Low Wood Hotel*. The coaches halt and the boats stop at **Waterhead**, a short mile below Ambleside, to which omnibuses take one on for 3d. On one side and the other of the pier are the Waterhead Hotel and a temperance inn; there are also a few good lodging-houses here, and boats to be hired.





ULLSWATER SECTION

Ullswater lies in the north-east corner of the Lake District, a few miles from *Penrith*. To the south-east of it comes the outlying lake of *Hawes Water*. These three may be taken as one section before we pass on from Windermere to Ambleside, from either of which the Ullswater district might be explored ; but let us begin at the other end and make our way back towards the head of Windermere.

PENRITH

Hotels : *George (C), Crown, Station, Waverley* Temperance, etc.

This good old market-town of about 9000 inhabitants is the gate to the Lake Country for travellers coming from the north, and well deserves a visit on its own account. It is hardly so well off for hotels as the regular Lakeland resorts ; but a new erection beside the station has the peculiarity of including both a licensed and a temperance house, while one of the old taverns, *Dockray Hall*, alias the *Gloucester Arms*, claims archaeological dignity as a former residence of Richard Crookback. Penrith is on the main line of the L. & N.-W. R., joined by lines to Appleby and Barnard Castle on one side, and on the other to Keswick and Whitehaven. It is also within a few miles of the foot of Ullswater, to which there is talk of a railway, the communication meanwhile being by coach several times a day in the season.

The town, a good deal disguised in white-wash, is largely built of the red sandstone of the neighbourhood. The gaunt ruins of the castle, also said to have been the home of Richard III., look from a distance like brick, and might be much improved and dignified by the planting of a little ivy or other creepers about them to soften their harsh outlines. Standing on a height beside the railway station, this shell of a square fortress, now degraded into a stableyard, welcomes the stranger to Penrith, but has a finer appearance from the opposite side.

From the station the road drops down to where the meandering streets tie themselves into a knot of open spaces round the church and the clock-tower which the inhabitants have erected for themselves as a testimonial of sympathy with a misfortune suffered by their neighbours, the Musgraves of Eden Hall, one of the oldest families in the north of England.

The *Old Church* is a plain structure of red sandstone, partly rebuilt in 1722. Two large gilt chandeliers hang in the middle aisle, inscribed thus:—"These chandeliers were purchased with the Fifty Guineas given by the most noble William Duke of Portland to his tenants of the honour of Penrith, who, under his Grace's encouragement, associated in the defence of the government and town of Penrith, against the rebels, in 1745." On one of the walls is the record in Latin of the ravages of a pestilence, telling how, "Of the severe plague which fell upon this district A.D. 1598, there died at Penrith 2260, Kendal 2500, Richmond 2200, Carlisle 1196.

"Posteri,
Avertite vos et vivite."

This memorial on brass has been substituted in the place of a more ancient inscription engraven on stone. In the south windows there are portraits of Richard Duke of York and Cicely Neville, his wife, the parents of Edward IV. and Richard III.

In the north side of the churchyard is a singular monument of antiquity, called the *Giant's Grave*, the origin of which is involved in obscurity, though the most generally received opinion is, that it indicates the burial-place of Owen Cæsarins, "King of rocky Cumberland" in the time of Ida. It consists of two stone pillars, fourteen feet in height,

standing about the same distance apart, with four large slabs inserted edgewise in the ground between them. The pillars taper gradually from near the bottom, where they are two feet in girth, to the top, which appears, in both cases, to have once borne either a cross or the representation of a human head. The upper part is covered with runic or other unintelligible carvings. Not far distant is another upright stone, between four and five feet in height, called the *Giant's Thumb*, rudely representing a cross by means of two perforations at its upper end. Loekhart states that Sir Walter Scott never omitted visiting these antique remains when he passed through Penrith.

There is a fine old house on the west side of the churchyard bearing the date 1563.

A handsome modern church, in the Gothic Perpendicular style, occupies a good situation at the base of the Beacon Hill.

The new part of the town rises pleasantly up the slope of *Beacon Hill*, below a bank of dark wood which makes a fine background to the north. By *Fell Lane*, behind the Old Church, one can ascend to the terrace road along its side, then, entering beside a large lodge, take a winding shady walk to the Tower on the top, from which there is a magnificent view. Close below runs the course of the Eamont, near which are the ruins of Brougham Castle, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the town. Farther to the left, 5 miles from the town, is well displayed the stately pile of Lowther Castle. Before us lies Ullswater, bosomed in mountains; and all along the horizon stretches a panorama of the Lakeland summits. To the north, in fine weather, Carlisle Cathedral may be made out, backed by the Border Highlands.

EXCURSIONS ABOUT PENRITH

The sojourner here who has a few hours to spare, would do well to give himself at least a foretaste of the Lake scenery, by taking the short trip to **Ullswater** either by coach or on foot. The pedestrian has a choice of routes. We advise him to go out by the Keswick road, between the station and the castle. Guide-posts will keep him straight on the road till it enters the park of *Dalemain* (about 3 miles), a good Georgian mansion,

from the drive before which a path to the left reaches a footbridge over the Eamont. Crossing this river, one might take it for guide ; but after passing the first group of houses, it is better to follow the path upwards to the left. From the rising ground above the foot of the lake there is a good view, and the descent is through fields to the village of **Pooley Bridge** (*Sun Hotel, Crown Inn, Eusemere Hill Boarding-House*). A little beyond is the steamboat landing. The distance thus will be under 5 miles. Making a slight detour by the road at the back of Dalemmain, one could pass the remains of *Dacre Castle*, now a farm, once the home of one of the great Border families ; thence through *Soulby* it is a short walk to the foot of the lake.

Another way back, that taken by the coaches, is a road of a mile longer, on which, after the first mile, the indefatigable pedestrian might make a bend of 3 miles to the right, by *Askham* and *Lowther Castle*. The straight road goes through the hamlets of *Tirril* and *Yanwath*. At the latter, soon after crossing the railway, a path to the left will be seen through an arch in the wall, and this makes a pleasant short cut to Eamont Bridge. Near a point where it touches the river bank, a plunge could be had below in shady solitude. A little farther on, the path has between it and the road *Mayborough*, a rugged and wooded mound which puzzles antiquaries, as does the *Round Table*, a circular mound of turf on the other side of the road where it joins in with that to Shap.

At this corner (missed by taking the path), where the hamlet of Eamont begins, looking back along the Shap road, we see close at hand the lordly gate of *Lowther Castle*, reached by a fine three-mile avenue, which is a public way. Beside this gate goes off a road to *Brougham Hall*, of which more anon. At present we cross the bridge, over which a public-house greets us with the placard, "Welcome here in Cumberland." It is about a mile out of Penrith. A little way up the ascent from the bridge, some steps lead into a field path on the left, that would carry one towards the station and its higher

quarter of the town, beside an unsavoury brook known as *Scumscaw*.

From this path, below the castle ruins, another goes off between railings to the left, which would perhaps be the shortest and not the least agreeable way to the lake. It can hardly be missed till it crosses the river at *Sockbridge*, and thence comes down by a narrow green lane to the road on which we returned from Pooley Bridge. A direction-board to Sockbridge would here have guided us back thus.

To Ullswater we shall of course return after visiting the other lions of Penrith.

The nearest way to the ruins of **Brougham Castle** ($1\frac{1}{2}$ mile) is the Appleby road, going off to the left from the Eamont Bridge route, at the lower end of the town. A slight round may be suggested by following the latter as far as Lowther Castle Lodge, where we turn up by the modern mansion of *Brougham Hall*. Passing under a bridge in the grounds, the road runs through a fine avenue of walnuts and other trees. A conspicuous object on the right is the wooded hill of *Whinfell*, where the storm of December 1894 opened a lane of fallen trees, such as in America is known as a "windfall." The road bends to the left, carrying us close to the ruins, part of the masonry of which is in extraordinary preservation. Though the great tower has suffered much from the hands of time, one may still ascend it for the view from the top. In the north-east corner, the chapel is indicated by arched niches and the remains of two mullioned windows. Altars and coins found here go to show that this was originally a Roman stronghold.

A little way beyond Brougham, the *Countess's Pillar*, a monument erected in the middle of the 17th century by Anne, Countess of Pembroke, stands beside the Appleby Road, which has crossed the river near the Castle.

Lowther Castle, seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, "the Windsor of the north," stands in a grand park, watered

by the Lowther, on the banks of which one part is so beautiful as to have earned the name of the Elysian fields, while the grand prospects around make this one of the finest demesnes in England. The way to it has been already indicated. The park is open always ; and the house, with its fine collection of pictures, may be visited on Tuesdays and Fridays. It was built from designs by Sir Robert Smirke, on the site of the old hall nearly destroyed by fire 1726.

The north front, in the castellated style of the 13th or 14th century, is 420 feet in length. The south front is in the Gothic cathedral style, and has a number of pinnacles, pointed windows, etc. So far from the diversity of the fronts being discordant, the art of the designer has made them increase each other's effect—a circumstance not unnoticed by Wordsworth, who has a sonnet commencing—

Lowther ! in thy majestic pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
 With the *baronial castle's* sterner mien ;
 Union significant of God adored,
 And charters won and guarded with the sword
 Of ancient honour.

Surmounting the whole is a lofty tower, from the summit of which the prospect is extremely fine, as from the long terrace near the house. The mountains of Helvellyn, St. Sunday Crag, Saddleback, and Skiddaw, with a large interspace of champaign and swelling country, are to be seen in fine weather. The interior is in a style of splendour corresponding with the external appearance. Heart of oak and birch occupy in a great measure the place of foreign woods in the furniture and carvings. The staircase, 60 feet square, which climbs the great central tower, with the ceiling, 90 feet from the ground, is highly imposing. The Library, 45 feet by 30, decorated entirely with oak, is plentifully stored with books, and hung round with family portraits. A Lady Lowther, by Lely, is a favourable specimen of his pencil. The saloon is a splendid apartment on the south front, 60 feet by 30, having the dining-room on one side and the drawing-room on the other. The corridors and rooms are adorned with busts from the chisels of Chantrey, Westmacott, and other sculptors. Amongst these the bust of Queen Victoria, taken when a chubby little prattler of three or four, will be viewed with more than ordinary interest. The collection of hunting trophies and weapons is also remarkable. Among the pictures, a few of the most valuable may be enumerated :—

Breakfast Room.—*Village Wake, Village Feast, and Fête Champêtre*, three pictures by Teniers. *A Hawking Party*, and a *Halt of Cavalry*, by Wouvermans. *Charity*, an allegorical picture, by Vandyke (a duplicate is at Dulwich). *Holy Family*, Rubens (?). *Two Infants Embracing*, an old Italian composition, attributed to Leon. da Vinci. *Head*, Rembrandt. *Head*, Titian.

Dining-Room.—*The Duke of Wellington*, Jackson (a full length of his Grace standing at the cannon's mouth). *Sir James Lowther* (the first Earl of Lonsdale), in a masquerade dress. In this room is a cast from Flaxman's celebrated model of the Shield of Achilles.

North Drawing-Room.—*The late Earl of Lonsdale*, Lawrence. *Landscape*, Poussin. *Adoration of the Shepherds*, Bassano (two pictures, morning and evening). *Marine View*, Vandervelde.

Small Sitting-Room.—*St John Preaching in the Wilderness*, Salvator Rosa. *Landscape*, Poussin. *The Poet Wordsworth*, a drawing.

Lord Lonsdale's Study.—*Boors playing at Cards*, Teniers. *Boys eating Fruit*, Murillo. *Head of a Martyr*, Titian. *Female Head*, Holbein. *Crucifixion*, Breughel (singular for the number of figures). There are here several examples of the Dutch School.

Gallery round Staircase.—*St. Francis, as a Monk, praying. St. Sebastian suffering Martyrdom. St. Jerome.* All three by Guido.

Anteroom, West of Staircase.—*Belisarius*, Rembrandt. *William III. in his Robes. The Duke of Monmouth in Armour.* Dobson.

Eden Hall, seat of the chief of the Border clan Musgrave, is a large and handsome edifice, on the west bank of the river Eden, which, bordered with trees, forms a fine feature in the park. (Visitors admitted on application at the lodge.) There is here preserved with scrupulous care an ancient painted glass goblet called the "Luck of Eden Hall," famous in poetry as traditionally wedded to the fortunes of its present possessors. The butler, we are to know, in going to procure water at a well in the neighbourhood (rather an unusual employment for a butler), came suddenly upon a company of fairies, who were feasting and making merry on the greensward. In their flight they left behind this glass, and one of them returning for it, found it in the hands of the butler.

Seeing that its recovery was hopeless, she flew away, singing aloud—

If that glass should break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall.

The letters I. H. S., marked upon the case, sufficiently show the sacred uses to which it was originally appropriated.

This place is some 5 miles out of Penrith by the high-road turning north out of that to Appleby, a little before we reach Brougham Castle near the junction of the Lowther and the Eamont. The united streams fall into the Eden above Edenhall. On the banks of all of them some beautiful rambles may be found.

North of Edenhall, 7 miles north-east of Penrith, on the summit of an eminence near *Little Salkeld*, are the finest relics of antiquity in this vicinity, called **Long Meg and her Daughters**. They consist of a circle, 350 yards in circumference, formed of sixty-seven stones, some of them 10 feet high. Seventeen paces from the southern side of the circle stands Long Meg—a square unhewn column of red freestone, 15 feet in circumference, and 18 feet high. The poet Wordsworth has described in a sonnet the feelings excited by coming unexpectedly upon these remains, which, in his opinion, exceeded in singularity and dignity any other relic of the dark ages he had seen except Stonehenge :—

A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.

In former days similar remains were in much greater abundance. In 1725, when Dr. Stukeley made his "*Iter Boreale*," there were many cairns, remnants of circles, and lines of stones scattered about the country, which have since disappeared. These, the peasantry imagined, had been brought together by the famous wizard Michael Scott. They had a tradition that a giant named Tarquin

ULLSWATER.



1 2 0 1 2 3 4 5

Statute Miles.

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lived at Brougham Castle until slain by Sir Launcelot du Lac, King Arthur's famous knight. It is probable that this district was part of, or closely adjoined, that enormous wood which in bygone ages bore the name of the Caledonian Forest, where Ariosto (*Orl. Fur.*, c. iv.) sends the Paladin Rinaldo to wander in search of adventures.

Greystoke Castle, with its vast park, lies a few miles to the west of Penrith, on the north of the railway to Keswick. (Admission by applying at the steward's house, opposite the lodge gate.) This modern seat of the Howards, built near the old castle, has of late years suffered devastation from a fire that consumed the Picture Gallery, the Armoury, and the Library with most of their valuable contents. It is now therefore under eclipse from the tourist point of view. In any case we feel that some of the places recently mentioned hardly can be counted as in Lakeland; so without further delay, let us go on to the two lakes approached from Penrith.

HAWES WATER

Inn: the *Dun Bull*, at Mardale, 1 mile from head of lake. No other accommodation nearer than *Shap* (12 miles) or *Penrith* (15 miles).

This lake, one of the smallest and least often visited of any in the district, is yet well worth seeing, though its distance from places of popular resort makes a special expedition necessary. No coaches or steamers as yet profane its seclusion, and a carriage must be hired either from *Penrith* or from *Shap*. The road from the former, 15 miles in all, ascends the valley of the Lowther to *Askham* (5 miles) and *Bampton* (9 miles), where comes in the shorter road from *Shap*. As this latter place possesses a station on the London and North-Western main line, reached in about a quarter of an hour from *Penrith*, we may take it for our starting-point.

Shap (Inns: *Greyhound*, near station; *Black Bull*, and others. *Shap Wells Hotel*, 4 miles from village, see below).—

This straggling village lines the high-road from Kendal to Penrith. A busy place in old coaching days, it seems as if the houses had been placed to command a view of fugitive couples hurrying by to Gretna Green. But it is quiet enough now, except when a sporting party from Lowther Castle comes to shoot over the moors, which extend far to the south and west, or a trainful of excursionists is turned out to breathe the bracing air of the fells. The chief lion is the ruin of **Shap Abbey**, situated on the bank of the stream between the village and these fells, about 2 miles from the station. This Abbey, anciently called *Heppe*, was founded about the year 1150, by Thomas the son of Gospatrick, for monks of the Premonstratensian order. Upon the Dissolution, the abbey and manor were granted to Thomas Lord Wharton, for his eminent services against the Scotch when Warden of the Marches. The church tower alone remains standing; but the traces of the building show it to have been extensive and important. Other antiquities near Shap, mentioned in our earlier editions, have now disappeared.

Shap Wells lie in an opposite direction, 4 miles to the south-west. A road to the left leaves the high-road just before the third milestone, and leads straight to the hotel. Omnibuses meet the principal trains. The hotel is of some size, making up over a hundred beds in the season. The situation, though lonely, is sheltered and agreeable, with wide moors near for walking. A pretty path conducts to the springs, which have a long-established reputation. The water is a mild saline, combined with sulphuretted hydrogen, not unlike that of Leamington.

The road on to *Kendal* is now little used, and is unpleasantly rough for cycling, as well as very hilly. Walkers might find their way to *Kendal* by *Wet Sleddale* and *Harrop Pike*, but the route is hardly one to recommend. They may also reach *Mardale* and *Hawes Water* by a shorter route than the driving one, ascending the fine valley of *Swindale* to the last farmhouse, then, at the end of this road, mounting the hill to the right, and crossing the broad flat ridge which separates Swindale

from Mardale. The view from this point is several times referred to by Trollope in his novel, *Can You Forgive Her?* On the farther side the descent is made by a good peat road, very steep and picturesque, coming down close beside the *Dun Bull*. The time occupied will probably not be much less than by the driving-road, but the actual distance covered is considerably shorter.

The driving-road to *Hawes Water* (12 miles) leaves the high-road at the north end of the village, and traverses the heights above the Lowther stream to **Bampton** (5 miles from Shap), where it joins the road from Penrith. Hence we might reach *Pooley Bridge* viâ *Askham* by carriage-road in 8 miles, or in 6 miles by a rougher way, across *Moor Divock*, with fine views over Ullswater in descending. *Bampton* is a large village down in the valley, with several old-fashioned houses and a bridge over the *Lowther Water*. Crossing this, we ascend with some steepness for nearly 2 miles, passing on the left *Thorntwaite Hall*, described by Trollope as "Vavasor Hall." This ascent effected, we come in sight of *Hawes Water*, and very beautiful the first peep of it is, with *Wallow Crag* prominent on the right, and *Naddle Forest* on the left, the variegated trees of the latter "richly feathering the hillside," to quote Wordsworth's phrase. Even finer, however, is the view a little farther on, where the *Measand* beck descends in miniature cascades on the right, while a flat grassy promontory juts out nearly across the lake. The mountains at its head are now full in view—*Harter Fell*, *Highstreet*, and *Kidsty Pike*. A steep shoulder from the last-named ridge seems to block up the valley beyond the lake; and the foreground is occupied by the mirror-like water which, while it cannot compare in grandeur or variety with its better-known sisters, certainly possesses a reposeful beauty inferior to none of them, and adds the finishing touch to an exceedingly perfect picture.

Passing the head of the lake and the tiny church, one of the many reputed smallest in England, we wind round the mountain spur that seemed to block the way, and

reach the hamlet of **Mardale Green**, our goal for the day. If several parties come together, the *Dun Bull* may have difficulty in entertaining them all, in spite of recent additions. The pedestrian, however, will find comfortable quarters; and those whose fate compels them to return the way they came, as must be done in driving, should spend an hour or two strolling up the valley, at least as far as **Small Water**, a fine lonely tarn under the precipices of **Harter Fell**.

The path climbing the hill behind the *Dun Bull* begins the route by *Swindale* to *Bampton* or *Shap*, already mentioned. The next *col* to the left up the valley is *Gatescarth Pass* (1950 feet), crossed by a well-marked track leading into *Longsleddale* (see p. 21). Farther up still, and just beyond *Small Water*, is *Nan Bield* (2100 feet), a pass crossed by a steep path, which drops on the other side with equal steepness to the *Kentmere Valley* (see p. 22).

Several routes cross the ridge of *Highstreet* from *Mardale* to *Patterdale*. The easiest to follow is a fairly marked path, practicable for ponies, which strikes off just below the Church up the glen called *Riggindale*, ascends **Kidsty Pike** (2560 feet), and drops on the other side to **Hayeswater**, a small lake past which, through the hamlet of *Hartsop*, we come down into *Patterdale* just below *Brothers Water*. An excellent round is to ascend *Highstreet* from *Small Water*,—the easiest route is by the top of *Nan Bield*,—follow the ridge along to the head of the *Measund Beck*, and descend beside that stream to *Hawes Water*. From *Nan Bield* again we may cross the moor in a north-westerly direction, past *Bleathwaite Crag* and *Thorntwaite Crag* to *Thresthwaite Hause*, whence we may descend on the right to *Hartsop*, or on the left to *Troutbeck*, while another hour's walking straight ahead would bring us to the inn on *Kirkstone Pass*; or, before reaching *Thresthwaite Hause*, the *Hayeswater Glen* may be descended on the right, and the pony path to *Patterdale* joined beyond the lake. Such are a few of the chief walks, requiring the use of map and compass (unless a guide be taken), which can be made on the fells about *Hawes Water*. On most of them indications

of a path will be found, but hardly sufficient for guidance. The active pedestrian, accustomed to make his way about the hills, would have ample occupation for many days in the vicinity of Mardale.

ULLSWATER

Principal Village : *Patterdale*, at head of lake.

Postal Address : "Patterdale, *via* Penrith, Cumberland."

Hotels : *Ullswater*, first-class, at steamer pier ; *Wood's* Temperance, near it ; *Patterdale* (C), in village, 1 mile from pier ; *White Lion*, small, in village. Numerous lodging-houses.

Other Hotels : At *Pooley Bridge* (see *Penrith*), *Dockray*, and *Howntown* (see below). *Brackenrigg Hotel*, 2 miles from *Pooley Bridge*, on west side of lake.

Ullswater, the second largest of the English lakes, and generally considered to bear the palm for grandeur, as distinguished from richness and softer beauty, among its sisters of Lakeland, lies some distance apart in a region of its own, and is usually made the subject of a separate excursion. Its head indeed can be easily reached from the neighbourhood of Windermere or Ambleside, but those who adopt this route get a most imperfect idea of its real merits. Like all the other lakes, it is best approached from below, and the views obtained from a boat on its waters are finer than those from the road. *Penrith*, therefore, should be chosen as the starting-point, and the excursion made by coach to *Pooley Bridge*, thence by steamer (commences running in April) up the lake.

From *Penrith* to *Patterdale* being a matter of little more than two hours, the excursion is frequently continued over *Kirkstone Pass* to *Windermere* or *Ambleside* the same day. This, it may be remembered, was the route taken in 1895 by the German Emperor, whose advisors, no doubt, considered it the best way of introducing him to the characteristic glories of Lakeland. It need hardly be said, however, that such a hurried visit does scant justice to scenery which can only be properly enjoyed at leisure and under varying aspects.

We may add that, here as elsewhere, our remarks about public conveyances apply only to the four summer

months from June to September. During the rest of the year the small village of *Patterdale*, metropolis though it be of this district, can only be reached by "hiring" from Penrith or by the mail-gig which in winter forms its sole regular communication with the outer world. For this reason, as may be supposed, it is not a place of much resort at Christmas or Easter time, but becomes lively enough in summer, with its steamer four times a day and its numerous coaches from Bowness, Windermere, and Ambleside.

Patterdale can also be reached direct from Keswick, the usual route being by rail to *Troutbeck Station*, on the Keswick and Penrith line (to be carefully distinguished from the other Troutbeck near Windermere), thence by coach twice a day. An alternative driving route from Keswick is by the Vale of St. John, thence by a newly opened road from *Wanthwaite Bridge* over Matteredale Common to *Dockray*, where it joins the route from Troutbeck Station. Fine as this last route undoubtedly is, especially taken in the reverse direction, we unhesitatingly recommend the route by *Pooley Bridge* in preference for a first visit, and even advise sojourners at Keswick to make the slight extra round involved in going on by train to Penrith, arranging if possible to take one of the other routes in returning to Keswick.

Walkers can reach *Ullswater* by various routes, from *Windermere*, *Ambleside*, or *Grasmere*, *Thirlmere* or *Keswick*, or from *Hawes Water* and *Kentmere*. These routes will be found mentioned in their places. The road over *Matteredale Common* just referred to, which till lately was a rough track, is the best pedestrian approach from the Keswick neighbourhood, unless one of the passes over *Helvellyn* be preferred.

Coach and Steamer service daily from Easter to beginning of October, to and from *Penrith* (the station for Ullswater). For time-tables and further particulars apply to William Scott, Public Offices, Penrith.

The road from *Penrith* to *Pooley Bridge* has already been described. The coaches set down their passengers at the little pier beyond the village. The steamer which we



now enter, though not large, is well appointed, and a commodious cabin provides shelter in the not uncommon case of rain. The first-class accommodation is forward, the "steerage" part being to the stern. The sail up the lake occupies a little over an hour, only one call being made *en route*, at **Howtown** (hotel of same name: favourite station for fishermen), a small hamlet in a bay on the east bank: reached also by road from Pooley Bridge. For the rest of the way there is nothing to divert us from the view, which gains in grandeur and dignity as we advance. The lake itself is about eight miles long, divided into three bends or reaches, the first terminating at *Howtown*, the second about *Glencoin*, the third and shortest reaching thence to the head. The first reach is comparatively uninteresting. *Dunmallet*, a rounded hill on our right near the foot of the lake, was praised as a view-point by Charles Dickens, and is crowned by the remains of a Roman fort. (The road takes the western bank, passing before the *Brackenrigg Hotel* and behind *Hallsteads*, both situated at some distance from the lake, thereafter following the margin closely for the rest of the way.) As we near *Howtown*, opposite *Hallsteads*, the second reach discloses itself to the right. The hills now descend more steeply to the lake, especially on the east side, where *Hallin Fell* and *Birk Fell* leave room only for a scrambling path between them and the water. *Helvellyn* comes into sight ahead, and to our right *Gowbarrow Park* attracts by its sylvan vistas and "grace of forest charms decayed." Farther still, the road from *Dockray* comes steeply down on the right, near which *Lyulph's Tower* may be seen in passing. Another wooded park succeeds, that of *Glencoin*, beyond and behind which the glen of that name is seen descending from the heights of *Helvellyn*. At a little islet called *House Holm* the steamer turns sharply to the left, and the third and finest reach of the lake is before us. This last bend has been absurdly compared to the uppermost reach of the Lake of Lucerne. Such comparisons only bring ridicule on their makers, but our English lake has a nobility of its own, best seen perhaps under

mingled light and shade, when the mists are darkening about Helvellyn, and the becks foam down the precipitous hillsides. Before us is *Patterdale*, bosomed deep among lonely hills, and the height to our left is *Place Fell*, presently to be described as an excursion from Patterdale. But the chief view is to the right, where *Glencoin*, *Glenridding*, and *Grisedale* run successively up into the mountains, and the long level top of *Helvellyn* finely closes in the prospect. The steep hill beyond Grisedale is *St. Sunday Crag*, a splendid view-point over the lake in itself, but usually taken in connection with other heights in the course of a day's ramble over the mountains.

Almost before we have time to take in the full extent of this view, the steamer is pulling up at the little pier beside the *Ullswater Hotel*, half a mile or so from the actual head of the lake. Those who are going on the same day in the direction of *Windermere* will find coaches waiting on the road above the pier, but should endeavour at least to spend two or three hours in this delightful locality. Four o'clock, on a summer afternoon, is quite soon enough to leave for Windermere, and this is a favourite hour for the chars-à-bancs to start. In the interval the tourist may either take a boat to *Aira Force*, or across the lake to *Silver Hill*, or, if an active walker, may undertake the ascent of *Place Fell*, a climb of some 1700 feet. Our descriptions of these, however, are intended for more leisurely travellers, able to spend two or three days at least in a place which, with its various excursions, would provide sufficient entertainment for a stay of two or three weeks.

There is little to detain us in **Patterdale** itself. The old village lies a mile from the pier, some twenty to thirty houses clustered between the Church and the Post Office, round what was once the only inn of the district, now so thriving on tourist custom that its church is lit by electric light. A new village is springing up near the pier, consisting mostly of lodging-houses, but boasting a post office of its own. Pleasant walks can be taken up

the *Glenridding* or *Grisedale* valleys, though the former is sadly marred by the débris and stream-pollution of the lead-works. But most visitors will lose little time in starting for one or other of the following excursions.

Aira Force.—This fine waterfall, immortalised by Wordsworth in his poem “The Sonnambulist” and elsewhere, is 3 miles down the lake from the landing-pier, and can be reached either by road or rowing-boat. The road keeps close to the lake, passing under *Stybarrow Crag*, where formerly there was room only for a narrow path, and over the stream coming down from *Glencoin*. A mile beyond the latter, and shortly after passing the foot of the road to *Dockray*, the path to the waterfall diverges to the left immediately after crossing the beck which comes from it. A guide may be obtained at *Lyulph's Tower*, the fine ivy-clad building to our right, but the path is unmistakable, and leads in half a mile to the “Force.” Bridges span the stream above and below the fall, and from the upper a path conducts back into the *Dockray* road. It is worth while to follow the road up to **Dockray** (Royal Hotel), nearly a mile farther, and in returning to take a plain and pleasant path that traverses *Glencoin Park*, from which perhaps the finest view of the upper reach of the lake is obtained.

Lyulph's Tower is a modern erection on an ancient site. The name is said to be connected with Ulf or Ulpho, first Baron of Greystoke, from whom Ullswater, or Ulpho's Water, takes its name.

Silver Hill and the path to *Howtown*.—The rough path on the farther side of the lake, which can be reached from *Patterdale* village, as described in our next excursion, is conveniently got at by rowing across from the steam-boat pier, saving a round of some 2 miles on foot. It should then be followed for a short way down the shore, through pleasant woods and pastures, till we reach the projecting cape opposite *Glencoin*, just at the entrance to the third or highest reach of the lake. From this pro-

montory, known as *Silver Hill*, one of the finest views of the head of Ullswater is obtained.

The path can be followed all the way to *Howtown*, but it is long and rough, and we recommend it to be rather taken in the reverse direction, as suggested in our next excursion. If it is followed, time will be saved at the end by passing inside instead of outside *Hallin Fell* (see below), and the return can be made up *Boardale* and across *Boardale Hause*. Taken by itself, however, the walk to *Silver Hill* is easy and pleasant, and should not be omitted by any one having an hour to spare.

Place Fell (2154 feet).—A short climb of an hour from *Patterdale* village will place us on this commanding view-point. Even those unable for the whole climb should endeavour to reach the half-way height of **Boardale Hause**, and in returning thence follow the side of the lake for some distance in the direction of *Silver Hill*.

Take the private road leading across the valley from near the Post Office. On reaching the farm at the other side a green path will be seen ascending the hill obliquely to the right. This is the ascent to *Boardale Hause*, while the path for *Silver Hill* (see last excursion) is the higher of the two to the left. A short and not very steep climb, with continually widening views up *Patterdale*, brings us to the *Hause*, from which we look over *Boardale* to *Highstreet* in front, and on turning round enjoy a vastly finer view of the *Helvellyn* range than can be obtained from below. Diverging to the left, the path now mounts *Place Fell* in a direction away from Ullswater, till after a while it doubles steeply back, and then follows the ridge to the top. This last half of the climb is considerably steeper than the first half, but the noble view from the summit well repays exertion. *Helvellyn* is seen in full grandeur, with *Saddleback* and *Skiddaw* to the right, and *Fairfield* to the left. Below, we look right down the lake to *Penrith*, and to the east the view is bounded by the long ridge of *Highstreet*, appearing over the intervening system of valleys known collectively as *Martindale*.

1 MOUNTAINS AS SEEN A LITTLE ON THE MATTERDALE ROAD NEAR LYULPH'S TOWER ON ULLSWATER



- | | | | |
|--------------|------------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Place Fell | 5 Birks | 7 Fairfield | 11 Herring Pike |
| 2 Red. Scree | Hall Barik (below) | 8 Glenridding Dod | Glen Conn. (below) |
| 3 Bleas | 6 S ^t Sunday Crag | 9 Sycamore Crag (below) | 12 Gowbarrow Park |
| 4 Dove (ran) | Grizedale (below) | 10 Bleaberry Crag | |

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN AT THE SLATE QUARRY AT BLOWICK ON ULLSWATER.



- | | | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Place Fell | 6 Bleas | 10 Torn Crag | 13 Striding Edge | 18 Herring Pike |
| 2 Hartsop Dod | Im. (below) | 11 Dolly Wagon Pike | 14 Helvellyn | Glenridding Dod (below) |
| 3 Candale Moor | 7 Birks | Grizedale (below) | 15 Bleaberry Crag | 19 Glen Conn. Fell |
| 4 Karkstone Pass | 8 S ^t Sunday Crag | Partridge Hall (wall lower) | 16 Koppel Cove Head | |
| 5 Red. Scree | 9 Pass to Grasmere | 12 Eagle Crag | 17 Raise | |
| Deep Dale Park (below) | | | Glenridding (below) | |

The descent can be made to *Howtown* in about 2 hours, by descending into *Boardale* and following it down to the foot. But the same time can be perhaps better employed by the active walker thus. Follow the ridge round till it sinks toward the lake, and then descend in the direction of *Hallin Fell*, the bold point that juts out into the lake just above Howtown. Where the descent becomes steeper, a grass path will be found, leading down to *Sandwick*, a park-like property on the shore of the lake; and just above this will be struck the path already mentioned as leading to Howtown. It is rough enough, and has numerous ups and downs, but it will conduct back to Patterdale in little longer time than would have been taken to reach Howtown from the top of *Place Fell*. The whole round makes the best 3 or 4 hours' walk in the neighbourhood of Patterdale, the views being very fine all the way, perhaps finest from *Hallin Fell* (1271 feet), which is easily climbed from Howtown.

More serious excursions are to two of the monarchs of Lakeland, which have a right to figure in more than one of our sections, but on the whole seem best dealt with here, standing to either side of Patterdale.

Helvellyn (3118 feet).—The ascent of this mountain, the highest in England after the two chief heights of the Scafell range, is usually made from Patterdale, the slopes on this side, though longer, being less unbrokenly steep than on the *Thirlmere* side. It can also be climbed from *Grasmere* viâ *Grisedale Pass*, a long but interesting ascent of about 4 hours. The shortest ascents are those from *Wytheburn* and *Thirlspot* (see *Thirlmere*), made by steep but unmistakable paths in less than 2 hours. The contrast between the steep western sides and the more gradual descent by successive slopes toward *Ullswater* is a point worth noticing.

The ascent from Patterdale occupies about 3 hours, the descent 2, for ordinary walkers. Ponies can be taken all the way by either of two bridle-paths. The first of these starts near the *Ullswater Hotel*, leads up the

Glenridding valley past the smelting works,—just beyond which a cart track to the right, ascending to the Sticks Pass, must be avoided,—proceeds in the direction of the mountain till *Keppelcove Tarn* is sighted, then bends to the right, ascending sharply, strikes the summit-line at the back of the Tarn, and follows it to the left till the cairn is reached. The other and perhaps more interesting route begins by following the *Grisedale* valley for about half a mile, then crosses the stream and ascends the hill opposite, zigzagging up a moory plateau till we sight *Red Tarn*, after which it ascends to the right by *Swirrel Edge* directly to the summit. Walkers may take the alternative route on the left of the tarn by *Striding Edge*, a ridge which has a bad name as the scene of the accident commemorated in Wordsworth's and Scott's poems on the faithful dog that watched over his master's body, but which presents no difficulty on a summer day to any one possessing a reasonably good head. At the top of this ridge, overlooking the scene of the accident, is a cairn with memorial tablet erected in 1891 by Canon Rawnsley and Miss Frances Power Cobbe.

The “dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn” is found provided with stone seats at the top and high walls to break the wind. The view from this summit is deservedly celebrated, its central position giving it an advantage over both Skiddaw and Scafell Pike. It ranges from the Dumfriesshire hills on the north to the Yorkshire moors round Ingleborough on the south or south-east, and embraces practically the whole range of the Lake Country, though particular districts are of course hidden by intervening mountains. Derwentwater, Thirlmere, and Grasmere are thus concealed, at any rate from the actual summit, but Bassenthwaite, Coniston, Windermere, and Ullswater are visible, and if the tourist ramble about the broad moory plateau which forms the summit,

Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,
Of visual sovereignty,

he may reach points which bring some of the others into

view. The long ridge of Helvellyn dips but gradually in either direction. Towards Grasmere, indeed, there are some 2 miles of nearly level walking before you reach the rapid descent to the head of the Grisedale Pass. Not shapely beauty, but sheer immense mass, is the predominant characteristic of Helvellyn; and the wanderer who tracks its ridge-line either southward in this direction, or northward till it sinks into the valley where runs the Keswick and Penrith railway, will be duly impressed with the extent of ground so covered, as well as with the necessity of being shod with his best and most wet-resisting boots.

For the descent, the tourist returning to Ullswater has the choice of the two pony tracks (*Striding Edge* needs care in descending, especially at first), or of the Grisedale route above mentioned, which also will be taken by those descending to Grasmere. On the opposite side from Ullswater two pony tracks descend, one to *Wytheburn*, above Thirlmere, the other to *Thirlspot* at its foot. These are not easily found if there is mist; and in such conditions, failing a guide, a map and compass are indispensable adjuncts, as the size and level character of the summit-ridge make it peculiarly easy to miss the proper points of descent. That for *Wytheburn* diverges to the right from the Grisedale or Grasmere track some 10 minutes from the summit-cairn; that for *Thirlspot* leaves the ridge nearly opposite the point where the Glenridding pony track reaches it.

Highstreet (2663 feet).—This mountain is most easily ascended from *Patterdale*, and a rough track crosses the summit-ridge to *Mardale* (Hawes Water).

Highstreet, which takes its name from the remains of an old Roman road running along it, is, more markedly even than *Helvellyn*, not a single height but a ridge. It would be a grand walk to traverse the entire length of this ridge from *Windermere* to *Penrith*, ascending the *Hag Ghyll* branch of the *Troutbeck Valley* by the supposed line of the Roman road over *Thorntwaite Crag* to the top,

thence still on over *High Raise* and *Lade Pot*, with *Hawes Water* and the *Lowther Valley* to the right and *Ullswater* to the left, till at last the ridge sinks into level ground between *Pooley Bridge* and *Askham*. Less heroic walkers can reach the highest point from *Ambleside* viâ *Kirkstone Pass*, ascending the hill on the farther side of the pass (*Caudale Moor*), and striking the *Highstreet* ridge at *Thornthwaite Crag*. But the shortest ascent is that from *Mardale*, mentioned in our last sub-section (p. 52), and the next shortest and the most generally convenient is the one now to be described.

The pony route from *Patterdale* follows the high-road to *Kirkstone Pass* (see end of this section) for about 2 miles, and then a cart road on the left leading to *Hartsop* village. Do not turn to the right up *Thresthwaite Glen*, a valley running almost parallel to the main one, and leading by a steep pass over to the *Troutbeck Valley*; but continue ascending beside the brook which comes down straight in front till you sight *Hayeswater*. The pony path crosses the stream twice, then, leaving the lake on the right, ascends till it reaches a gate in the corner formed by two walls meeting. Joined here by the pedestrian route viâ *Boardale Hause* and *Angle Tarn*, it now bends to the right, and reaches the summit ridge without further difficulty.

The summit of *Highstreet* is an immense green plateau, without even a cairn to mark the actual highest point. The views in all directions are wide and interesting, resembling in general features those obtained from *Helvellyn*. Of that range, of course, and of the *Fairfield* ridge, we have a noble near view, and the *Scafell* heights appear beyond. Particularly interesting, however, is the outlook over the intricate system of glens close below us on all sides. The shepherds from these glens were used to meet here on Midsummer Day and hold games on the ample greensward. It will be seen how convenient a place of gathering it formed.

The pony path to *Mardale* continues over *Kidsty Pike*, the prominent projection in the direction of *Hawes Water*,

descends thence into *Riggindale*, and so reaches the head of the lake. Another route is to skirt round the heads of *Blea Tarn* (perhaps the finest of several lakelets of this name) and *Small Water* to *Nan Bield Pass*, and descend the glen to *Mardale*. The pedestrian who has ascended viâ *Hartsop*, and is returning to *Patterdale*, should descend by *Angle Tarn* and *Boardale Hause*; if he ascended this way, he should keep the ridge to *Thornthwaite Crag*, marked by a tall cairn,—whence is a finer view over Windermere than from the summit,—and descend by either the *Hayeswater* or the *Thresthwaite* glen. Yet another route is to continue along the ridge in the opposite direction, over *High Raise* (2634 feet), and descend into the *Martindale* glens for *Howtown* or *Boardale*. Each and all of these are excellent lines of travel, affording remunerative views; and it is a pity to content oneself with a simple ascent and descent when a very slight addition of time and toil will so extensively increase the attractions of this expedition.

St. Sunday Crag (2756 feet), between the ridges of *Highstreet* and *Helvellyn*, might be ascended in an hour or two for a good view over *Ullswater*, above which it stands. The track up the *Grisedale Valley* should be followed as far as a farm, half an hour on the way. Just beyond this a path goes up on the left, leading to the ridge, where one turns to the right for the summit.

Among other long walks, for which we cannot afford detailed description, the following may be suggested:—

1. Over *Sticks Pass* (2450 feet) to *Thirlmere* and *Keswick*, a route which combines all the fatigue of climbing *Helvellyn* with the disadvantage of not reaching the actual summit, but which presents fine views in descending.

2. The ascent of *Fairfield* (2863 feet) by the ridge between *Deepdale* and *Dovedale*, returning over *St. Sunday Crag*—a noble mountain walk, with magnificent prospects. (Cf. our *Ambleside Section*, ascent of *Fairfield*.)

3. *Hawes Water* over the Fells, either striking direct

across from *Boardale Hause* to the top of the *Measand Beck*, or keeping the ridge above *Angle Tarn* and *Hayeswater* to the col between *Kidsty Pike* and *Highstreet*. (Cf. ascent of *Highstreet*.)

4. *Troutbeck* by *Thresthwaite Cove*, an alternative route to *Kirkstone Pass*, not much longer than the high-road. A climb over the ridge to the left, as we descend toward *Troutbeck*, would conduct into the *Kentmere Valley*, near *Froswick* and *Ill Bell* mountains. (Cf. *Windermere Section*.)

5. *Ambleside* by *Caiston* and *Scandale* glens, a direct but somewhat arduous route. In all these walks, indeed, it would be better for the knapsack to be sent round by coach.

Many other routes will suggest themselves to the active walker. For shorter rambles the recesses of *Deepdale* and *Dovedale* supply many pleasant nooks, and *Angle Tarn* and *Hayeswater* both provide occupation for the fisherman.

The driving excursions from *Patterdale* are limited, being confined to the road down the lake, with its offshoot to *Dockray* and *Keswick*, and the road up the valley to *Brothers Water* and *Kirkstone Pass*. For ponies, the best excursion is by the *Grisedale Pass* (nearly 2000 feet) to *Grasmere*, a distance of about 8 miles (say 3 hours) by a rough but not difficult track, which leads close under the precipices of *Helvellyn*. (For a more detailed account of this route see our *Grasmere Section*.) The return from *Grasmere* may be made by road, through *Ambleside* and over *Kirkstone Pass*, a distance of 14 miles.

We conclude this section with the main road on which so many coaches ply between Ullswater and Windermere by the valley of **Brothers Water**. This little lake or large tarn takes its name from the accident of two brothers losing their lives in it. The near end is 2 miles from *Patterdale* village, the inn beyond the farther end about $3\frac{1}{2}$. Walkers who wish to make a circuit would find at the inn a way down the side opposite that taken by the coach.

Beyond *Brothers Water Inn* the road ascends steeply for some 2 miles to the *Kirkstone Pass* (1480 feet), at the height of which the roads to *Ambleside* and *Windermere* separate (see p. 71). From this point onward our descriptions will be found in the *Windermere* and *Ambleside* Sections.

From *Penrith* there is, of course, direct communication by rail with *Keswick*, in three-quarters of an hour or less. The first station is *Blencow*, beyond which fine champaign views open on the right, while the Lake peaks come well into view in front. Passing *Penruddock*, we next reach *Troutbeck* (not to be confused with the *Windermere Troutbeck*), whence there is a road to *Patterdale*. At *Threlkeld* we look down the Vale of St. John, then the railway traverses the Greta Valley, by the side of *Saddleback*, coming thus into the plain between *Derwentwater* and *Bassenthwaite Water*, where stands *Keswick* at the foot of *Skiddaw*.

CENTRAL SECTION

IN this section we include several resorts forming the central part of Lakeland. *Ambleside, Grasmere, Coniston, Langdale*, are independently well off for hotels, but the others are frequently visited from Ambleside, which, though standing upon the edge of this district, must rank as its centre.

AMBLESIDE

Hotels: *Queen's, Salutation, White Lion (C), Royal Oak Inn.*—Private Hotels: *Slater's, Wansfell Tower, Smallwood (C), Robinson's Temperance (C), etc.*

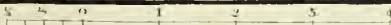
On the lake: *Waterhead, County Temperance Inn*—*Low Wood* (over a mile along the shore).

Lodgings can easily be found in the village, but much run upon in the season.

Distances: *Windermere Station*, 5 miles ; *Bowness*, 6 miles ; *Patterdale*, 9 miles ; *Coniston Station*, 8 miles ; *Keswick*, 16 miles.

Here we are almost in the centre of the Lake District ; and there are many who maintain that, on the whole, Ambleside is its most tempting spot. With the one disadvantage of being out of sight of the lake, it “forms the axle of a wheel of beauty,” as Mr. James Payn well says, set about on all sides, except that open to Windermere, with mountains and valleys offering varied charms of scenery. No wonder, then, that its outskirts have been selected as retreat or as residence by so many distinguished strangers—Mrs. Hemans, Dr. Arnold, Mr. W. E. Forster, Miss Martineau, besides the constellation of genius that made Rydal and Grasmere classic ground.

WINDERMERE, CONISTON & GRASMERE.



Statute Miles
Published by A. & C. Black, London.

The irregular and rather straggling town has been to a very considerable extent rebuilt, especially in the lower parts that stretch out towards the lake landing-place at Waterhead. Well placed on open ground at this end is the new church of St. Mary, whose steeple forms such a conspicuous feature from many points. The style of the church, and of this steeple in particular, has been much criticised as wanting in severe simplicity ; and it is said that the architect himself, Sir G. Scott, was dissatisfied with his work as out of keeping with its surroundings. The building is at least impressive, and its interior spacious, enriched with coloured windows, most of which cannot be admired unless from association with the memories to which they are dedicated. The principal one in the north-east corner is that to Wordsworth, contributed by English and American lovers of his poetry. In the south-east corner is one to the memory of W. E. Forster and of Matthew Arnold. The new Reredos is of richly carved alabaster.

Rush-bearing.—An annual ceremony takes place at Ambleside on the village festival, which the stranger may think himself fortunate in seeing, as a pretty enough vestige of a very ancient observance. On the eve of the last Sunday in July the village children walk in procession to the church, bearing crosses covered with flowers (formerly rushes), which are there tastefully disposed, and a short service is held. On the following Monday the crosses are removed, and a tea, etc., given to all the children in the village. This ceremony probably dates from the age of Gregory IV., who is known to have recommended to the early disseminators of Christianity in this country that, on the anniversary of the dedication of churches wrested from the Pagans, the converts should build themselves huts of the boughs of trees about their churches, and celebrate the solemnities with religious feasting. In former times the rushes were spread on the floor of the sacred edifice, and the garlands remained until withered. Possibly the practice of covering the floors of buildings with rushes, by way of protection against the damp earth, may have had something to do with keeping the custom in existence long after the origin of the institution had been forgotten. The ceremony of Rush-bearing has now fallen into disuse, except in Ambleside, Grasmere, and a few other Westmorland villages.

The Old Church stands up the hill in the more unimprovedly picturesque part of the village, where a weather-worn water-mill forms an admired feature. The new portion extends rather on the mile of low ground between Ambleside of pre-tourist days and the lake.

Besides the direct road running down to Waterhead, another winds round past the church, leaving the Coniston Road at Rothay Bridge; and there are pleasant paths forming short cuts and connections between the two. The piers and boating-stages are at the north-east corner, opposite which, beyond a knoll filling the centre of the bay, a patch of rushy flat shows where the united Rothay and Brathay enter the lake. Just beyond the river-mouth rise walls of wooded rock, where, in the morning, swimmers could get a good plunge, but through the day these shaded depths are apt to be occupied by fishing parties.

There is another bathing-place a little way up the river, at the edge of the "Borrans," a field once the site of a Roman camp, where coins, urns, etc., have often been discovered; but that use of it is rather winked at than permitted. It may be reached by a narrow lane turning off under an oak on the right of the sweep from the Coniston road to Waterhead. It seems a pity that, with so much water to come and go upon, Ambleside does not treat itself to a good bathing-place such as there is at Keswick.

For the rest, we have only to say that Ambleside is a thriving place of some 2500 inhabitants, with good shops and fair hotels, which indeed seem hardly up to the mark expected at such a great coaching centre. Should a railway come here, the village would soon have to be called a town; but this, in the opinion of its best admirers, is a consummation by no means to be wished.

WALKS FROM AMBLESIDE

There are so many walks and drives to be taken from Ambleside that we must be content with a selection, which, indeed, would keep our readers on their legs for several

days; and at the end of that time, they would have formed a fair idea of the locality for themselves.

The most obvious roads are those leading along the lake, that on the east shore to Windermere and Bowness, which goes out by Waterhead, and keeps for its first stretch full in view of the water; while the road by the western bank has to bend away to cross the bridges of the Rothay and the Brathay, then for 2 or 3 miles holds inland among park and wood scenery, joining the lake at *Wray Bay*, after passing near *Blelham Tarn* on the right.

Stock Ghyll Force.—This is the immediate lion of Ambleside, reached in a few minutes by a path (marked) from the White Lion or the Salutation Hotel, or behind the Market Hall. Mounting upwards, we come to a gate where at present 3d. must be paid; but a box for subscriptions lets us understand that a fund is being formed to make the sight toll-free by buying out the proprietor's rights. The walk up the banks through this enclosure shows a very pretty piece of woodland scenery; and when in full force the fall is very effective, though in dry weather the sound of its waters is as gentle as the cooing of doves.

Wansfell Pike (1597 feet).—This is a walk opened up by the Lake District Association, with which may be combined a visit to *Stock Ghyll Force*, then a capital round taken by *Troutbeck*, about 7 miles. The way is at first the same as to the *Force*; if it be visited, one must either spend a few minutes in coming back to the gate, or scramble over the wall at the head of the enclosure, where the more agile and less conscientious tourist will easily get into his road again. A little higher, a ladder and direction-board indicate the path straight up Wansfell, marked by small posts or pegs all the way over the moors. One *could* go up to the Pike from the Force in half an hour; but the ascent is so steep, and sometimes so slippery, that few will escape the temptation of sitting down at intervals to admire the view behind. That from

the top over Windermere is so fine that one is tempted to pronounce it the finest ; and behind rise an amphitheatre of mountains—to the north-west the *Red Screes*, with *Hart Crag* and *Fairfield* beyond, to the north *Kirkstone Pass* leading over to Patterdale, to the north-east *Highstreet*, *Froswick*, and *Ill Bell*. Just beyond us to the north is another summit, by the map seeming to be a few feet higher, to which one's way could be made along the ridge ; but the Pike on which we stand is the more conspicuous.

Descending towards the Troutbeck Valley, our path leads more gently over the moors. In about a quarter of an hour we gain a grassy lane that would lead us up towards the farther height of Wansfell ; taken downwards, in another quarter of an hour or so it brings us to the road running above the west side of Troutbeck. Here a turn to the left shows the well-known *Mortal Man Inn*. A little farther on in the same direction is the *Queen's Head Inn*, where the east and west roads through Troutbeck join to pass over to Patterdale (see p. 71).

If in no need of solid refreshment, we should have turned to the right, to pass through and above the long, straggling village of Troutbeck with its quaint houses. Where we gained the road, coming off Wansfell, it is about 4 miles back to Ambleside by Low Wood and the lake shore. A mile or more would be added by taking a dip to the left about a mile on our way, which goes round by Troutbeck Bridge. We can help those who scorn high-roads to do most of the distance by a path. Some mile or so from where the Low Wood road has turned west to cut across from the Troutbeck Valley, will be noticed a lane leading up obliquely to the right, and a path going down to the left. *Non ragionam di lor ; ma guarda e passa*. This lane would indeed bring us a little more directly over fields, but it is better to go on to the next lane on the right, hard to indicate otherwise, which becomes a path up to *High Skelgill* farm, behind Holbeck House. Thence it runs stonily through a wood on the side of Wansfell, coming down behind some houses on the road between



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Vertical text on the right margin, likely a scale or legend.

Waterhead and Ambleside, with divagations to Low Wood and to Waterhead, and one that must next be mentioned separately as a short independent walk from Ambleside.

Jenkin Crag.—This is one of the points to be “done” from here. We turn up the path last mentioned by a group of houses more than half-way to Waterhead, then follow its steep and stony course, avoiding ascents to the left, as far as a stile on the right, where the path is marked “Free, on sufferance.” This leads us down to a rock commanding one of the choicest views of the head of the lake, reached thus in half an hour or so.

Kirkstone Pass.—This walk gives the exertion without the risk of a mountain climb, a short 3 miles distance, but *such* miles, of a road that boasts to be the steepest in England, as the inn at the top used to pretend to be the highest inhabited English house, a distinction which it has had to yield to more than one elsewhere. One can drive, yet “but for the honour of the thing” one might as well walk. The road, known as the “Struggle,” turns up to the right from that to Keswick, passing out by the Old Church, above the winding alleys of the old town. The stiff ascent begins almost at once; then we have only to put our hearts to it and follow the telegraph wires. At our back there is a grand view of Windermere opening out as we mount; to the right we look on the slopes of Wansfell Pike; at the bottom Stock Ghyll tumbles along its short and merry course. When the panting traveller is well out of breath, the road drops a little, but only to rise again to the cosy, weather-beaten little tavern at the height of the pass (nearly 1500 feet), where our road falls in with that from Troutbeck. The inn used to be suitably styled “The Traveller’s Rest”; it is now called simply “The Kirkstone Inn.”

The guide-post at the meeting-place of these roads lets us know our distances—7 miles from Windermere, almost as much from Patterdale, and so forth. One would do well at least to walk on some few hundred yards to where the road beyond begins to dip decidedly, giving a view of

Brothers Water, more than 2 miles forward. On the left will be noticed some huge boulders, one of them that

Whose church-like frame
Gives to the savage pass its name.

In returning, there is a choice of ways. Vigorous and sure-footed tourists could in half an hour scramble up the rocky and turfy steeps of **Red Screes**, rising above the left of the pass 1000 feet higher, and thence, after a grand view, follow its sloping back downwards till a good chance appears of dropping down into our former road; or on its other side one might descend to Scandale Beck, and home by that glen. If one chose to take the round by Troutbeck Valley, it would be nearly 4 miles to the *Mortal Man*, near which we reached it over Wansfell Pike, and quite 4 miles more by Low Wood home. But the route may be varied without much lengthening by following the Troutbeck road for a short mile till opposite a dilapidated farm building in a thin clump of trees, with two bent scraggy firs as outposts towards the road. By this landmark one could strike off to the right to gain a path or track which leads down the eastern slope of the Stock Ghyll Valley, from which we see how our former road opposite has running under it a very pleasant path below a wood. Our present path becomes a lane that turns out to be the very one we left by a ladder for the ascent of Wansfell; and it comes down into the town by the Stock Ghyll Force enclosure. This side seems rather the more easy ascent to *Kirkstone Pass*; one certainly escapes the dust here, and perhaps the choice should depend on the position of the sun blazing against one or other slope of the valley.

To **Sweden Bridge** (2 miles), turn off to left from the last route by a road (guide-post) just below the church. This soon becomes a stony lane winding along the slopes above *Scandale Beck*, till it reaches the finely placed *Upper Sweden Bridge*. On the same side a track might be followed that in due time, if not lost, would lead one

by *Caiston Glen* to Brothers Water and Patterdale; but this is not an excursion for every tourist. Nor, after crossing the bridge, would it be holiday work to scramble down the wooded side of the beck. But if the stranger fetches a slight compass, by keeping along a wall running off from the right bank, and at the end of this goes up a little the better to come down, he will reach a track that, bending round on the Scandale slope, opens fine prospects as it descends towards the bridge about a mile down (sometimes called *Lower Sweden Bridge*), by which he recrosses the stream to the *Nook Farm*. The farther wall of the field through which we have come down to this bridge forms a guide all one way up to *Fairfield*, Miss Martineau's favourite mountain. Many a time, says the half-century occupant of the Nook, has he seen her coming off the fells soon after sunrise. Through the farmyard is gained a pretty lane, that in less than a mile carries us back to Ambleside, a little below that by which we left it; turning to the right at the end we should find ourselves on the Rydal road, almost opposite the footpath to Loughrigg.

Fairfield (2863 feet). The chief mountain ascent to be made from Ambleside is that of *Fairfield*, the subject of an amusing sketch entitled "A Tremendous Ascent," in Mr. James Payn's *Leaves from Lakeland*. The summit can be reached directly from the head of the *Rydal Glen*, but most walkers will prefer to take it as part of a round embracing several heights on the ridges encircling that glen. Ponies can be ridden to the top, and to all points mentioned in the following round, except where otherwise specified. The whole round is a matter of 6 to 7 hours' actual walking, but this can be shortened in various ways as mentioned below. The views are exceedingly fine.

Following the high-road from Ambleside to Rydal (2 miles), we turn up to the right in that village by the steep road past the church. When beyond the houses, walkers might turn to the left and ascend between stone

walls to the open fell, and so directly up a steep slope to the top of *Nab Scar* (1300 feet), as seen from below. This is the end of the ridge descending from *Fairfield*, which may be kept, with many ups and downs, for the rest of the way. But as this route is impracticable for ponies, and as, moreover, *Nab Scar* itself forms a desirable ascent from *Grasmere* (which see), we prefer to leave it out on this occasion.

We continue, therefore, on the road for about half a mile farther, ascending *Rydal Glen* till we have rounded the base of *Nab Scar*, and can see our way up to the ridge behind it on our left. Then, having left the walls behind, we keep up over easy ground, pass through a wire fence by a gate, and reach the top of the ridge as near as may be to a point marked on the maps as **Heron Pike** (2000 feet), but properly *Erne* or *Eagle Pike*, where, for the first time, we look over into the *Rothay Valley*. Hence it is a gradual ascent to the next point, **Great Rigg** (2513 feet), with fine views all the way; and the same from there to the summit of *Fairfield* (2863 feet), the intervening depressions being but slight. From *Rydal* to the final cairn will have taken about two hours' climbing.

The view from the summit of *Fairfield* is little, if at all, inferior to that to be obtained from any of the central summits of the Lake mountains. Roaming about the level green plateau which forms the top, we can vary the prospect almost at pleasure. We may look over into *Grisedale* with its tarn, and admire beyond it the isolated height of *Seat Sandal*, that "fond suitor of the clouds," with the crags of *Helvellyn* beyond, *Striding Edge* being the prominent nearest ridge. To the north, a narrow "arête" connects with *St. Sunday Crag*, and can be traversed without difficulty; while beyond it *Ullswater* is visible, with the long range of *Highstreet* bounding the eastern horizon. In an opposite direction, a piece of *Grasmere* can be seen, and beyond its valley a wild sea of hills, the *Langdale* and *Scafell* ranges, *Great Gable* and the *Pillar* mountain, and the whole expanse of hills

beyond Borrowdale and Derwentwater. Southward are Windermere, Esthwaite, Coniston, and many smaller lakes, with the Coniston hills in full dignity. Beyond, still farther south, glimpses of the sea-coast terminate the view. A noble panorama, and most impressive too, is the foreground deep below us on all sides, ever disclosing new beauties as we walk along the ridge.

One may descend from *Fairfield* to *Grisedale Pass* (cf. *Grasmere Sub-section*), there reaching the path from *Grasmere* to *Patterdale*; or descend more directly to *Patterdale* over *St. Sunday Crag* (see p. 63); or plunge steeply down into *Rydal Glen*; or return by the way we came. But the best course is to continue round the head of the *Rydal Glen*, with very little up or down, to **Hart Crag** (2688 feet), and **Dove Crag** (about 2500 feet). During this part of the round we keep *Rydal Glen* on our right, and look down first into *Deepdale*, then into *Dovedale*, on our left in the direction of *Ullswater*; and it is worth while wandering from side to side so as to make the most of the prospect either way. Turning to the right at *Dove Crag*, the gentle ridge should be followed all the way down, the best going being on the farther side of the dilapidated wall which runs along it; unless, indeed, we prefer either to descend beyond *Dove Crag* into *Scandale*, or to continue round the head of the *Scandale Valley*, and ascend *Red Serees* (2540 feet) beyond, from which a steep descent may be made to the top of the *Kirkstone Pass*, or a gentler declivity followed down toward *Ambleside* (see p. 72). This last climb would add considerably to our round, and is not practicable for ponies. By either of the other routes—viz. either descending *Scandale*, or keeping along the ridge between it and *Rydal Glen*—we descend without difficulty to level ground again, and passing one or other of the two *Sweden Bridges*, find ourselves within easy reach of *Ambleside*, as described in a former excursion.

The round may, if preferred, be made in the reverse direction, and it is not easy to say which offers the easier route, the finer views; but on the whole, especially to

those as yet strangers to the locality, we recommend taking it as above described.

Loughrigg Fell (*Luffrigg*) is the green mass of hill rising about 1000 feet behind the river-mouth, so as to cut off Rydal and Grasmere from Windermere. There are several paths wandering over its ferny top and sides, which may be commended as a safe scene for family alpineering. One can hardly go wrong here, once above the belt of private properties that girds this fine hill. It has two usual modes of access from Ambleside. One track runs up from the suburb of *Clappersgate*, through a gate beside a white house a little past an ivied stable-yard. For the other, take the field path by the Schools and the Church, cross two little bridges within a few yards of each other, and turn to the right past the lodge of a mansion, behind which, in a minute or two, the path will be seen winding uphill.

Perhaps the best easy walk of a couple of hours or more to be taken here is that round Loughrigg Fell, as follows. Go out by the Coniston road through the pretty village of Clappersgate, with Loughrigg rising on the right, and beautiful views of the Brathay Valley opening on the left. When Skelwith Bridge is in sight, turn up to the right by the old Langdale road, presently passing above *Loughrigg Tarn*, "Diana's looking-glass." The view now will be crowned by the Langdale Pikes. The next turn on the right, marked for Grasmere, leads us over the end of Loughrigg Fell known as *Red Bank*, in a quarter of an hour affording one of those complete changes of prospect so common among the lakes. At the top of Red Bank we turn down a way on the right into the woods; but first by all means go a few steps farther on to gain a seat on a knoll above the left bank of the road, looking over Grasmere and up Dunmail Raise, where the road may be seen rising towards Keswick, and on the right of it a corner of Helvellyn comes into view (see *Grasmere*).

Now we turn eastward by the way through the woods, which soon brings us on *Loughrigg Terrace*, an open walk

along the bracken slopes above the Rothay joining Grasmere and Rydal Water, then along the wooded shores of this latter sheet, backed by the wall of Nab Scar. Thus we come round to *Pelter Bridge* on the Rothay, looking back from which we have a sight of Rydal Mount on its wooded knoll. For a short cut we may cross here to gain the main road into Ambleside; but better keep on the right bank of the Rothay, past the renowned stepping-stones, and through a private road, at one end of which is *Fox Ghyll*, once Mr. W. E. Forster's, at the other *Fox Howe*, Dr. Arnold's summer residence. On the main road beyond the river may be seen an ivy-covered house with a copper beech in front of it; this is *The Knoll*, where Harriet Martineau lived. The spire of the Church now becomes our guide, making for which, we cross the Rothay, and come to the centre of the town, by one of the loveliest of the field-walks which are among Ambleside's attractions, their variety so well shown by this round, that also introduces us to the charms of Rydal and Grasmere. A branch from the above-mentioned path, turning to the left between the two little bridges, leads into the Rydal road at that end of Ambleside.

Coniston.—Though this is to be dealt with in an independent section, at the risk of some repetition we must treat it here as one of the favourite day's excursions from Ambleside. There is more than one way of getting to Coniston: we suggest the round of about 17 miles taken by some of the coaches, which has the advantage of coming back by the grander route. These two roads go out together under Loughrigg Fell. At *Clappersgate* turn off across Brathay Bridge, leaving Brathay Church on a wooded eminence to the right. Here we have passed into Lancashire, and are on the way to Hawkshead, from which in a mile or so we turn up to *Barn Gates Inn*, where four cross-roads are duly labelled. The best view has for some time been at our backs. Now as we descend, *Esthwaite Water* comes into prospect, backed by the Claife Heights. A mile or so farther on, a slight divagation may be

recommended to pass above the high sheet of water, half natural and half artificial, lying among the Tarn Howes. A guide-post to the right for *Tarn Howes* directs us up a side road, leading over a moor to a thick belt of wood. At the top of the ascent a ladder stile on the left invites us to cross and go a few steps forward for a fine view of Coniston Lake. The road regained, we follow it above the south end of the wooded lake, tarn seeming too poor an epithet for its present proportions. From this point, by moor and wood, with a grand view of *Yewdale Crag*s to the right, it is half an hour's descent to the high-road, rejoined a few minutes before it reaches the head of Coniston Lake, along which we pass on to the *Waterhead Hotel*. A little beyond the hotel, reached by a marked path from the road, is the landing-place of the steam "Gondola" plying on this sheet. The village, rising on the slope of the "Old Man," is still some half-mile distant; and above it stands the railway station, from which we might reach the coast at Foxfield Junction.

All the coaches, we understand, come back on the road which leaves Coniston by way of **Yewdale**, with fine crag scenery on the left, and on the other side the high woods among which are the Tarn and its "Howes." Some 2 miles on the way, between Yewdale Crag and Raven Crag, opens the fine ravine of *Tilberthwaite*, whose alpine features have lately been accentuated by a little judicious treatment (see p. 82). Beyond this a grand old yew was once looked out for near the roadside; but it has at last been laid low by a storm. By and by we pass the opening of another road to *Tilberthwaite*; and from **Oxenfell** make a long descent, bringing *Elterwater* into view at the foot of Loughrigg, here dwarfed by more noble summits. At *Skelwith Bridge* we cross the Brathay. Soon is joined the old road in that direction, and we are now on the line by which we went round Loughrigg Fell, presently coming back to where the Brathay was crossed on our present excursion.

DRIVING EXCURSIONS

The regular coach drives are as follows, by opposition lines :—

To *Rydal* and *Grasmere*, frequently.

To *Windermere*, several times a day.

To *Ullswater* (by Kirkstone Pass, back by Troutbeck), 3s. 6d., return 5s.

To *Coniston*, 3s. 6d., return 5s. (Inquiries should be made as to whether the route is varied.)

Round of the *Langdales*, 4s. (See p. 91.)

Keswick, several times daily, by coaches passing through from Windermere, 5s., return 7s. 6d. (See *Grasmere*.)

Besides these regular lines (most of them stopped at the end of September), occasional excursions are got up in the season ; and of course private conveyances are always to be had. One of Ambleside's chief advantages is its situation as a good driving centre for visits to so many parts of Lakeland, while cyclists find here as much scope as they can expect in such a district. Details as to cost, etc., of the different drives can be had at the hotels.

CONISTON

Postal Address : "Coniston R. S. O., Carnforth."

Hotels : *Waterhead* (C), at steamer pier, half mile from village ; *Crown*, in village ; *Whalley's Temperance Hotel* (near station) ; *Fairfield Temperance Hotel* (C), and other refreshment rooms.

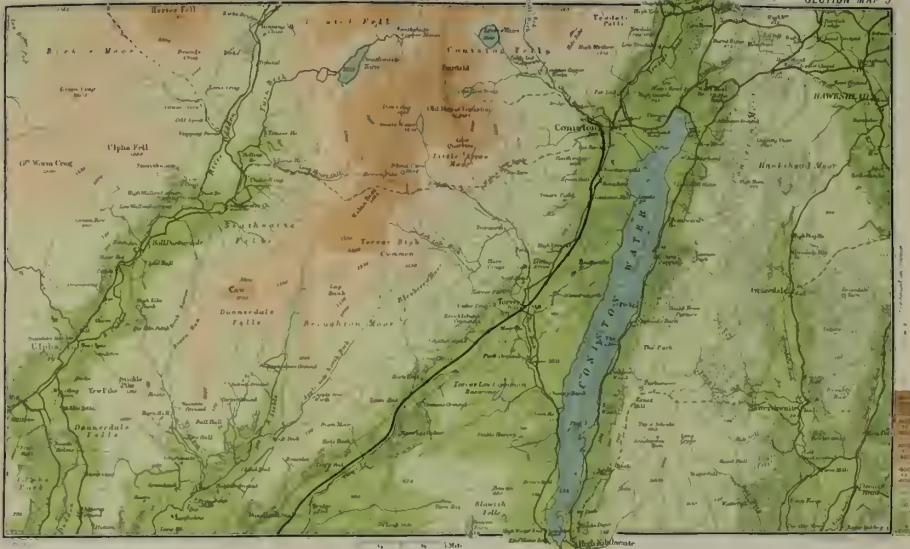
Numerous lodging-houses.

In the district : *Lake Bank Hotel*, at foot of lake ; small inn at *Satterthwaite* (Grisedale). Cf. *Langdale*, *Broughton-in-Furness*, etc.

Coniston is a straggling village of considerable size, quite half a mile from the head of the lake of the same name (anciently styled *Thurston Water*). It climbs up the lowest spurs of the *Old Man* range, and is broken by two streams descending from these mountains. The branch railway from *Foxfield Junction* enters by the height above the village, and from the station we survey the latter below us, with the level plain extending to the lake. Even finer, however, is the view of *Coniston* obtained by those approaching it in the opposite direction, looking from the lake to the village with its mountain wall behind. And this is the direction in which most strangers, probably, obtain their first view of *Coniston*.

For, although a place possessing a railway station would seem best approached by rail, it is not so in the case of Coniston. Except for travellers from the sea-coast, the railway is of comparatively little use, involving as it does an immense round by *Foxfield Junction*. The majority of its summer visitors, at any rate, still come by coach from *Bowness* or *Ambleside*, or by steamer up the lake. The former routes have been described already (cp. pp. 34, 77), as far as where they meet on the heights above *Hawkshead*. Thence a rapid descent through the woods of *Waterhead House* (sadly damaged by the storms of late years), and past the head of the lake and *Waterhead Hotel*, brings us to Coniston village in a little over 2 miles. The route by steamer is taken from *Greenodd*, a station on the Windermere and Ulverston Railway, from which coaches run in connection with the trains to *Lake Bank Hotel* (5 miles), whence the gondola steamer plies up the lake. Circular tickets are issued by these routes, and it is well to inquire before leaving Windermere or Ambleside what are the exact arrangements for the season.

Coniston Lake is about five miles long by half a mile broad, and contains two small islands. Its waters are discharged by the river *Crake* into the Leven estuary. A road runs down the eastern side, and up the west there is also a road, which, however, soon bends inland to the village of **Torver**, the first station on the railway, and does not rejoin the lake shore, though it leads to Coniston village. The drive round the lake is fine, but finer perhaps are the views obtained from the little steamer in her progress up from *Lake Bank*, where the whole range of the *Old Man* chain of mountains, concealed from Coniston village by intervening heights, stand out in full grandeur. On the western side is the picturesque old *Coniston Hall*, now a farmhouse, but for long the seat of the well-known Westmoreland family of Le Fleming, and once the home of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." Nearly opposite, and the first of some half-dozen gentlemen's houses which line the eastern shore for the rest of the way, is *Brantwood*,



home formerly of Gerald Massey and Linton the engraver, now a household name over England as the scene of Ruskin's latest work and death in January 1900.

Mrs. Severn, a niece of Mr. Ruskin, who now lives at Brantwood, allows visitors to see the house, but a letter should, if possible, be sent beforehand.

A rough wooden seat behind the hedge on the lake side of the road, and at the top of the first hill on the road as one leaves Brantwood for Coniston, was one of Ruskin's favourite spots for writing or meditation.

The steamer pier is on the western shore, a good half-mile below the head of the lake. Omnibuses will be found waiting to convey the tourist and his belongings to the village or railway station, while the *Waterhead Hotel* is reached by a gravel path of its own.

There is little to detain the tourist in the village of **Coniston** itself, unless he is attracted to the golf course of nine holes, which belongs to the *Waterhead Hotel*, but is open to all visitors by arrangement with the proprietor: a separate course for ladies adjoins this. The central point is the *Church*, where Ruskin's grave may be seen. It is conspicuous by a fine runic cross bearing the simple inscription "John Ruskin, 1819-1900." The Ruskin Museum stands behind the Coniston Institute. It contains many interesting relics of its founder (admission 1d., catalogue 3d.).

The neighbourhood of the village abounds in charming walks. The first will probably be in the direction of the *Old Man*. The road up either side of the stream, beside the church, may be followed. That on the left bank is obvious; the other is reached by turning to the right at the *Black Bull Inn*, and a few yards farther to the left through a field. Both roads unite at a bridge about half a mile up the fine ravine in which the stream flows, and the broad road on the left bank is then followed as far as we please in the direction of the mines. This route will be farther pursued in the ascent of the *Old Man* (which see), but it is well worth coming thus far for the sake of the fine views. Mines and quarries of various

descriptions occupy the hollow before us, into which we need not enter unless proposing a visit to their workings; but the short walk above described, which should not occupy much over an hour, is recommended to those who have not time for the longer excursions we proceed to suggest.

EXCURSIONS FROM CONISTON

Tilberthwaite Ghyll is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Coniston. Take the road along *Yewdale*, described in our Ambleside Section, for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, then to the left up a fine ravine between the Yewdale Crags on the left and Raven Crag on the right. A finger-post tells us where to leave the road (shortly before *High Tilberthwaite Farm*) and keep the path, which in five minutes brings us to the foot of the *Ghyll*. This is a narrow gorge, made passable by bridges and ladders, quite after the Swiss fashion. Under the highest bridge is a pretty waterfall, and from this point we may descend by a rough road (with fine views) direct to the above-mentioned farm, and so rejoin our driving-road, unless we prefer to return as we came. Sturdy pedestrians may ascend steeply, but without difficulty, from the top of the *Ghyll* to the summit of *Wetherlam*, and return over the fells to Coniston (see ascent of *Old Man*). Or the return journey may be varied by taking the road down the other side of the stream from *High Tilberthwaite*, and ascending a steep path to *Tarn Howes* (see next route). But this road is not practicable for driving.

Tarn Howes.—The best view at a moderate height in the neighbourhood of *Coniston*, and indeed anywhere between *Windermere* and *Langdale*, is from the point on *Tarn Howes* already more than once mentioned in previous pages.

It can be reached by carriage in a round of some 6 miles, and the coaches frequently take this route in coming from *Ambleside* to *Coniston*. The direction which we follow below is best for walking; for driving, the route is more commonly taken in the reverse order.

Follow the road past the Waterhead Hotel and head of the lake (not turning to the right round the latter), and before ascending the hill take the second of two lanes to the left (no finger-post), about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the village. This dips at first for a few yards, passing through a gate, then ascends more or less steeply for the rest of the way. In about 10 minutes the avenue-like road leaves the wood, and passing through another gate opens out a fine view over *Yewdale* to the left. (At a cottage on the same side, just beyond this gate, light refreshments may be had.) Bending to the right, and passing through several more gates, the road in about 10 minutes farther brings us to the foot of the little lake which gives its name to the locality. *Turn Howes* (not *Hause*, as sometimes written) means the small heights surrounding the lake; and the very pretty little artificial lake itself, formed by connecting several minor pools or ponds, is known properly as the *Howes Tarn*. A more specific name is certainly desirable, but *Highlow Tarn*, which has been suggested, seems to carry with it an unpleasant flavour of leather! The owner of this property, to whose enterprise we owe a very charming scene, might surely devise a more individual name for what is practically his creation.

If it be desired to descend into *Yewdale*, this is best done from the outfall of the lake, a short way on to the left, by a steep path down a pretty dell (*Tom Ghyll*). A rough cart track also descends from the gate by the cottage above mentioned. Or we may keep on by a track along the side of the tarn, and thus gain a road leading down into the high-road by *Oxenfell*, on which the coaches generally return to Ambleside.

Bending away from the lake to the right, a road crosses the ridge in front, and winds down to the other *Ambleside* road near the turning off for *Hawkshoad*. Thus on the right, at the highest point, is passed the *ladder stile* mentioned on p. 78, the view from which over Conistoun is probably the one described by De Quincey, "the whole lake and beautiful foregrounds rushing upon the eye with

the effect of a pantomimic surprise." There are other fine view-points on this ridge, from one of which it must have been that Wordsworth enjoyed the prospect magnificently described in a well-known passage in the *Prelude*, where he tells of his feeling that for him, so gazing, vows were made that he should be from thenceforth "a dedicated spirit."

We have now regained the Waterhead road at a point nearly 3 miles from *Coniston* and 5 from *Ambleside*, with fine views over *Esthwaite Water* and toward *Windermere*. Extensions of this short round can be made in the direction of *Ambleside* or *Hawkshead*; or, instead of descending directly to *Coniston*, we may take the first road to the left after beginning the descent, which joins in about a mile the road down the eastern shore of the lake, by which we may either proceed onward past *Brantwood*, or backward round the head of the lake to rejoin the high-road. This last route, turning about a mile short of *Brantwood*, is little longer than the high-road itself.

We may here more briefly indicate some of the longer driving excursions which can be made from *Coniston*. The road past *High Tilberthwaite Farm* (see above), though very rough, can be followed into *Little Langdale*, thereby introducing us to all the fine scenery of that region (see *Langdale Section*). Just past the farm the road forks, the left-hand branch leading to *Fell Foot*, a farm at the foot of *Wrynose Pass*, which forms the head of *Little Langdale*, while the right-hand branch leads down even more steeply to *New Houses*, a hamlet (two inns) farther down the valley. If we went by one and came back by the other we should have encircled *Langdale Tarn*, a somewhat uninteresting sheet of water; or the drive might be continued to *Blea Tarn* in one direction or *Elterwater* in the other.

Again, the *Yewdale* and *Oxenfell* road to *Ambleside*, mentioned before as usually taken by the return coaches from *Coniston*, might be followed as far as *Skelwith Bridge*, and the return journey made by the *Barn Gates* road (see p. 77).

The round by Skelwith Bridge could also obviously be connected with the *Tilberthwaite* roads of our last paragraph.

On the other side of Coniston, the chief road is that to *Torver* ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles), from which we may either proceed to *Broughton* at the foot of the Duddon Valley (reached also by train from Coniston), or to *Lake Bank* for the circuit of Coniston Lake, a round of 14 miles. From *Broughton*, which is 4 miles from *Torver*, the drive might be continued for some distance up the Duddon Valley, but the return route cannot be varied except by driving right up the valley and over *Wrynose Pass* into *Langdale*, a hard day's work. From *Lake Bank*, also 4 miles from *Torver*, we might continue in the direction of *Greenodd* and *Ulverston*, or into *Grisedale* (see next paragraph); but to those who have not sailed up the lake in the steamer, the return drive up the eastern shore is undoubtedly the most attractive.

Lastly, for those especially who have not yet visited *Hawkshead*, the *Grisedale* round is a pleasant excursion. In any region less highly favoured as regards scenery, the **Grisedale** Glen (to be distinguished from others of the same name) near *Coniston Lake* would be considered a "lion." Its stream rises in the fells between *Coniston* and *Esthwaite Water*, and the pedestrian can find his way without much difficulty by a track that strikes across these from near *Tent Lodge*, the farthest up of the residences on this side, once Tennyson's home for a summer. Carriages must drive round by *Hawkshead* (4 miles), and have then the choice of two roads. One leaves *Esthwaite Water* near the foot, as mentioned in our account of that lake. The other, which we recommend to be taken, leaves it immediately below *Hawkshead*, passing a hamlet called *Roger Ground*, ascends pretty steeply to the right, and drops down on the other side to the hamlet of *Grisedale*, where the direct pedestrian track comes in. From there we descend the valley to **Satterthwaite** (inn), rather more than a mile farther, just below which is the finest part of the dale.

About half a mile beyond *Satterthwaite*, we come to *Force Mills*, with a fine waterfall. Here we leave the road down the valley (which, however, might be pursued onward by *Rusland* to *Newby Bridge*, or a road to the right taken by *Oxen Park* (inn) to the valley of the *Crake*, and the return journey be made up the east side of *Coniston Lake*, and across a wooded dingle on our left, to the road in *Dalepark*, another small glen which joins the *Grisedale* one farther down. Turning again to the left up this, we ascend to its head, and then drop down at once to the high-road near the foot of *Esthwaite Water* by the road previously mentioned, returning to *Coniston* viâ *Hawkshead*. The total round is about 17 miles, of which 7 are on rough roads. The alternative return by *Coniston Lake* would add 7 or 8 miles more to this total.

Walna Scar (2035 feet).—An interesting hill walk, quite practicable for ponies, is to *Walna Scar*, the pass which crosses the fells between *Coniston* and the *Duddon Valley*, affording the only feasible approach to *Coniston* from the west. An hour and a half should suffice for the ascent, and an hour for the descent, if made the same way. The route passes close to the south of the *Old Man*.

Leaving *Coniston* by the bridge beyond the church, we ascend toward the railway station, but, after passing through the arch under the railway, instead of turning left to the station, we hold straight on up a rough road which comes down the left bank of the stream in front. After about 10 minutes, the track crosses the stream, now become quite small, and in a few paces more bends to the right again, resuming its former direction. Before other 10 minutes, we pass through a gate and come out on the open fell, to go straight on in the same direction, disregarding cross tracks to right and left. The path gradually bends to the right, till it gets close under the rocky side of the *Old Man*, one or two white posts aiding us to keep the direction. After a considerable level stretch, we ascend rather sharply to a stream, which we cross, leaving the

better-marked track beside this stream to our right. Another rise, our track being now again well marked, and we reach a larger stream, the beck which flows from *Goat's Water* down to *Torver*. This is crossed by a stone bridge, after which the track bends first to the left, then zigzags up the steep hill in front to the top of the ridge.

From the top a fine view bursts on us, *Duddon Valley* lying at our feet, and the *Scafell* range of mountains towering grandly to the right. Below lies *Seathwaite*, and if we descend to this village we can either follow the road down the Duddon Valley to *Broughton*, returning to *Coniston* by train, or pursue the road up the valley over *Wrynose Pass* into *Little Langdale*, or cross the fells in front of us to *Boot* in *Eskdale*. (For particulars of these routes, see our account of the Duddon Valley.) At present we propose returning to *Coniston*, which may be done as we came, or by descending the *Torver Beck* to some quarries, whence a road leads down to *Torver* village (thence $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles by road or rail to *Coniston*); or, after returning as far as the gate in the wall that led on to the open fell, we may take the track to the left beside the wall, and descend through the mines valley to *Coniston*. With *Walna Scar* might also be combined a visit to *Goat's Water*, the source of the *Torver Beck*, or an ascent of the *Old Man* himself, as will appear in our next excursion.

Coniston Old Man (2633 feet).—The ascent of this mountain, the chief summit of its range, will be an object of ambition to all able-bodied visitors at *Coniston*. For its height, it is not difficult, one and a half hours sufficing for the ascent, and one hour for the descent. Ponies can be taken all the way, the last part alone being uncomfortably steep for riding. Less lofty than the tallest giants of the Lake District, the *Old Man* (really *Alt Macn* = High Crag) is inferior to none as a view-point, its outlying position giving it a character of its own.

Geologically this mountain belongs to the green slate system, and it yields a fine roofing-slate, for the excavation of which material there are several quarries, now in a great measure unworked. At the south-east foot of the hill, there strikes north-east and south-west a band of dark greenish-blue limestone, the equivalent of the Bala limestone of Wales; and this is accompanied by a group of slates, flags, grits, and shales, which are believed to constitute the top of the Lower Silurian series. This mountain is rich in metal, there being several veins of copper intersecting its eastern side. The ore is obtained in the state of pyrites from the mine, which is situate in a large cove above Church Coniston, and extends into its bowels for upwards of half a mile in a horizontal direction, the vertical shafts penetrating two hundred yards in depth. The works are less productive now than formerly. Mining operations were carried on here at an early period, anterior to the invention, or at all events to the general use of gunpowder; for there are appearances still existing which show that recourse had been had to fire for the purpose of splitting the rocks where the ore lies embedded.

The direct ascent is made by the valley containing the mines, the road to be taken being that described in our first walk (p. 81). Beyond the bridge there mentioned, the pony route follows the road on the left bank of the stream to the copper mines, then bends to the left, ascending to the slate quarries. Walkers may leave this road at the bridge by crossing a step stile over a wall on the right bank, and follow the quarrymen's footpath on that side of the valley, which presently joins a cart road from the *Walna Scar* route to the quarries. Here turn to the right, and passing the quarries rejoin the bridle-path above *Low Water*, a small tarn finely situated under the crags of the Old Man. After this the ascent is very steep, and ponies are frequently left at the highest of the slate quarries. The ridge is reached slightly to the south of the summit, and a short ascent to the right then brings us to the cairn, which has been visible most of the way.

This is the most direct route, attacking the mountain boldly in front. Those who wish to avoid the mines may take the route to *Walna Scar*, described in our last excursion, as far as the foot of the shoulder descending from the *Old Man*, leave the track shortly before the

first of two streams there mentioned, and ascend the ridge from there to the summit. This is really the "natural" or easiest way up the hill, and though there is not a continuous path ponies can be taken the whole way. (A cross track from this route to the other will be found immediately on entering the open fell.) Yet another route is by *Goat's Water*, ascending the steep *hause* at its head, and reaching the *Old Man* from the back ; but this is better for descending than ascending. Lastly, active walkers, who wish to see much of the district, might keep the *Walna Scar* route to the top of the pass, then ascend on the right to **Dow Crag**, a fine rocky summit, only 100 feet lower than the *Old Man*, looking sheer down 1000 feet to *Goat's Water* below ; and then skirt round the head of the Goat's Water valley to the Old Man. There is a considerable intervening depression, and altogether the circuit thus made will add another hour to the time of ascending.

The unique character of the view from the *Old Man* is due to the variety of scenery comprised, and the contrast of frowning mountain and fertile valley. The element of wild grandeur is afforded by the ranges of Scafell and Langdale, Great Gable and the Pillar Mountain, on one side, and the more distant summits of Fairfield, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, conspicuous over a sea of hills, on the other. The stretch of fertile land between Coniston and Windermere presents a scene of softer beauty, with rich pastures and luxuriant woods. To the south and south-east a wide view opens seaward over the estuaries of the Kent, Leven, and Duddon rivers, and the broad expanse of Morecambe Bay. Wreaths of smoke here and there remind us of the proximity of populous and busy places,—Ulverston, Whitehaven, and Workington,—while far to the south Lancaster Castle and the town of Fleetwood carry our eye beyond the magic circle of Lakeland into the England of everyday life. Over the mouth of the Duddon, on a very clear day, Snowdon and other peaks of Wales can be distinctly descried ; while across Dow Crag, whose precipice forms a striking feature to the west, the outline of the

Isle of Man breaks the solitude of the Irish Sea. The isolated hill between us and the sea is Black Combe, for the ascent of which, see *Sea-Coast Section*. And lastly, the turf-clad shoulders and picturesque recesses of our own range, *Wetherlam* being the projecting spur to the north-east, contrast curiously with the busy scene of labour at our feet, the noisy activity of man pushed so far up among the silent workings of Nature. Altogether, the view from the *Old Man* is a thing by itself among Lake mountains, and on a golden August afternoon might tempt one to linger hour after hour on this grassy top.

Before addressing himself to descending, the tourist who has mounted by the direct path should by all means proceed in the direction of *Dow Crag* till he catches sight of *Goat's Water* below, a really noble picture. The steep *hause* above this little lake may be descended, and a track found along its nearer shore down to the *Walna Scar* route, or the *Walna Scar* Pass may be reached over the top of *Dow Crag* in less than an hour. But those who wish a longer excursion should hold northward along an almost level grassy ridge, with *Seathwaite Tarn* soon coming into view on the left, and *Levers Water* beyond *Low Water* on the right. They may descend steeply to *Levers Water*, or continue along the ridge up to **The Carrs** (see note below), the highest point of the range excepting the *Old Man*. From here the natural descent is still onward to the top of *Wrynose Pass*, and so down into *Little Langdale*. If preferred, however, we may cross to *Wetherlam* by the low neck of land separating the *Levers Water* valley from *Langdale*. The descent is steep, but not difficult, if the right place be selected. It is well to get quite to the edge before beginning to descend. In ascending the other side do not strike up too soon to the right. When the top of **Wetherlam** is reached, an attractive view over *Yewdale* is disclosed. Otherwise, the hill is disappointing, being now seen to be a mere lower spur of the larger heights we have left.¹ From *Wetherlam* we may descend

¹ The name *Wetherlam* is sometimes extended to include the north end of the main range, called by us *The Carrs*, and is credited with the

steeply, but without danger, to the top of the *Tilberthwaite Ghyll* (p. 82), or may make our way down the slopes toward *Coniston*. These become steeper below, and it is best soon to get down into the glen on our right, and follow it down to some deserted copper-mines, from which a road descends to *Coniston*. The descent from the *Old Man* by *The Carrs* and *Wetherlam* will take about three hours, which, however, might easily be prolonged by diverging to other points of interest, such as *Grey Friar*, the most westerly point of the range, overlooking the head of the *Duddon Valley*. A long summer day, in fact, may be pleasantly spent on these heights, and few more enjoyable rambles can be found even in this land of good hill-walks.

For *Eskdale* and the *Duddon Valley*, which might be considered as belonging to this or to our *Langdale Section*, the reader is referred to *Ravenglass* and *Broughton* respectively in the *Coast Section*, as also for the railway from *Coniston* to *Foxfield Junction*, which on the south side makes the best approach to this centre.

LANGDALE

Hotels: *Old Dungeon Ghyll*, *New Dungeon Ghyll*, both at head of Great Langdale, one mile apart; 7 and 8 miles respectively from Ambleside, 6 and 7 miles from Grasmere, 8 or 9 miles from Coniston.

Postal Address: "by Ambleside."

Inns also at *Skelwith Bridge*, 3 miles from Ambleside; *New Houses*, in Little Langdale, 5½ miles; and *Elterwater* village, in Great Langdale, 5 miles.

The *Lang Dale* or "Long Valley," branching into two divisions known as "Great Langdale" and "Little Langdale," extends from *Ambleside* up to the wild mountains which shut in its head, and is separated by two

altitude of over 2500 feet which belongs to the latter. Locally and properly, *Wetherlam* is confined to the outlying shoulder overlooking *Tilberthwaite*, which looks so prominent from below, but which does not reach an altitude of much over 2000 feet. Climbers ascending *Wetherlam* from below find themselves still separated from the main range by the depression referred to in the text, after crossing which, they have to mount at least other 500 feet before they reach *The Carrs*.

hills from *Grasmere* on the one side, *Coniston* and *Hawkshead* on the other. The natural approach is from *Ambleside*, by the side of the river *Brathay*, which drains this valley basin, but it is also easily accessible from *Grasmere*, and without undue fatigue from *Coniston*. As the *Langdale* round is a favourite drive made daily by the public coaches from *Ambleside*, we shall follow their route in describing the valley, and may mention that some of these coaches return by *Grasmere* and *Rydal*, which adds only 2 or 3 miles to the round. Without this addition, the round is about 18 miles, in parts rough and hilly. Time is given at *Dungeon Ghyll* to lunch and visit the waterfall, etc. Pedestrians will find the two hotels at *Dungeon Ghyll* convenient centres for mountaineering excursions, and any one fond of wild scenery would enjoy a stay of some days in this stern and romantic solitude.

Leaving *Ambleside* by the road through *Clappersgate*, our route follows as far as *Brathay Bridge* that described on the way to *Coniston*. For *Langdale* we do not cross this bridge, but continue on the left bank of the river to *Skelwith Bridge*, 3 miles from *Ambleside*. Shortly before reaching this point, the road to *Grasmere*, which is also the old road to *Dungeon Ghyll*, diverges to our right, ascending the hill past *Loughrigg Tarn*; the new and more direct road to *Dungeon Ghyll* continues onward from *Skelwith Bridge*, following the line of an old footpath running close past *Elterwater*. Our route crosses **Skelwith Bridge**, where is an hotel, and a waterfall ("Skelwith Force") of no great interest. Pedestrians might have kept the other bank of the river from *Brathay Bridge* by the road past *Trinity Church* and *Skelwith Fold* (fine view), which rejoins our road without descending to *Skelwith*. Our road ascends sharply from the bridge, turning to the right, maintains for about a mile its higher level, with fine views over *Elterwater* and of the hills beyond; then leaving the main road, which is another route to *Coniston* viâ *Oxenfell* and *Yewdale*, drops down on the right to *Colwith Bridge*.

From *Skelwith Bridge* to *Colwith Bridge*, again, pedestrians might have followed a path, shorter, but rather difficult to keep. The river, meantime, has made a wide detour round by *Elterwater*. We rejoin it at *Colwith*, to find it much reduced, being now the stream from *Little Langdale* alone, though still bearing the name of *Brathay*. **Colwith Force**, a waterfall made by the stream just above the bridge, is worth seeing. A guide must be obtained from the farmhouse at the bridge.

For some 2 miles farther we traverse *Little Langdale*, passing **New Houses**, a small village with two inns, where roads branch off to *Coniston* and *Elterwater*. *Lingmoor Fell*, on the right, separates us from *Great Langdale*; and *Wetherlam*, a hill of the *Coniston* range, is conspicuous on the left. Beyond *New Houses* we pass *Little Langdale Turn*; and shortly before reaching *Fell Foot*, the farm at the foot of *Wrynose Pass* (7 miles from *Ambleside*), turn to the right to make the climb from *Little Langdale* into *Great Langdale*.

This is the most effective part of the journey. At first our attention is directed to *Wrynose Pass*, which forms the head of *Little Langdale*, and the hills beside it. But suddenly, as we ascend, first one rocky peak, and then a second, starts suddenly into view over the fells in front. These are the *Langdale Pikes*, conspicuous in all views from the neighbourhood of *Windermere*, whose acquaintance we are now to make at close quarters. A short way farther, at the top of the first ascent,

A little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains,

lies before our feet, containing a "liquid pool," which may or may not "glitter in the sun." This is **Blea Tarn**, the imagined abode of the "Solitary" in Wordsworth's *Excursion*; and the cottage he was supposed to inhabit is still the "one abode, no more," of this lonely scene. The "Solitary" himself, however, is now represented by a vendor of ginger-beer; and the valley, desolate

enough surely on a dark day of winter storm, is enlivened daily in summer by a stream of pleasure-seeking tourists.

We descend to the *Tarn*, which is just 8 miles from *Ambleside*, ascend beyond it for about half a mile, and then reach the beginning of the descent into *Great Langdale*. The view here reaches its culminating point. The mountains which surround the head of *Great Langdale*, forming truly a "tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops," are seen to full advantage. The twin *Langdale Pikes* tower directly in front, bare from top to toe, with the *Stake Pass* route to *Borrowdale* on their left. *Crinkle Crags* and *Bowfell*, outliers of the *Scafell* range, close the scene on our side of the valley. Below us is the broad vale with its two hotels, which seem shut in from all contact with the outer world by desolate mountains. The striking character of this view is one reason for taking the route in this order rather than the reverse, but there is little to choose either way in regard of scenery or convenience to the horses.

Descending a steep road, we reach first the *Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel*, between 9 and 10 miles from *Ambleside* by the road we have come ; then turning to our right to descend the valley, come in about a mile farther to the *New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel* (C). We shall return to these presently, to describe what is to be seen from them. Meantime, it will be better to continue the description of the return journey down *Great Langdale*.

For the first 2 miles from *New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel* the finest views are obtained by looking back, those who ascend *Great Langdale* having here the advantage over us who descend it. The hill before us, descending, is *Loughrigg*, mentioned in our *Ambleside Section* ; and the ridge on our left separates *Langdale* from *Grasmere*. In 2 miles we reach **Chapel Stile** (*White Lion*) with its church, where the old road to *Grasmere* strikes up to the left, reaching in 2 miles more of pretty steep ascent the top of the intervening ridge at a point from which a magnificent view is obtained back over *Langdale*, and shortly afterwards forward over *Grasmere*. The same point of view, or nearly so, is

attained more circuitously by the newer road. The slate quarries here and the powder-works at Elterwater prevent this neighbourhood from being an abode for any solitary. Descending the valley for another mile from *Chapel Stile* to **Elterwater** Village (inn), the newer road ascends till it meets, just above *Loughrigg Tarn*, the road from *Clappersgate* to *Grasmere* mentioned in our *Ambleside* Section (p. 76). By turning here to the left, we can reach the *col* between the valleys at nearly the same point as the other road (a divergence of about 300 yards to the left at the top bringing us to the view-point above referred to, where is a seat inscribed "Rest and be thankful"). This is, on the whole, the finer route, and certainly easier for the horses. By turning to the right instead of the left above *Loughrigg Tarn* we descend, with a fine view of that lakelet, and reach *Ambleside* through *Clappersgate* in 5 miles from Elterwater, rejoining the road we left in the morning just beyond *Skelwith Bridge*. A still newer road, however (opened 1895), leads from *Elterwater Village* by *Elterwater Lake* to *Skelwith Bridge* direct, avoiding the ascent to *Loughrigg Tarn*, and saving about half a mile of actual distance. Though shorter and easier for the horses, it is decidedly less interesting than the other road, there being nothing in the marshy *Elterwater* to reward a close inspection. "Skelwith Force," which this road passes, will seem a very small affair after *Dungeon Ghyll*. By whatever road he travels, however, and whether he visits *Grasmere* now or reserves it for another day, the tourist will certainly feel that the round of the Langdales was well worth making, and may be inclined to agree with old Christopher North in saying: "Sweeter stream-scenery, with richer fore and loftier back ground, is nowhere to be seen within the four seas."

We return now to the *Dungeon Ghyll* hotels, where the coaches stop long enough to let their passengers visit the "lions." Of these the first is **Dungeon Ghyll Force**, the waterfall which gives its name to the locality. Formed by the stream which descends from the hollow

between the two *Pikes*, down a ravine whose sides are precipitous nearly all the way, the fall itself lies not far up the hillside, between the hotels, but rather nearer to the "New." It is easily accessible from either by a good path, but just at the end the descent is made down some rather awkward wooden steps. Two rocks wedged across the ravine form a sort of natural bridge, across which foolhardy visitors sometimes scramble; but the chief feature of the scene is the narrowness of the "prisoning" cliffs between which the river plunges down into a gloomy pool. Wordsworth has described it in a well-known poem:—

Into a chasm a mighty block
Has fallen, and made a bridge of rock;
The gulf is deep below,
And in a basin black and small
Receives a lofty waterfall.

When the stream is in flood the fall is very fine, and at all times is worth visiting for the grandeur of its surroundings, though it is seldom possible to see it in the congenial solitude required to realise its full effect.

Another fine series of cascades is made by the **Millbeck** stream, the next one down the valley, at no great distance from *Dungeon Ghyll*, than which some visitors consider it even finer. This stream descends from *Stickle Tarn*, a pool high on the moorland, close under the cliffs of the taller of the two *Langdale Pikes*. A pleasant short stroll can be made up its banks.

Ascent of Langdale Pikes (*Harrison Stickle*, 2401 feet; *Pike o' Stickle*, 2323 feet).

Should time permit, the active visitor will wish to ascend these heights, which have been conspicuous from so many points in the approach. This can be easily done in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours (descent 1 hour) by either of two paths. The Pikes can also be ascended from *Grasmere* direct by a long and rather uninteresting route over pathless moor; but, to do justice to these fine hills, they should be scaled from *Dungeon Ghyll*. Ponies can be

taken to the top, and the ascent commenced from either of the hotels.

One path ascends the left bank of the *Millbeck* stream, passes the tarn and the fine cliffs of *Pavey Ark* above it, and after getting quite past them turns up to the left, where the slope is easier, and making a full half-circle reaches the top of either Pike from the rear. Walkers may ascend the right bank of this stream to near the tarn—another track zigzags up between the two streams to the same point—and then climb the steep but not difficult ravine between *Harrison Stickle* and *Pavey Ark*, a considerably shorter route. The other pony path ascends the right bank of the *Dungeon Ghyll* stream quite to its head, passing between the two Pikes and reaching their summits from the rear, as in the other route. Care should be taken not to attempt crossing the ravine to *Harrison Stickle* too soon, or rather at all: by waiting till quite beyond the head of the gully all difficulty is avoided. The rock face of *Harrison Stickle* toward Langdale is practicable in places, but only to climbers; and the same remark applies to the slightly less difficult front of *Pike o' Stickle*.

The view from either of the pikes—and both are worth ascending, the lesser having perhaps the finer outlook—may at first be somewhat of a disappointment. These rocky summits, which tower up so abruptly from the Langdale Valley, sink away at the other side into dull tracts of almost level moor. One familiar with the striking outlines of the Twins so conspicuous from Windermere, might well fail to recognise the two petty knobs which alone represent them as seen from the north. And the near neighbourhood of loftier peaks to some extent seems to dwarf the lesser altitude of the Pikes. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the view is a grand one. The sheer depth of Langdale below us; the noble outlines of Bowfell and other heights opposite, with the Scafell peaks beyond; the fine range of the Coniston hills beyond Little Langdale; and the wild solitudes of the immediate foreground—make the near view one of great impressive-

ness. And on a clear day the distant prospect is wide and fine. Great Gable is conspicuous to the right of Bowfell, while to the right of Great Gable stretch the fine heights beyond Borrowdale and Derwentwater, ending with the conical Grisedale Pike. Skiddaw and Saddleback terminate the view to the north, and Helvellyn, Highstreet, and Fairfield bulk largely on the east. But the eye returns always to the prospect southward and south-eastward over Langdale to Windermere, and over Esthwaite Water to the distant sea. This outlook alone will well reward the toil of the ascent.

The *descent* may be made by any of the three routes suggested for ascending. Care should be taken not to stray far from the path, especially towards the end, or the wanderer may find himself pulled up unexpectedly by a sheer drop of 40 or 50 feet. Alternative descents are to the head of the *Stake Pass* (see below), in a north-westerly direction over the moor, thence down the path into *Langdale*; or by *Codale* and *Easdale Tarns* to *Grasmere*. This last route is better for descending than ascending. The direction is at first nearly due north, toward the cairn visible on a point called **Serjeant Man** (2414 feet). Without mounting to this, bear to the right round the head of the stream flowing into *Stickle Tarn*, and when the edge of the moor is reached, after a good half-hour's walking from the Pikes, *Grasmere* will be seen below. Either side of the two tarns may be kept in descending. From the foot of *Easedale Tarn* there is an unmistakable path to *Grasmere*. From the Pikes to *Grasmere* by this route will take over 2 hours.

A longer round is to aim for the summit beyond and to the left of *Serjeant Man*, where from the **High Raise** (or **High White Stones**) (2500 feet), an exceedingly fine view is obtained, this being the highest point of the long elevated moorland which extends from *Langdale Pikes* nearly to *Keswick*. From there descents may be made to *Borrowdale*, to *Wytheburn*, or by *Far Easedale Valley* to *Grasmere*; or we may double back to *Serjeant Man*, and so descend to *Codale* and *Easdale Tarns* as above. These

are all routes over pathless and boggy moor, for which the map will be sufficient guide. (Compare also the references to these routes in our *Grasmere Section*, under *Easedale Tarn* and *Far Easedale*.)

But the sides and summits of the "Pikes" do not exhaust the excursions to be made from *Dungeon Ghyll* hotels. We have still to deal with the head of the valley, and with the recess which runs up to *Crinkle Crags*, opposite the Pikes. The latter, named **Oxendale**, affords pleasant excursions. Cross the bridge opposite the *old* hotel, and take the cart-road for half a mile to the farmhouse of *Stool End*. Here the road stops, but it is easy to follow the valley for about a mile farther up to a point where three "ghylls" join to form the stream we have been ascending. Active tourists can visit each of these, though not without some steep climbing. The one most to the left is *Brownie* or **Brown Ghyll**, which descends from a hollow at the back of **Pike o' Blisco** (2304 feet). This ravine may be ascended to its head, and the return made over the top of *Pike o' Blisco* and down *Kettle Ghyll* to the farm at the foot of the *Blea Tarn* road; or from the top of the ravine we may descend to the summit of the *Wrynose Pass*. The central of the three is **Crinkle Ghyll**, descending in front from the crags of that name. This also can be explored for some distance. But the finest of the three is **Hell** (= *clear*) **Ghyll**, descending from *Bowfell*, and forming the best approach to that mountain. (It is worth while exploring this at least as far as a fine waterfall no great way up from where the three unite.) Either bank of the stream may be followed, opinions differing as to which is best, but by either it is a steep scramble. A climb of 2 hours from *Dungeon Ghyll*, however, should take us to the top of the *Ghyll*, where we strike the ridge of *Bowfell* at a spot known as the "*Three Turns*," from three little pools lying close together.

From this spot an ample choice of routes awaits us. We may turn to the left, and traverse the wild ridge of

the **Crinkle Crags** (highest point 2816 feet), with wonderful views on both sides, descending beyond the *Crags* to the top of *Brown Ghyll* mentioned above. (If the ridge of the crags offer difficulty, keep slightly to the Eskdale side.) Or, descending the hollow in front of us, we may follow the stream in it down to *Esk Falls*. Or, lastly, turning to the right, we may in about twenty minutes scramble to the top of **Bowfell** (2960 feet), one of the highest and finest mountains in the district, from whose summit the *Langdale Pikes* look comparatively insignificant. The prospect from the top is a glorious one—Scafell and Great Gable being seen in all their grandeur, while in addition to the wide distant panorama there is a specially fine near view of the valleys on either side. From *Bowfell* we may either return to *Oxendale*, cutting off a little of the angle we made in ascending by making directly for *Stool End Farm* (the first rocks alone present any difficulty); or may continue along the ridge toward *Esk Hause*, reaching it in little over a mile of mountain walking, or making a shorter descent at *Ewer Gap* to the head of *Rossett Ghyll*, for which see next page.

Mickleden, or the *Great Glen*, which forms the head of *Great Langdale*, is nearly level for 2 miles beyond the old *Dungeon Ghyll Hotel*. There is no road, but a good pony path, and a stroll up this will be found a pleasant walk. After 2 miles, the character of the valley changes. To left and right two *ghylls* descend steeply, and between them an almost precipitous crag confronts us. The opening to our right is the *Stake Pass*, for *Borrowdale*; that to our left is *Rossett Ghyll*, leading to *Angle Tarn* and *Esk Hause*.

Stake Pass (*Langdale* to *Borrowdale*).—A good but rough pony track from *Dungeon Ghyll* to *Rosthwaite* (about 3 hours); thence 6 miles by road to *Keswick*.

Turning to the right at some sheepfolds, the well-marked path ascends beside the stream for about half a mile, having *Pike o' Stickle* on the right; crosses the stream, and in half a mile more of gradual ascent reaches the

summit of the pass (1576 feet); then descends on the other side somewhat less steeply in about another mile into the *Lang Strath*, or “Long Valley,” one of the upper branches of *Borrowdale*. In the descent we keep on our right hand a stream descending from Pike o’ Stickle, which is crossed on a wooden bridge shortly before it joins the *Langstrath Beck*.

The valley into which we have now descended is bare and uninhabited. Its stream comes from *Angle Tarn* and *Esk Hause*, and joins the *Derwent* river below *Rosthwaite*. As we keep down the valley, *Bull Crag* and *Eagle Crag* stand up finely on the right. The path, here detestably rough and stony, keeps the *right* bank of the main stream for nearly 2 miles farther, then crosses at a footbridge. If preferred, the stream may be forded when first reached, and pleasanter going found on the other side. From the footbridge a cart-road leads in about a mile to *Stonethwaite*—a path across grass fields supplies a pleasant short cut—and past the church of the district in another mile to *Rosthwaite* (hotels). Pedestrians, instead of crossing the footbridge, may continue down the right bank of the stream to where it is joined by *Greenup Ghyll*, a rivulet coming down on the other side of *Eagle Crag*, and crossed by a bridge. This is one of the best “bits” of the whole valley. The right bank of the united streams may then be followed to *Rosthwaite* (see p. 118)

For the route by *Greenup Ghyll* from *Easedale* see our *Grasmere Section*. For *Rosthwaite*, and the 6 miles of carriage-road from there to *Keswick*, see our *Borrowdale Section*.

Rossett Ghyll (*Langdale* to *Esk Hause*, thence to either *Wastdale* or *Borrowdale*).—This is one of the finest walks in the Lake District, even if pursued only as far as *Esk Hause*. Ponies can be taken; the climb up the *Ghyll* is very steep, though the path has been improved. To *Esk Hause* will take some couple of hours; thence to either *Wastdale Head* or *Rosthwaite*, nearly as long.

Skirting round to the western corner of the head of

Mickleden (see above), the route then mounts by the ravine which comes down close under *Bowfell*. The path is stony, and ascends the ghyll in zigzags for about 1000 feet, so we must be prepared for some climbing. Ponies will have a conductor ; walkers can keep near the stream on either side, and towards the end may climb in its bed, usually almost dry. When the top is reached, the grassy ridge of *Esk Hause* is seen in front, with the fine crag-wall of *Great End*, the northmost buttress of the Scafell range, towering beyond it. The remainder of the way is over grass, by a less well-defined path, and several ups and downs. In a few minutes we reach *Angle Tarn*, a lonely sheet of water draiuing into *Borrowdale*. Beware of descending in this direction to the right, but keep straight on towards *Great End*, crossing another depression after the one in which *Angle Tarn* lies. A short ascent brings us to **Esk Hause** (2490 feet), a grassy plateau marked by a pile of stones, to the left of which is a recently erected "shelter" of rough stones.

This erection is valuable, not only for its primary purpose, but as affording an unmistakable landmark. *Esk Hause* being almost the central point of this mountain region, and the meeting-place of routes from *Langdale*, *Borrowdale*, *Wastdale*, and *Eskdale*, as well as the starting-point for the final ascent of *Scafell Pike* from this side, it is most important to get its position clearly fixed. The actual top of the *hause* is about 400 yards above the "shelter" to the left ; it is worth ascending this small rise to look over into *Eskdale*. From beside the "shelter" Great Gable is a striking object ; in that direction lies Styhead Pass, where one would strike the path from *Borrowdale* to *Wastdale*. A shorter cut to *Borrowdale* is down the first stream to our right beyond *Esk Hause*, just past *Allen Crag*s, the rocky height on our north. For particulars of these routes see under *Borrowdale*. The tourist who has ascended from *Dungeon Ghyll* and returns there, provided the day be clear and fine, —and no other should be selected for this excursion,—need go no farther to feel that he has penetrated into

Nature's wildest solitudes, and that the view from *Esk Hause*, though it may not be of the very widest range, is a thing to live for ever in his memory.

When we add, in addition to the excursions we have enumerated, that from *Dungeon Ghyll Hotels* one may drive to *Grasmere* by a road already referred to (walkers can make more than one short cut over the intervening ridge), or to *Coniston* viâ *Blea Tarn* and *Tilberthwaite*, a route also described at various points in preceding pages, it will be acknowledged that sojourners in these wilds, if only the indispensable fine weather be not too niggard of its favours, are not likely to run short of agreeable occupation. But the *if* above mentioned makes a serious consideration here.

GRASMERE AND RYDAL

Hotels : *Prince of Wales* (C), on lake, half a mile from village ; *Rothay*, near church, with large grounds ; *Red Lion*, *Mossgrove* (Temperance), *Grasmere* (Temperance, C)—all in village ; *Swan* (C), half a mile away on road to Keswick ; also several refreshment-rooms.

Numerous lodging-houses in and around village.

Postal Address : " by Ambleside."

Coaches several times a day from *Windermere* (9 miles) and *Ambleside* (4 miles), twice a day to and from *Keswick* (12 miles).

Rydal village, half-way between *Ambleside* and *Grasmere*, contains no inn.

Grasmere and *Rydal*—the two places are linked together in literary history, and can scarcely be dissociated in coaching or pedestrian excursions—form together one of the loveliest regions in the Lakes, the Mecca of many a devout pilgrimage, and the restful paradise of many a weary brainworker. The tiny vale of *Grasmere*, with its miniature lake barely a mile long, is indeed one of the most perfect gems of Lakeland scenery, whose central situation and excellent accommodation, combined with the great interest of its surroundings, make it an admirable centre for a prolonged stay.

Those who come here for a day only, and have little time to spare, should make their halt at one of the hotels in the village, and visit the church and churchyard. The walk may be prolonged to *Wordsworth's Cottage* ($\frac{1}{2}$ mile), unless that has been visited in entering Grasmere. A stroll up the hill road behind the *Cottage*, or a saunter in the direction of *Easedale*, will best repay the visitor desiring about an hour's walk. If the approach has been made from Ambleside by Rydal, the return journey should be made by the west side of the Lake, over to *Langdale*, diverging on the left to visit *Loughrigg Terrace*, and on the right, shortly after, to look over into *Great Langdale*. These, with other excursions, will be found described below, for those who can devote more adequate time to their beauties.

The vale is somewhat changed, since, in the middle of last century, the poet Gray descended by the road from *Keswick* on "one of the sweetest landscapes that Art ever attempted to imitate."¹ The "white village" has greatly increased, the margin of the lake has suffered by the construction of a carriage-road, and the "gentleman's house" is no longer conspicuous by its absence, though in justice it must be admitted that those which have been built do not deserve the epithet "staring." The charm of the place still remains,

Within its mountain urn
Smiling so tranquilly and set so deep ;

and to lovers of poetry its beauty has been consecrated

¹ His description may be quoted as showing what this vale was before it became too famous:—

"The bosom of the mountains, spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grasmere Water ; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command : from the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with a parish church rising in the midst of it ; hanging enclosures, cornfields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water ; and just opposite to you is a large farmhouse, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain-sides, and discover above a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no staring gentleman's house, breaks in upon the repose of this unsuspected paradise ; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its sweetest, most becoming attire."

by the long residence of the great Lake poet in its midst, and by the devoted admiration of many a Wordsworth student since. Although where, so lately as 1850, two modest inns sufficiently met the wants of pilgrims to this shrine, now an elaborate array of hostelries is sometimes barely adequate; yet within a few paces of the road, thronged perhaps by crowded vehicles, nooks of quiet beauty can be found, peaceful almost as when paced by the secluded poet more than two generations ago. The hills do not change. *Helm Crag* and *Silver Howe* still retain the shapes he loved, and *Loughrigg Terrace* is reflected ruddily in the evening stillness of the lake; while, thanks to loving labour, almost every step we take in this region, so richly gifted by nature, will be rendered more interesting by associations to be traced with the poems which have made Grasmere and Rydal familiar almost as Stratford or Abbotsford.

The village of Grasmere lies off the main road from *Ambleside* to *Keswick*, but the coaches usually pass through it to take up passengers. The main road is left near the *Prince of Wales Hotel*, and re-entered near the *Swan Hotel*, the detour being about a mile. *Wordsworth's Cottage* stands near the first-named point. As we enter the village from this direction, we come to the *Post Office*, in one of the first houses on the left, and shortly after to the bridge across the river *Rothay*, with the church and churchyard just beyond it. Opposite this last a road diverges to the left, which may be neglected except by those who wish to find the shortest way round the lake. Just past the church we come to the *Rothay Hotel*, and a few yards farther, at the *Mossgrove Hotel*, the road divides. The fork to our right is the road that will conduct to *Easdale*; that to the left, which passes the *Grasmere* and *Red Lion* hotels, continues to *Allan Bank*. Both roads, however, are shortly crossed by the road leading round the lake. Among these cross-roads the village lies, and it is impossible to go far wrong, though at first sight the arrangement looks intricate. A very few minutes will suffice to explore the village, and discover the photograph-

shops and the like which lay themselves out to tempt the visitor ; after that he will desire to be put on his way to the nearer sights.

The Church is a plain massive building, having a most remarkable arcade of ponderous arches between the nave and north aisle. This is the church described by Wordsworth in the fifth book of the *Excursion*, and the description is still accurate :—

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy ; for duration built ;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed.

The interior contains a medallion of the poet with an inscription by Keble, and an old font near its west end ; but the visitor's feet will soon lead him outside into the grassy churchyard, and to the corner away at the far end, close by the river, where the poet and his family are buried.

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha, with thy living wave !

prayed Matthew Arnold, himself a nursling of the Lakes ; and a later singer still has told of

Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,
And with cool murmur lulling his repose.

And the “high-born” stream circles round the churchyard, its pleasant music in our ears as we tread the narrow path through the grass ; and the church-bells chime of an evening across the shimmering water, adding a note of gentleness and repose to the stillness of the scene.

The grave of the poet is marked by a plain upright stone, with his name and the year of his death (1850), and his wife's (1859). On one side of this are the tombs of their daughter, Dora Quillinan, and her husband, Edward Quillinan ; on the other is a flat stone inscribed with memorials of Wordsworth, his wife, her sister Mary Hutchinson, and his sister Dorothy. To left and right of

these four central stones lie the graves of other members of the family, including a later W. Wordsworth. In the immediate neighbourhood may be found the graves of Hartley Coleridge, the ill-fated son of another poet, with a touching inscription ; William Green, a painter of more than local fame ; and a memorial stone to Arthur Hugh Clough. Truly this is a "poet's corner," and one is glad that no more ambitious monument intrudes itself on the spot, "mantled o'er with aboriginal turf and everlasting flowers."

The old *Parsonage*, where Wordsworth lived for a short time after leaving his other two Grasmere residences, still exists, but in a greatly modernised form.

Wordsworth's Cottage, or "Dove Cottage," as it used to be named, lies about half a mile from the church in the direction of *Ambleside*, and not adjoining it as might easily be imagined from a conspicuous board on a small house on the north side of the church. It forms one of a cluster of houses called "Town End," situated just across the main road from *Windermere* to *Keswick*, and quite near the *Prince of Wales Hotel*. Ascending the little street for a few paces, we see the notice-board at the door of the plain two-storey tenement, and the key may be had at a shop opposite. The cottage is now owned by trustees, the charge of 6d. for admission going toward the expense of maintenance. To this lowly dwelling came Wordsworth with his well-loved sister, in the closing year of the 18th century, to begin his career of "plain living and high thinking"; to it, three years later, he brought his bride ; and when, after six more years, his increasing family compelled migration, he was succeeded by the young De Quincey, who for twenty years more maintained the literary tradition. It now contains some relics of the Wordsworth family. The most interesting room is the "half kitchen, half-parlour" on the ground floor, where the family usually sat. The bedroom and study upstairs are small ; but, as tradition tells us, Wordsworth's "studying was mostly done out of doors." A guest-room upstairs was added in anticipation of a visit

from Sir Walter Scott. The present custodian is a native of Grasmere, and well remembers the poet and his family.

The houses around are mostly new since Wordsworth's day. In his time the cottage had a view to the lake. The little garden behind will be specially interesting to readers who remember the delight he took in it.

There is little else to detain us in the village itself, but the walks all round are of enchanting loveliness. The encircling hills—Helm Crag, with its rocks of fantastic outline ; Silver Howe and the ridge of Hammar Scar (a name familiar in the poet's time, but which seems unaccountably to have disappeared from the guide-books) ; Loughrigg, at the foot of the lake ; Nab Scar and the heights leading to Fairfield on the east—shut in a picture which it is difficult to parallel in its own style of beauty. The still lake, and the stream meandering through the grassy meadows, complete the effect, and justify the poet's words :—

Turn where we may, said I, we cannot err
In this delicious region.

A point named *Butterlip Howe*, between the *Swan Inn* and the house of *Lancrigg*, is noticed by Wordsworth as commanding the best view down the lake. Other view-points will be mentioned in the following excursions.

Rydal (2 miles).—Our first expedition may be to *Rydal*, continuing the route from *Wordsworth's Cottage*, and combining with that visit a sight of the poet's last and largest home. The carriage-road follows the shore of the lake, past the *Prince of Wales Hotel*. If this road has been taken in reaching Grasmere—and it is perhaps the most effective way of entering the little valley from the south—we have two alternative roads across the rising ground behind "Town End," continuing up the street in which Wordsworth's Cottage stands. The uppermost of these, following the old packhorse-road across the hill, was christened by Dr. Arnold "Old Corruption"; the lower one, keeping an easier gradient, he styled "Bit-by-bit Reform" ; while the road along the lake, then new,

was honoured with the name of "Radical Reform"! Taking the second of these as on the whole most interesting, we pass by Wordsworth's "Wishing Gate," the subject of a well-known poem, and covered with the initials of countless admirers. From this we have a view, the only one for some distance, across the lake; and come down to rejoin the other two roads before reaching *Rydal Water*. In descending we get an excellent idea of the chain-like course of the Rothay through Grasmere and Rydal Lakes to *Windermere*. From where the main road is reached, we might either return direct to Grasmere by the fine little pass and the shore of the lake, or cross a footbridge to *Loughrigg Terrace* (see below), and come back by the other side of the lake.

Rydal Village stands near the foot of its small lake in a gorge formed by the advance of the hills on either side. Before reaching it we pass *Nab Scar Cottage*, on the left of the road, where Hartley Coleridge lived and died; and on the right, just before entering the village, *Wordsworth's Seat*, a rock with steps cut in it, said to have been a favourite resort of the poet. The village itself has nothing to interest; but turning up the steep road to the left in it we pass the gate of *Rydal Mount*, Wordsworth's latest dwelling-place (not open to the public), and reach the gate of *Rydal Hall*, standing in a park set with noble forest-trees. On the stream running through the park are *Rydal Falls*, two cascades more interesting from historic associations than from their intrinsic merits. The walk through the park past the old house, a seat of the Le Fleming family, is, however, in itself worth taking. The two falls are about half a mile apart. A guide must be obtained at the cottage below the church. The *Church* itself, though finely situated, is modern and quite without interest.

The "carriage tourist" must retrace the road he came, unless he care to go on to *Ambleside* and the round by *Loughrigg Tarn*. The pedestrian may either cross at *Pelter Bridge*, just below Rydal Water, and return by the farther side of one or both lakes, or he may take a path under *Nab Scar*, which was a favourite walk of Words-

worth's. Beginning just above *Rydal Mount* as a rather dirty cart-road, it speedily becomes a rough but pleasant path over grass, shut in for the most part behind plantations, but giving occasional fine glimpses of the lake below. Rising and falling at times, though never seriously changing its level, it reaches in about half an hour a cottage, after which a cart-road conducts into the uppermost of the three roads mentioned above, just at its highest point, by which the descent is made to *Grasmere*. An hour will be amply sufficient for this walk from *Rydal Mount* to *Grasmere* village.

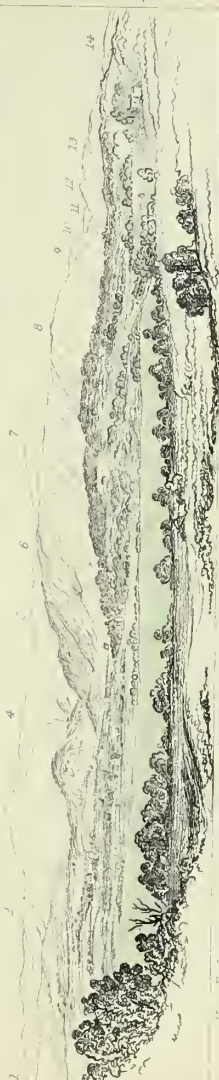
High Close and Red Bank (*Loughrigg Terrace*).—Our next walk or drive will be down the other side of the lake, by the road connecting with *Langdale*. Passing the boat pier, the road skirts the lake for about a mile without much change of level, after which it begins to ascend. At the first fork, just after the first small ascent, take the left-hand branch. The right-hand leads to a house, after which it becomes a footpath, ascending by the telegraph posts, and crossing the ridge into *Langdale*. The driving-road has even finer views, and should be preferred on a first visit, even by those wishing to enter *Langdale*. Keeping, then, the left-hand branch, we pass *Dale End* farmhouse, and in about 5 minutes reach a gate marked *private*, with a lodge beside it. Strangers are allowed to enter this gate, and walk or drive through a pleasant avenue of moderate ascent—the public road meanwhile ascending much more steeply on the right—till in some 10 minutes more another gate is reached, passing through which we emerge on the open hillside. To our left, at this point, is *Red Bank*, with the footway known as *Loughrigg Terrace*. This has already been described under *Ambleside* (p. 76), but cannot be omitted from any description of *Grasmere*, as it affords one of the finest views in the district. Walkers may diverge down it, and at the lower end, just before descending to *Rydal Lake*, will find a stile and footpath to the left (the latter often muddy in wet weather), by which they may descend through wood to

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN FROM RED BANK GRASMERE



- | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|---|
| 1 Silver How | 12 Great Ridge | 17 Rydal Park (below Church, still lower) |
| 2 Serpent Mon. Easdale | 13 Green-head Ghyll | |
| 3 Ulscarth | 14 Friesdale Fell | |
| | 15 Rib Scar | |
| | 16 Red Trough | |
| | 7 Talbot on Skiddaw Forest | |
| | 8 East of Helvellyn | |
| | 9 Seat Sordal | |
| | 10 Dolly Wagon Pike | |
| | 11 Grizedale House | |

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN A LITTLE BEYOND TENT-LODGE ON THE ROAD FROM CONISTON TO ULVERSTONE



- | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 West End | 9 Mo. Crag | 12 Roan, Crag |
| 2 Wainey Scar | 10 High Raine | 13 Iken Fell |
| 3 Ma Min | 11 Pendale & Ulverthorpe (below) | 14 Dovesrags Hartson |
| 4 Buckbarrow | 12 Lingpu & Longdale | |
| 5 Copper Mines (below) | | |
| | 5 Carr | |
| | 6 Long Crag | |
| | 7 Wetherlam | |
| | 8 Pendale Crag | |

cross the *Rothay* on a footbridge, and return by any of the roads from *Rydal* to *Grasmere* (see last excursion); or they may keep the western side of *Rydal Lake*, and either cross at *Pelter Bridge*, or follow the road by *Fox Howe* to *Ambleside*.

From near the second gate, where we left our driving party, a short but steep ascent can be made in about half an hour to the top of *Loughrigg Fell* (1100 feet). This is, however, an unsatisfactory way to climb this hill, the finest views being at one's back. *Loughrigg* should, if possible, be ascended from *Ambleside*, as the ascent is more gradual, and the view bursts finely on the climber when he reaches the top.

Turning to the right at this second gate, a rough lane leads up to the public road; but again we avoid this by passing through another piece of private avenue with gates at each end. This brings us out on the public road close to the top of the pass, at which stands *High Close*, a private house with finely wooded grounds. Here the road forks, the right branch descending to *Chapel Stile* in *Great Langdale*, the left by *Loughrigg Tarn* to *Clappersgate* and *Ambleside*. It is well to proceed in any case for about 300 yards along the first of these to a point where, at a seat inscribed "Rest and be thankful," the view over *Langdale* suddenly discloses itself. The theatrical swiftness with which we exchange the sweet landscape of *Grasmere* on one side for the wild outlook over *Langdale* on the other, with the imposing forms of the *Langdale Pikes*, *Bowfell*, and the *Coniston hills* closing the horizon, is a good instance of what has often been pointed out as one of the distinguishing features of *Lakeland scenery*, with its sharp divisions, and consequently abrupt changes of prospect. This forms a fine finale to the drive.

Unless the excursion be prolonged into *Langdale*, the return will be made direct by the public road, the changes of view in descending keeping the interest always fresh. The drive as above described, without digressions, will be only about 5 miles, but much of it has to be done at a walking pace.

Having now completed the circuit of Grasmere, we have next to explore the region above its head. The favourite excursion is to *Easedale Tarn*, which can be reached on foot or pony-back in about an hour, the return taking rather less. The ascent from Grasmere is about 700 feet.

Easedale Tarn.—At the *Mossgrove Temperance Hotel*, take the right-hand fork, cross the road round the lake, and keep straight on, the road so far being a driving one. In about 10 minutes from the village, a finger-post directs us to cross the stream on our left by a stone footbridge, after which there is only a path for the rest of the way. The way is quite unmistakable, following the right bank of the stream to the tarn, the last part somewhat steep. The stream itself is a conspicuous feature of the scene from Grasmere, its foaming cascade, known as “Sour Milk Force,” being always in view. The walk to the tarn was a favourite one with Wordsworth, who said he had “composed thousands of verses” walking beside the Easedale stream.

Easedale Tarn lies in a recess or basin off the main *Easedale Valley*, which extends considerably farther to the right, and is described in a subsequent walk. This recess is shut in by hills, but there is a fine view back over *Grasmere*. Beside the tarn will be found a refreshment hut, and a boat can be hired for a row on the little lake. These adjuncts somewhat detract from the seclusion and solitude of the place, which would otherwise be a spot to linger in for hours. But it would be hardly reasonable to expect solitude here in the season; for this, one must leave the more familiar tracks, and seek for oneself nooks hardly less beautiful, but as yet unknown to fame.

From *Easedale Tarn* the pedestrian may pursue his way up the hills in front, if so disposed. The stream flowing into the tarn comes from *Codale Tarn*, a smaller lakelet higher up the incline (no path). On either side of this, the moor may be ascended to *Serjeant Man* (2414 feet), a top with a cairn, from which a fine view is obtained; while a still finer is seen from *High White Stones* (2500 feet), some distance farther on and up (see

p. 98). From this a descent can be made to the top of *Far Easedale*, described in a later excursion. Or, not ascending *Serjeant Man*, but bearing to the left along his side, we may strike the stream flowing down to *Stickle Tarn*, and so descend to *Dungeon Ghyll*, a walk of some two hours from *Easedale Tarn*. The *Langdale Pikes* may be included in the same excursion without much extra fatigue, but this ascent does no justice to these striking mountains, which should be climbed from *Dungeon Ghyll*. Without any of these additions, however, the walk to *Easedale Tarn* and back is an exceedingly pleasant one, and should be omitted by no visitor to Grasmere.

Helm Crag (1300 feet).—In less than an hour from Grasmere, with some stiff climbing, we may reach the top of this wild-looking mountain, so conspicuous to the right of the *Easedale Valley*. Follow the road as in last excursion as far as the footbridge, but then, instead of crossing, continue along the road for about five minutes more to some houses. Turn up there to the right beside a finger-post marked “Borrowdale,” and at the rear of the houses again to the right by another finger-post marked “Helm Crag.” You are now on a footpath which ascends pretty rapidly, inclining first to the right toward *Grasmere*, then to the left up the slope. The actual ascent will not occupy over half an hour.

The top is less precipitous than it appears from below, being not a peak, but merely the end of a ridge. The wild rocks on it, however, lose nothing by closer inspection. Older observers, such as Gray and West, compared their craggy shapes to ruined towers and fortresses; later visitors have traced human or animal forms in their fantastic outlines—“sage Sidrophel,” the astronomer, the “old woman,” the “lion and lamb,” etc. Among these recesses shelter can be had from storms blowing in almost every direction. The view over Grasmere and its surrounding hills to Windermere and Esthwaite Water, and on the left to Helvellyn and Fairfield, is decidedly fine. Wetherlam and the Crinkle Crag, to the right, are seen

over Langdale. Under Helm Crag stands *Lancrigg*, a name familiar to readers of Wordsworth, the house having been built on a site of which he was specially fond.

The ridge may be followed along almost indefinitely, and a descent made either to *Far Easedale* on the left, or *Greenburn Bottom* on the right. But this alters the character of the walk, which from being a short sharp climb becomes a long monotonous tramp over moor of an uninteresting character. Helm Crag is therefore best treated as a separate short excursion by itself.

Silver Howe (1345 feet).—This is a much less interesting climb than the last, and the hill is best known as that ascended in the “Guides’ Race” at the **Grasmere Sports**.

These games take place in the third week of August, at which time accommodation is often difficult to get. The *Guides’ Race*, up and down hill, is done in about fifteen minutes. The strain must be tremendous, and even in these days of athletic strain it is doubtful if such a performance should be encouraged. A prettier sight is the *Hounds’ Race*. The dogs follow a trail previously laid along the hills round Grasmere, and can be kept in sight most of the way. The pole-jumping is generally good, but the feature of the games is the wrestling, a favourite Cumberland sport. These games, as formerly held at Windermere, are well described by Mr. James Payn in his early volume, *Leaves from Lakeland*.

We shall not attempt to scale *Silver Howe* by the direct course of these racers. Leaving Grasmere by the left-hand fork, past the Red Lion Hotel, and crossing the road round the lake, we continue in the same direction till a gate is reached, after which our road becomes the avenue to *Allan Bank House*, along which there is a right-of-way. **Allan Bank** was Wordsworth’s second home in Grasmere, and most of the *Excursion* was written during his residence there, but otherwise there is little to note about the house. Opposite it, take the cart-road to the right, leading to some farm buildings. Pass these, and continue, still on the road, round the back of a plantation. From the farther end

of this, a direct descent may be made by a steep lane to the lake road near the boat-landing.

For *Silver Howe*, pass the plantation, and then ascend to the right, in the direction of another clump of trees. Continue this direction till you get well above a small ravine on the left, then bend round it, and mount directly without difficulty to the summit. *Silver Howe* is merely one knob of the long ridge between Grasmere and Langdale, but the view over these two valleys, with their many lakelets, and of the wild hills beyond *Langdale*, is a fine one. *Blencathra* (or "Saddleback") will be seen over *Dunmail Raise*.

The ridge can be followed down toward *Loughrigg*, and the descent made by the telegraph posts to *Grasmere*. In this case the round to and from Grasmere would occupy about 2 hours.

Pedestrian Routes to Langdale.—The ridge of which *Silver Howe* is the chief height, can be crossed at several other points besides those above named, without an undue amount of climbing. One path mounts by the rifle-butts, and crosses the ridge just to the south of *Silver Howe*. Another route is to ascend the *Easedale Tarn* path for about half a mile beyond the footbridge (see p. 112), and then mount beside the stream descending from the left, cross some boggy ground, and descend steeply by a path to the houses at the head of *Great Langdale*. These and other climbs the pedestrian will easily discover with the aid of his map.

Far Easedale (*High Raise Pass* and *Greenup Ghyll* to *Borrowdale*).—A pleasant ride or stroll on foot can be made in an hour up the main **Easedale** Valley. At its head the path ceases, and the rest of the way to *Borrowdale* is a climb over lonely moorland, delightful on a fine day, but not worth undertaking in mist or rain, especially as any deviation from the route might involve long wanderings through almost pathless wildernesses.

Following the road we took for *Helm Crag*, we reach

the houses there mentioned, about a mile from *Grasmere*, and behind them turn to the left instead of the right. The road now becomes a stony track between walls, and in about a mile more reaches a ford across the stream, with stepping-stones. During this mile of rough track we see and leave on our left the "Sour Milk" stream descending from *Easedale Tarn*. We also see, across the valley, the cottage which was the scene of an incident described at great length by De Quincey in his "Recollections of the Lakes," and commemorated in one of Wordsworth's poems. The father and mother of a family living here were surprised by a snowstorm in crossing from *Langdale*, and never reached home. The eldest of the children thus orphaned, a girl of nine years old, kept the younger ones alive for some days, and succeeded in finally reaching *Grasmere* through deep snow to give the alarm. The children were rescued in safety, but the bodies of the parents were not found till after several days of searching.

Before reaching the stepping-stones, we have passed all human habitation, and are now in a wild secluded valley. After crossing the stream, the path becomes intermittent, and makes detours to avoid bogs which would be often impassable to laden pack-horses, but over which the light-footed pedestrian can pass safely. No difficulty will be found for yet another mile, the track becoming distinct where it ascends a small rocky height, from the top of which the head of the glen is seen before us. Before reaching the foot of the final climb to this last, the track ceases altogether. Here, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours from *Grasmere*, is a pleasant spot for a halt or picnic on a fine day, and ponies will have come thus far without difficulty.

On beginning the final ascent, it is best to cross again to the other side of the stream, as the ground there is rather less broken. Half an hour's climb will take us to the top of the pass, bearing if anything rather to the right, and avoiding the streams which descend from craggy ground to our left. On nearing the top, a directing-post will be seen ahead. Turn a few yards to the

right of this, and you will strike a gate through a wire fence belonging to the Manchester Waterworks.

On reaching this gate we are at the head of *Far Ease-dale*, but (if intending to pursue the route to *Borrowdale*) not yet at the highest point of our journey. Beyond is a boggy basin forming the head of a glen leading down to *Wytheburn* on the right. The descent by this glen to *Wytheburn Inn* would take about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours from here, the side of the stream being kept all the way down. For *Borrowdale*, we have to cross this basin, and ascend the somewhat higher ridge beyond, variously marked on the maps as *High Raise* or *Greenup Edge*. Half an hour will suffice for this, the ascent being made at first to the left beside the stream, then, when the gradient becomes easier, directly to the ridge over mossy ground. At the top another Waterworks fence will be found, and from the gate in it a fine view bursts upon our eyes. The two upper branches of *Borrowdale* are right before us; one (the "Langstrath" valley) just at our feet, the other hidden by the dividing range of *Glaramara*. Beyond this latter, the noble heights of the *Scafell* range, *Great Gable*, and the *Pillar Mountain*, are grandly seen, together with the long array of peaks beyond *Borrowdale* and *Derwentwater*. To right and left, of course, the view is bounded by the near heights of our own ridge, but to the rear the whole range of *Helvellyn*, *Fairfield*, etc., stands out finely. The view is, in fact, substantially that from the *High White Stones* (see p. 98), the height above us to the south, which has been already described as one of the finest view-points in the *Lake District*. Another half hour's climb would land one on this point, but only those very eager for hill work and unrestricted views need add such a detour to their journey.

For *Borrowdale* we now bear well to the right, the course being marked by guiding-stones across the boggy moor. Soon will be seen a stream in a ravine descending to the left. Do not be in a hurry to descend into it, but keep along as before (*Skiddaw* should now be in sight straight ahead), till you see your way clear down the

farther side of this ravine. Then descend, keeping the farther or right bank of the stream all the way. The path recommences about half-way down. At the foot this stream joins a larger one, which is the *Langstrath Beck*, coming down the valley of that name, while the ravine just descended is called **Greenup Ghyll** (see p. 101). The right bank of the united streams may now be followed to *Rosthwaite*, or a stone bridge crossed to *Stonethwaite*, and the road reached there. (Compare description of *Stake Pass*, under *Langdale*. For *Rosthwaite* and the 6 miles of carriage-road from there to Keswick, see *Borrowdale Section*.) The total distance from *Grasmere* to *Rosthwaite* is about 8 miles, for which it would be well to allow not much less than 4 hours. Ponies can be taken the whole way, but the pedestrian has the best of it in more than one place. The only part where it is possible to go astray is between the head of *Easedale* and the head of *Greenup Ghyll*, but by attending to the above directions no difficulty should be experienced.

To **Borrowdale** or **Keswick** *viâ* **Watendlath**.—This route, which practically commences from *Thirlmere*, the high-road being followed so far, will be found described under our *Keswick Section*. There are two routes from *Thirlmere* to *Watendlath*, over boggy moor; after that a rapid descent conducts to *Rosthwaite* in *Borrowdale*, or *Keswick* can be reached in 5 miles along a fairly good road.

Grisedale Pass, to *Patterdale*.—Another favourite excursion, on foot or with ponies, is the *Grisedale* route to *Ullswater*, already mentioned in our *Ullswater Section*. The distance is about 8 miles, for which 3 hours should be allowed. The height crossed is not much under 2000 feet, but the gradients are fairly easy, and the path well beaten, so the excursion is not a difficult one, and the views are fine. To return by *Kirkstone Pass* and *Ambleside* would bring up the total distance to about 22 miles, and should not prove too long a day's work for active walkers.

Leaving *Grasmere* by the *Swan Inn*, we follow the Keswick road for about half a mile, and then turn in to the right past an ivy-covered cottage standing on the far side of the **Tongue Ghyll Beck**. Ascending beside the little ravine, a green path will be noticed in about five minutes leading down on the right into the ravine. Two or three minutes' walk will take us to the tiny "Foree," which is worth this short divergence, as though of no size it is a perfect little gem in its way. A visit to the waterfall, without going farther, forms a very pleasant stroll from *Grasmere*.

Returning to the path, we notice the aqueduct of the Manchester Waterworks crossing the glen, while a few minutes farther brings us to a divergence, caused by the "tongue" or projecting hump of hill from which the glen gets its name. There is a path on either side of this, but the best route is to the left, aiming toward *Seat Sandal*, the hill to the left of our glen, and then skirting along its base. Presently the other path rejoins us, and the united tracks ascend to the summit of the pass, which is marked by a gap in a stone wall, and should be reached in about an hour from leaving the high-road.

Seat Sandal itself, 500 feet above the pass, can be ascended from anywhere about here ; but this being an isolated height, the reward is small. The summit of *Fairfield*, on the other side of the pass, may be reached by climbing beside the wall last mentioned, an ascent of about 900 feet.

All the way up the glen we shall have been continually turning round to admire the views behind, and those coming from Ullswater have the advantage during this part of the journey. Now, however, the view in front engages all our attention. Below us, in a hollow some 200 feet lower than the pass, lies **Grisedale Tarn**, a beautifully clear sheet of water. Beyond is *Dollywagon Pike*, a shoulder of *Helvellyn*, between which and *Seat Sandal* we catch a fine glimpse of the hills about *Derwentwater*. Descending in a few minutes to the tarn, notice near its outlet, just where a track goes off toward *Helvellyn*,

a stone with an inscription recording the spot where Wordsworth parted from his ill-fated brother, as recorded in a poem entitled "Elegiac Verses." The stone was erected by the now defunct "Wordsworth Society."

From here a steep but short ascent may be made on the right to **Deepdale Hause**, the narrow ridge connecting *Fairfield* with *St. Sunday Crag*. Good walkers might make a detour over the latter (see p. 63), descending again into the *Grisedale glen* before its outlet ; or might return to *Grasmere* over *Fairfield* (p. 75). Both climbs would command magnificent views.

After leaving the tarn, the pony track descends, at first rather steeply, for some distance on the left bank of the *Grisedale* stream, passing at length through a gate, then crossing a bridge to a farmhouse, about half-way down the glen. The view back from this point is very fine. For the rest of the way we have a good road, keeping the right bank of the stream, and passing through some pretty sylvan scenery. *Place Fell* is the hill in front, and we pass the grounds of *Patterdale Hall* at the mouth of the glen. On reaching the high-road, turn to the left for the Ullswater Hotel and steamer pier, distant less than a mile in that direction ; or to the right for the Patterdale Hotel, church, and village, which are reached in a few minutes. This is the direction for *Kirkstone Pass*. The public coaches to *Ambleside*, etc., start from the pier, and would pick up passengers at either hotel. (For further description of *Patterdale*, see p. 56.)

Helvellyn, the third highest mountain in the Lake district, is frequently ascended from *Grasmere*, though the easiest ascent is from *Patterdale*, and the shortest from *Wytheburn* on *Thirlmere* (see *Keswick Section*). The *Grasmere* route follows the *Grisedale* path described in our last excursion as far as the foot of *Grisedale Tarn*, then zigzags steeply to the left up *Dollywagon Pike*, after which the long ridge-line is followed for nearly 2 miles to the summit of the mountain. About four hours should be allowed for the ascent. The descent might be made to

Wytheburn, 4 miles from Grasmere, and so home by road. (For description of view, etc., see p. 60.)

Nab Scar, *Rydal Fell*, *Fairfield*, etc.—Some pleasant climbs may be made among the hills to the east of *Grasmere*. The obvious approaches are by the *Greenhead Ghyll*, at the back of the *Swan Inn*, or by a path commencing not far from *Wordsworth's Cottage*. We shall describe the latter route.

Ascending the oldest and highest of the three roads to *Rydal* (see p. 108) for but a few yards after it diverges from the *Wishing-Gate* road, one then turns sharply to the left into a rough road through a plantation. Beyond the first gateway the lane ceases, but a path will be found bearing to the left, and ascending with the wall of an enclosure on the left, and *Dunney Beck* in a ravine to the right. On the latter side will be seen the mouth of the tunnel of the Manchester Waterworks supply-pipe. Rounding the head of the ravine, the path ceases, but there is no difficulty in ascending the steep grassy slope in front. If bound for *Nab Scar*, aim to the right; but if making for *Fairfield*, bear to the left. In either case the summit of the ridge will be reached in about an hour from *Wordsworth's Cottage*.

Nab Scar is the extremity of the ridge which overhangs *Rydal Water*, and looks so imposing from below. Its height is about 1300 feet, and the view over *Windermere* and *Langdale* is most beautiful. It was pointed out by *Wordsworth* that eight sheets of water can be seen from this comparatively modest elevation, viz. *Windermere*, *Blelham Tarn*, *Esthwaite*, *Coniston*, *Elterwater*, *Rydal*, *Grasmere*, and *Easedale Tarn*. The *Langdale Pikes* are conspicuous as usual. Best of all, however, is perhaps the near view over the *Grasmere* and *Rydal* valleys lying immediately below.

On foot, there is a direct descent from *Nab Scar* to *Rydal Village*; with ponies, a circuit must be made into *Rydal Glen* behind. We, however, propose holding along heights, and descending to the *Swan Inn*. We therefore

follow the ridge back along *Rydal Fell* to *Heron Pike* (2000 feet), the climb being moderate, and the views on each side very fine. From *Heron Pike* we might keep the hill-tops all the way to *Fairfield* (2863 feet), as described in our ascent of that mountain from Ambleside. But at present we leave the ridge just short of *Great Rigg*, to bear left round the head of a deep ravine running down toward *Grasmere* on our left. This is **Greenhead Ghyll**, described by Wordsworth in his well-known poem "Michael," and worth visiting from Grasmere on its own account. Do not attempt to descend into it, but skirt quite round its head ; and on the farther side, after the descent becomes steep, a path will be discovered winding down, which leads us to a lane conducting into the high-road beside the *Swan Inn*, as mentioned at the beginning of this excursion. The "tumultuous brook" is joined just at the end, and the exit made through a gate between two houses. This round will probably occupy at least three hours.

The foregoing climbs can all be made with ponies, unless where otherwise specified. It must be confessed that in places the gradients may be found rather steep, but even if the rider dismount for a few minutes occasionally at such times, he (or she) will get the benefit of the pony again over many a mile of comparatively level ground. While the professed climber can find plenty of material in this neighbourhood, it is a feature of the excursions about Grasmere that all the principal heights are more or less accessible on horseback.

CARRIAGE DRIVES

A long list of these will be found in the principal hotels. In the nature of things, however, they resolve themselves into the communications of three roads : that to *Ambleside* on the south, that to *Keswick* on the north, and the cross-road connecting Grasmere with *Langdale*. The first and third can be combined in one very interesting

round of about 10 miles, which again is capable of extension in a great many directions, as through *Ambleside* to Windermere, Troutbeck, Kirkstone Pass, Blelham Tarn, Esthwaite, or Coniston ; through *Langdale* to Blea Tarn, Coniston, Wrynose Pass, Duddon Valley, and Eskdale. These various drives have been perhaps sufficiently described under their several heads in the preceding pages.

There remains the road in the opposite direction, by *Thirlmere* to *Keswick*. The principal drive in this direction is the circuit of *Thirlmere*, rendered possible by the construction of a new road down the western shore by the Manchester Corporation. This round is made by chars-a-bancs in the season, and the only drawback to it is the want of a suitable halting-place. Light refreshments can be got, however, at *Armboth* on the west side, and there are small inns at *Wytheburn* and *Thirlspot* on the east side. This latter side is the one followed by the public coaches to *Keswick*. Should it be wished to go as far as *Keswick* and back, 24 to 25 miles in all, the best route is to drive down the west side of *Thirlmere*, and return by the eastern, this giving the easier gradients ; while to include the *Vale of St. John* in the return journey will give still greater variety, and add little over a mile to the journey. These places will be described under *Keswick*, to which we now propose to transfer our headquarters, carrying out our rule of describing different regions from their most convenient centre.

The *Keswick* coaches come on from Windermere through *Ambleside* and *Rydal*. The road leaves *Grasmere* by the *Swan Inn*, with the rough top of Helm Crag well displayed on the left, and ascends for about 2 miles to **Dunmail Raise** or **Rise** (783 feet), the highest point of road between *Windermere* and *Keswick*. The name *Dunmail* comes from the Cumbrian king who was slain at this spot after a bloody battle with the English king Edward in A.D. 945. Beyond the pass we enter Cumberland, and soon reach *Wytheburn*, where coach passengers take the opportunity of a halt to peep into the little church. To this point we shall return under the head of *Thirlmere*, to

which our road now descends, running down its east bank close under the long range of *Helvellyn*. *St. John's Vale* diverges to the right shortly before the foot of the lake. A little beyond the foot, the road down the west side, which struck off to the left as we descended from *Dunmail Rise*, rejoins us, and for 2 or 3 miles farther the scenery is comparatively uninteresting. After that begins the beautiful descent into the vale of *Keswick*, with *Derwentwater* and *Bassenthwaite* outstretched below us, *Skiddaw* and *Saddleback* and the hills beyond *Derwentwater* rising in every variety of shape and outline, and glimpses of *Borrowdale*, away to the left, exciting a strong desire to penetrate that "fairy-like" entrance; the whole serving as an admirable introduction and foretaste to the fresh beauties that await us in the northern metropolis of Lakeland. This is the celebrated **Castlerigg** prospect, which we shall frequently have occasion to mention.

KESWICK SECTION

Keswick is the capital of the north-western part of the Lakes, and a centre for numerous excursions through their finest scenery. More than one of the neighbouring valleys visited from here have too many clients of their own to be dependent, so we have treated Borrowdale and Buttermere in annexed sub-sections.

KESWICK AND DERWENTWATER

Station on Penrith, Keswick, and Cockermouth Railway.

Hotels: *Keswick* (C), at Station, the largest hotel in the district. In the town: *Royal Oak*, *Queen's*, *Lake*, *George* (C), *King's Arms*, *Station*. Temperance: *Park*, *Skiddaw*, *Blencathra*, *Greenhow's* (C), etc. Good hotels in neighbourhood: *Derwentwater* at Portinscale close to lake ($1\frac{1}{2}$ miles), *Lodore* (3 miles), *Borrowdale* ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles) near head of lake. Smaller Hotels and Inns: *Newlands*, in valley of that name (4 miles); *Swan*, at *Thornthwaite* (4 miles); *Pheasant* and *Castle*, *Bassenthwaite Water* (8 miles). Inns also at *Threlkeld* (4 miles) and *Scales* (6 miles).

Compare *Rosthwaite* (Borrowdale), *Buttermere*, and *Crummock Water*, *Thirlmere*, etc.

Lodgings are plentiful in and around the town (especially at the east end) and in the neighbouring villages.

From Easter to about the middle of October an Electric launch goes six times daily between the *Derwentwater* and *Lodore* Hotels.

Keswick, with its environs, takes for the north part of our district the same central position that Ambleside does for the south. It is, however, more markedly the centre of its region, and has no rivals to dispute pre-eminence. The broad valley-basin in which it lies is shut in on all sides by mountain walls. "The lake of *Derwentwater* in one direction, with its lovely islands—a lake about 9 miles in circuit, and shaped pretty much

like a boy's kite ; the lake of Bassenthwaite in another ; the mountains of Newlands shaping themselves as pavilions ; the gorgeous confusion of Borrowdale just revealing its sublime chaos through the narrow vista of its gorge ; the 'sullen rear' closed by the vast and towering masses of Skiddaw and Blencathra"—such are some of the chief features of the scene as described by De Quincey. The two lakes named, connected by the river Derwent, formed obviously at one time a single lake, the area of which, according to Coleridge, must have been about equal to that of Loch Lomond. The town itself lies low, and commands no view, for which reason probably some of the larger hotels have been planted at some little distance. But the shore of Derwentwater is barely half a mile off, and views of great beauty present themselves in every direction, to be reached with the minimum of exertion, directly we leave the streets.

Situated on the south bank of the Greta, a tributary stream of the Derwent, the market-town of Keswick, containing some 4000 inhabitants, lies in a sheltered position between Skiddaw and Derwentwater. The thoroughfare which forms the backbone of the older part runs in a tolerably straight line towards a bridge over the Greta at its lower end ; and on it have been grafted several branches of newer building, especially at the east end, where the road from the station crosses another bridge over the same stream. It may be that Keswick has a little overbuilt itself at this end, encouraged by the concourse of the Evangelical Convention, which at the end of July has, for some years past, brought strangers by thousands to take part in religious exercises after a pattern more common in America than in England. The more worldly visitors who follow should have no difficulty in finding accommodation during the later season ; and all through the fine months Keswick is a resort of tourists and excursionists.

At the *Station*, the grounds of the hotel overlook the town ; then the *Station Road* passes through *Fitz Park*, an

unusually fine recreation ground, due, as well as the hospital at its west side, mainly to the munificence of the Hewetson family, while the chief entrance commemorates the public spirit of the late Mr. H. I. Jenkinson, the *doyen* of modern Lake Guides. Near the station there is a nine-hole golf-course.

On the right of the road, near the station, stands the new *Museum*, erected by the Fitz Park Trustees for the collections formerly exhibited in the Town Hall. Besides a number of MSS., portraits, and other relics of Lakes celebrities—Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, etc.—it contains Flintoft's model of the Lake District (1834)—the original one, that remains a monument of patience and ingenuity—as well as later sectional models; the fine Edmondson collection of moths and butterflies, and a good show of fossils, birds, etc. Important accessions will soon require a fresh catalogue. (Open till sunset—6d.)

The Park is bounded by the Greta, just over which Keswick displays a feature that might well be imitated by other places of holiday resort, in a spacious *Pavilion* and Refreshment Rooms for excursionists. Opposite this, the Penrith road takes the bank of the river. Thence a bend to the right carries us into the main street, so narrow in parts as to give the coachmen a chance of displaying their skill, but soon opening out into the market-place, where the quaint *Town Hall* stands by itself as the centre of the place, built, as is believed, from the materials of the Derwentwater mansion on Lord's Isle. It contains a bell said to be of great antiquity. The open space beneath is used as a market on Saturdays.

Following the main thoroughfare, we pass the *Post Office* on the right. A short walk brings us to the Bridge, to the right of which, on an eminence, stands *Greta Hall*, Southey's residence for forty years. The visitor will be interested to remember how here that poet made a home, not only for his own family, but for the wife and children of his brother-in-law Coleridge; and how Shelley, Lamb, and many other distinguished writers visited Southey during his long tenancy. Half a mile farther, on the

other side of the railway, is "Windy Brow," formerly *Greta Bank*, the home of the Calvert family, whose friendship did so much to attract Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey to take up their abode in the Lake District.

Near the Bridge will also be seen the pencil-making works which form the chief industry of Keswick, though the black-lead mines in the vicinity are no longer worked. Either *Hogarth and Hayes'* or *Banks'* establishment may be visited, where strangers are shown the processes without charge ; but it is usual to make some purchase of the pencils, to be had in all sizes up to that of a walking-stick.

Just beyond the bridge may also be visited the School of Industrial Arts, founded to foster the metal-work and wood-carving which, under the auspices of Canon and Mrs. Rawnsley, have now taken rank among the local industries. Sixpence (returned on a purchase) is charged for admission to the showroom, which also contains specimens of the hand-made linen and embroidery taught at a school founded by the late Mr. Ruskin.

From the Bridge diverge more than one way to be taken later on. The main road leads us to **Crosthwaite**, the old parish church of Keswick, though it stands half a mile out of the town. This is one of the finest churches in the district, which loses nothing of its dignity under the present incumbent Canon Rawnsley, known as a poet and ardent Wordsworthian scholar, as well as by good works both local and national. The restored structure, dating originally from the 12th century, is dedicated to St. Kentigern, who, under the *alias* of St. Mungo, figures also as the patron saint of Glasgow. In the chancel is a monument of the Ratcliffe (Earl of Derwentwater) family, with the figures of a knight in armour and his lady, and their arms all of bronze, inlaid, bearing the following inscription in black letter :—

Of yor. charite pray for the soule of Sr. John Ratclif, Knyght, and for the state of dame Alice his wyfe, which Sr. John dyed ye 2nd day of february anno Domini 1527, on whois soule Jesu have m'cy.

Besides the antique carved font, some fine stained glass in one window, and the new *Reredos*, the work of the Keswick Industrial School, the church contains a monumental effigy, in white marble, of Southey, who is buried in the churchyard. The epitaph in verse below the monument is by Wordsworth. The churchyard commands a fine view, with Skiddaw as a main feature ; it contains many tombs, ancient and modern, including Southey's and a pink granite cross to the memory of Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle.

Leaving this outlying quarter for the present, let us turn back to the market-place, from the left and right of which go out respectively the *Ambleside* and the *Borrowdale* roads. The former soon leads us to the modern church of St. John, in the churchyard of which is a seat commanding a peep of the lake. Opposite the church is the *Library and Reading Room*, open to visitors at very moderate rates of daily, weekly, or longer subscription, an endowed institution that has recently profited by a bequest of the late Mr. Hewetson, whose family have done so much for their native town. Before reaching this point we might have turned in at *Pettitt's Art Gallery*, containing a collection of paintings and photographs of the district, open free. A short turn hence brings us into the Borrowdale road below, out of which runs the *Lake Road*. At the head of this way to the shore are two more places of business, making sights for a wet day, in which respect Keswick is so well off ; and the photographs in the windows of these establishments prove hardly less attractive to idle loungers. *Mr. Abraham's*, at the corner, contains perhaps the most interesting of those raised models of the Lake District, not covering quite so much ground as Flintoft's, but on a larger scale, and with all the mountains doubled in height, so as to give a better idea of their outline. The making of this took three years, and cost £1000. Sixpence is charged here for the first visit, then one is on the free-list for the rest of the season. Copies on a reduced scale, a little over a foot square, can be had. At *Mr. Mayson's*, a few doors lower

down, a similar model, on the same scale of 6 inches to the mile, is exhibited without charge. These rival exhibitions are a specialty of Keswick, now that Mr. Waters' model at Bowness is no longer shown. The bazaars for the show and sale of mineral ornaments are also a resource, as are the pencil shops, where in a few minutes one's name can be stamped on purchases, that here answer to the "Present from Margate" or other watering-places.

Before entering on the head of excursions from Keswick, we will accompany the hurried visitor as far as the nearest part of the lake, where its chief attraction lies.

By the Lake Road, in half a mile or so we come pleasantly down to the landing-place opposite *Derwent Isle*, passing on the way a door that invites us to turn aside by a path leading to the bathing-stage in the wooded promontory on the right. (Charge to casual bathers, 4d. ; reserved for ladies in the forenoon.) One usually sees on the road two or three of the blind mendicants who, as in other parts of the Lake District, are allowed to exhibit their misfortune to the compassion of pleasure-seekers. Derwentwater has one or two electric launches that give a rapid means of communication, and at this corner we find an array of small boats waiting to be hired on the same terms as at Bowness. If we do not at once take the water, we should certainly pass on behind the boats to a charming wooded bank, bringing us in a few minutes to the first point of Keswick excursionists, **Friars Crag**, the projecting knoll from which there is such a fine prospect of water, wooded islands, and rocky walls half-veiled by foliage.

Derwentwater, or Keswick Lake, approaches the oval form, from north to south about three miles, and in breadth about a mile and a half, "expanding within an amphitheatre of mountains, rocky but not vast, broken into many fantastic shapes, peaked, splintered, impending, sometimes pyramidal, opening by narrow valleys to the view of rocks that rise immediately beyond, and are again overlooked by others. The precipices seldom overshoot the water, but are arranged at some distance ; and the shores swell with woody eminences, or sink into green pastoral margins. Masses of

wood also frequently appear among the cliffs, feathering them to their summits ; and a white cottage sometimes peeps from out their skirts, seated on the smooth knoll of a pasture projecting to the lake, and looks so exquisitely picturesque as to seem placed there purposely to adorn it. The lake in return faithfully reflects the whole picture, and so even and brilliantly translucent is its surface, that it rather heightens than obscures the colouring." Through this transparent water pebbles may be easily seen fifteen or twenty feet below.

The principal islands in the lake are *Derwent Isle*, nearest the foot, which has upon it a modern residence ; *Lord's Island*, rather larger, showing the traces of a pleasure-house, erected by one of the Ratcliffes with the stones of their deserted castle, which stood on *Castlerigg* ; then *St. Herbert's Isle*, nearly in the centre of the lake, named from a hermit who lived here in the seventh century. To St. Cuthbert of Durham this "saintly eremite" bore so perfect a love, as to pray he himself might expire the moment the breath of life quitted the body of his friend, that their souls might wing their flight to heaven in company. Wordsworth's inscription for the spot where the hermitage formerly stood refers to this legend :—

When, with eye upraised
To heaven, he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Peal'd to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle, and thought
Of his companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfill'd)
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So pray'd he—as our chronicles report,
Though here the hermit number'd his last day,
Far from St. Cuthbert, his beloved friend—
Those holy men both died in the same hour.

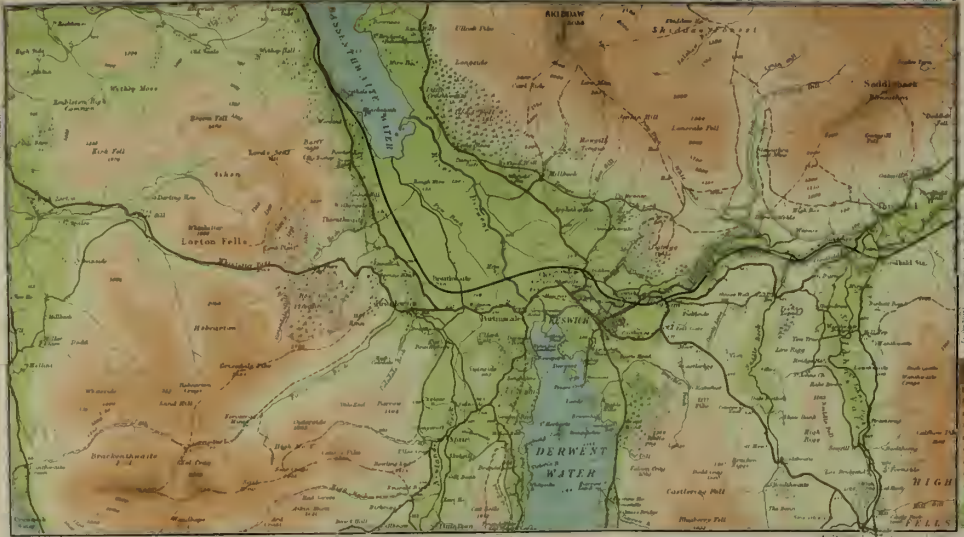
On the 13th of April annually, in old days, the vicar of Crosthwaite went to celebrate mass in this chapel on the island, to the joint honour of St. Herbert and St. Cuthbert ; to every attendant at which forty days' indulgence was granted. "What a happy holyday must that have been for all these vales," says Southey ; "and how joyous on a fine spring day must the lake have appeared, with boats and banners from every chapelry ; and how must the chapel have adorned that little isle, giving a human and religious character to the solitude !" A grotto was erected near the ruins by the late Sir W. Lawson.

Of the other islets, the largest is *Rampsholm*. A singular phenomenon is exhibited in this lake by the occasional rising

(usually after hot summers) of a piece of ground called the *Floating Island*. Its superficial extent varies in different years, from an acre to a few perches. It is composed of earthy matter, six feet in thickness, covered with vegetation, and is full of air-bubbles, which, it is supposed, by penetrating the whole mass, diminish its specific gravity, and are the cause of its buoyancy. Its situation is about 150 yards from the shore, near Lodore. The lake contains pike, trout, and perch, besides which occasionally may be found a bright silvery fish with a skull so transparent that the heart-shaped brain may be seen through it.

Much the same view as from Friars Crag is to be had to greater advantage from the isolated height of **Castle Head**, which will be seen a little farther back to the left, and may be reached by turning off behind the boat-landing, on one of those many paths open "on sufferance" throughout this district; but dogs here are prohibited. Keeping always to the right on this path, one gets to the *Borrowdale* road along the eastern bank of the lake. A little way either up or down will be found an entrance to the wood, through which we can scramble by almost any of the rough tracks leading up to the seat at the top of *Castle Head*, otherwise called Castle Hill, to be distinguished from *Castlerigg* behind, and from *Castle Crag*, the conical height that so conspicuously fills up the opening of Borrowdale at the other end of the lake.

The path behind Castle Head, bearing to the right, would bring us down to the Ambleside road, by the beginning of a walk, not the only one out of this road, marked as leading to **Wallow Crag** (1250 feet), the first high wall of rock overlooking the eastern bank. This path goes up between the *Brockie Beck* and the *Great Wood* to *Rakefoot*, where it is joined by another starting farther up the Ambleside road (direction - post), which would lead us by the *Castlerigg* slope, also a favourite view-point (see p. 124). Thus the way bends back to gain *Wallow Crag* from behind. The fissure at the north end of this cliff-line is known as the *Lady's Rake*, from a tradition that, when the Earl of Derwentwater was arrested for high treason, the Countess fled up this miniature pass,



carrying with her jewels and other valuables. The path crosses a moor to the back of the wood, a ladder stile showing where one enters to reach the edge of the precipice. Then we may keep on round the height, bending behind the ravine of *Cat Ghyll* to reach *Falcon Crag*, another fine view-point. Thence the path descends into the road for *Watendlath*, which we shall visit from Borrowdale; and following this road downwards, we soon strike the main road by the lake shore, near *Barrow House*, about 2 miles out of Keswick.

The chief coach drives are as follows, most of them pleasure excursions, advertised in the season, or got up as parties offer themselves:—

To *Windermere*, coach by Grasmere and Ambleside. (Fare to Windermere, 6s. 6d.; return, 9s. 9d.)

Round *Thirlmere*, 3s. 6d.

Round *Derwentwater*, 2s., and by the *Boulder Stone*, 2s. 6d.

Round *Bassenthwaite Water*, 3s.

To *Ullswater*, by *Troutbeck*, 7s. 6d.

A commodious vehicle runs several times daily to *Borrowdale* (6d.) in connection with the trains.

The coach drive of Keswick, for which there are abundant opportunities in the season, is that to Buttermere by *Borrowdale* and *Honister Pass*, and back by the *Vale of Newlands*—a round of more than 20 miles, taking all day, which is pronounced the “finest carriage drive in Britain.” Fare 5s.

Instead of following these routes, which would lead us into other divisions of this section, we propose, as usual, first to deal with the walks and drives that may be considered as belonging to Keswick. Coach passengers, who need little guidance, can always by the index look out their whereabouts. For the benefit of the pedestrian, whom we have chiefly to consider, the excursions are arranged roughly in the order of general favour, or so that from one he may most easily pass to the next.

EXCURSIONS FROM KESWICK

The Terrace Road.—From Greta Bridge this is an easy round of 4 to 5 miles. Carriages turn to the right

at the Crosthwaite Sunday School, two or three hundred yards beyond the bridge, and again after crossing the railway take the first turn to the right. The pleasant way then leads round close under Skiddaw, rejoining the main road a little way past *Millbeck*, and so back to our starting-point. Walkers will prefer the footpath to *Applethwaite* and *Millbeck* indicated by a sign-post beside the school. It slants up to the left, and then, by a tiny gate, passes into a gravel path which leads into the road from the Church of Crosthwaite (see p. 128) to the Vicarage. This must be ascended to opposite the Vicarage gate, then the road to the left taken between two houses within grounds, and then again to the left along a narrow lane. In a few paces we reach a gate to the right, with a fine view of Skiddaw. From this gate a well-marked path descends a field, passes under the railway, and skirts round a field beyond. At the end of this field, where the path turns to the left through a gate, leave it at the hither side of the gate and continue the previous direction by a fainter track up beside a hedge. Cross the main road, and traverse a small wood, beyond which the path continues over two grass fields. After the second, again leave the main path (that goes on toward some farm buildings), and turn sharp to the left close to the hedge. Almost immediately thereafter a gate leads into a grass lane, which conducts without further difficulty to the village of *Applethwaite*. Beyond and above this village the "Terrace Road" is struck at right angles.

The best view is from the elevated portion between **Applethwaite** (2 miles) and **Millbeck** ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles). Southey pronounced this the finest view of Derwentwater, as to which opinions will differ, but the prospect is undoubtedly delightful. The dell above *Applethwaite* is worth exploring; it was here that Wordsworth for long contemplated building his new home after leaving Grasmere. The walker who has come out by the path just described should return by the *east* end of the Terrace Road. Where it bends to the right, and a steeper road

ascends to the left, he may, by following the latter, ascend with little difficulty to *Latrigg* (see next excursion). This (*Gale Road*), after passing the mansion of Underscar, dwindles into a grassy lane fringed with dog-roses and bracken, the ascent of which brings us to a road diverging down to *Spooney Green* on the right, with a branch path on its left to the top of *Latrigg*. The wayfarer, however, should keep on up *Gale Road* to its end at a gate opening on to the hill, where he will find a guide-post indicating the ascent of *Skiddaw* by the path past two white huts (see p. 136).

Within or without this divagation, the *Terrace Road* round is a charming one, and if *Crosthwaite Church* has not been visited before, a very slight detour will include it on this occasion, either in going or returning.

Latrigg (1203 feet).—This charming view-point, an outlying buttress of *Skiddaw*, and considered by many to command a finer view than that from the mountain itself, can be easily ascended from *Keswick* in less than an hour. There is a good pony-track all the way.

Either from the School, beyond *Greta Bridge*, by turning twice to the right, and passing under instead of over the railway,—or from the station, by taking the road under the line there, and ignoring the first lane to the right,—we reach the foot of *Spooney Green Lane*, which leads from our road directly towards *Skiddaw*. The rest of the way cannot be mistaken, as on the *Latrigg* side (our right hand) it is guarded with barbed wire, this fence being a monument of a compromised dispute as to the public right of access here. We ascend till we have nearly reached the neck connecting *Latrigg* with *Skiddaw*, and are joined on the left by a road connecting with the “*Terrace Road*.” Here a finger-post directs us to turn to the right, and a short further ascent, with wire fences on each side, brings us to the top.

The descent must be made either as we came up, or by the road mentioned above as leading up from the “*Terrace Road*.” No third course is open, unless indeed

the ambitious tourist, having got so far, elects to continue the ascent of the main mountain.

SKIDDAW (3054 feet), and **SADDLEBACK** (2847 feet).

Able-bodied tourists will consider a visit to Keswick incomplete unless it comprise the ascent of one or both of these mountains. A day is usually given to each, but good walkers may combine them by passing from one to the other across Skiddaw Forest, a tract of bare elevated moorland at the back of both ridges.

Skiddaw is certainly one of the easiest of English mountains in proportion to its height, and ponies can be ridden to the very top. The track leads up *Spooney Green Lane* to the back of *Latrigg*, as described in our last excursion, and then turns to the left, ascending steeply past a white hut devoted to the sale of ginger-beer and other refreshments. This is the stiffest part of the climb. After passing a second hut the path bends again to the left, ascends more gradually beyond the "Low Man" (2837 feet), then traverses for an unexpectedly long distance an almost level moorland to the final top or "High Man."

The view from above the second hut, or from the "Low Man" (easily reached by a short divergence to the left), is in many respects superior to that from the summit. Keswick and Derwentwater are not seen from the latter, but the distant view, especially to the Solway Firth and Scotch hills, will on a clear day quite repay the climber. "Oh, its fine black head!" writes Charles Lamb, recalling his ascent in 1802 (ten years before Keats made the same climb), "and the bleak air a-top of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the Border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out like a mountain in my life."

With ponies we must return as we came, but there are alternative routes for the pedestrian. He may descend by steep paths to *Millbeck* from a point a little

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN AT LODORE HOTEL



- | | | | | | | | |
|---|------------|----|-----------------------------|----|-----------------------|----|----------------------|
| 1 | Cathall | 6 | Point of Ullock | 9 | Skiddaw | 13 | Lonsdale Fell |
| 2 | Bart | 7 | St. Herbert's Isle (below) | 10 | Skiddaw Low Man | 14 | Lattrigg (below) |
| 3 | Swancliffe | 8 | Longside | 11 | Lonsdale (below) | 15 | Luttedale Pike |
| 4 | Binsey | 9 | Carlisle | 12 | Jenken Hill | | Falcon Crag |
| 5 | Dod | 10 | Carlisle (below) | | Ramsholm Isle (below) | | Barrow House (below) |
| | | 11 | Derwent Isle (on the lower) | | Castlehead (below) | | |

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN AT THE THIRD GATE ON ASCENDING LATTRIGG ON THE WAY TO SKIDDAW



- | | | | | | | | |
|----|--------------------|----|------------|----|--------------------|----|---------------------------------------|
| 1 | Willow Crags | 13 | Catbells | 19 | Swancliffe (below) | 24 | Swanmoor |
| 2 | Falcon Crag | 14 | Handsworth | 20 | Causeway Pike | 25 | Imzedale Pike |
| 3 | Knits | 15 | High Crag | 21 | Barrow (below) | 26 | Swancliffe in Lorton |
| 4 | Castlehead (below) | 16 | Robinson | 22 | Sail | 27 | Whinlatter Gap and road to Scafe Hill |
| 5 | Glaramara | 17 | High Sale | 23 | Ill Crag | 28 | Whinlatter |
| 6 | Brind (below) | 18 | Rawlin End | | Therside (below) | | |
| 7 | Barrow Crags | | | | | | |
| 8 | Great End | | | | | | |
| 9 | Scarfell Pike | | | | | | |
| 10 | Scarfell | | | | | | |
| 11 | Gateshead (below) | | | | | | |
| 12 | Blea Crag | | | | | | |
| 13 | Munden Moor | | | | | | |
| 14 | Widdale | | | | | | |
| 15 | Widdale | | | | | | |
| 16 | Widdale | | | | | | |
| 17 | Widdale | | | | | | |
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| 26 | Widdale | | | | | | |
| 27 | Widdale | | | | | | |
| 28 | Widdale | | | | | | |

south of the "High Man," or to *Applethwaite* from one just south of the "Low Man." Or he may come down the fells at the back to the gamekeeper's house, and follow the road down the *Glenderattera Beck* (see *Saddleback*). Or, descending the ridge-line to the north, he may work round to the left into the *Bassenthwaite* road, and so home or onward as he pleases. One of the most attractive and shortest routes is to descend steep screes from the summit to the shoulder called *Carl Side* (2400 feet), by a narrow track which will be seen crossing the slope below the "High Man," and then follow this shoulder down to *Millbeck*.

From $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours is usually allowed for the ascent, but active walkers could compress both ascent and descent into that period without much difficulty.

Saddleback, otherwise **Blencathra** (in Scott's *Bridal of Triermain* oddly misnamed *Glaramara*), is in itself a finer-shaped mountain than Skiddaw, though the view from it is less extensive. It is best reached from *Threlkeld Station* on the Keswick and Penrith Railway, and the climber can make for either end of the ridge that there confronts him. The pleasantest route is by the end farthest from Keswick, first following the Penrith road for about 2 miles to *Scales Inn*, and then striking to the left by a path which leads up the shoulder called *Scales Fell*. Behind this shoulder lies **Scales Tarn**, sung by Scott and Wordsworth, with *Sharp Edge*—one of the narrowest *arêtes* in the Lakes—leading up from it. But these lie off our route. The *Glenderamakin* stream, flowing from the tarn, is worth exploring. *Bovscale Tarn* lies several miles farther off to the north-east.

By following the ridge up to the left from the shoulder, the summit is reached without difficulty in about 2 hours from Threlkeld. The precipices on the near side are exceedingly fine, and Helvellyn is seen to great advantage. On the farther side, the ridge descends in tame and gentle slopes.

The descent should be made by still following the ridge in the direction of Keswick. *Threlkeld* can be

reached by striking down on the left when the slope is seen to have become easy. But it is far pleasanter, and but little longer, to continue onward down to *Derwentfolds Farm*, cross the *Glenderattera Beck* on a footbridge there, and turning sharply down the other side of the beck for a few paces, enter a charming lane to the right, which conducts in a little over 2 miles farther to Keswick, through the shady *Brundholm Woods*, high on the right bank of the Greta. The descent by this route will occupy from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours.

From these lofty altitudes we now return to describe some further short excursions near Keswick.

Druid Circle ($1\frac{1}{2}$ miles).—Leaving Keswick by the Penrith road, we keep the bank of the Greta for about a mile, passing first under and then over the railway, and noticing on our left, just opposite the first lane that strikes up to the right from our road, the house (*Chesnut Hill*) where Shelley lived for a short time with his first wife. Two or three minutes past this, we take at a fork the road to the right, which is the *old* Penrith road, shorter and steeper than the new. In less than half a mile this reaches another lane on the right, just beyond which a gate into the field admits us to the circle of Druid Stones. There is an outer circle of 38 stones, the largest of which is 7 feet high; and an inner group of 10 others. The site chosen for this temple of the Druid faith, if that be indeed its origin, is a most commanding one. Helvellyn rises finely beyond the vales of Nathdale (or Naddle) and St. John; Skiddaw and Saddleback tower beyond the Greta Valley; and across the Vale of Keswick, itself invisible down below, the shapely peaks to the west ascend in broken groups and ridges.

The return may be made by the lane last mentioned (scarcely practicable for carriages), which in about half a mile leads into the Ambleside road, giving us the beautiful descent upon Keswick referred to on p. 124. About half-way down, we pass the side road leading

to Chesnut Hill, and carriages often take this route for the sake of less steep gradients. But the direct road plunges down to the left, and enters Keswick past St. John's Church. The round by this route is altogether somewhat under 5 miles. It may be prolonged in the direction of St. John's Vale, described later, or the walker may in returning visit *Wallow Crag* (see p. 132) before leaving the high ground, by following a path to *Rakefoot Farm*, which strikes off at a finger-post just after he reaches the Ambleside road. Another path, farther down the main road, also leads to *Wallow Crag* by *Castlerigg Farm*, joining the former at Rakefoot.

Newlands Valley (4 miles).—This excursion, which makes a pleasant short drive, is in the opposite direction from the last. As the road is occasionally steep, and in most parts narrow, it is as well to take it early in the day, so as not to meet the coaches returning from Buttermere. Leaving Keswick by the Greta Bridge at the foot of the town, we reach **Portinscale** in about a mile by road, or rather less by a path going off to the left of the bridge across the meadows. In the village of Portinscale, which may be considered a suburb of Keswick, the road forks. The right-hand branch leads in 2 miles more to *Braithwaite*, mentioned in subsequent excursions. We follow the left-hand branch, and after several houses in large private grounds pass on the left a lane leading down to *Nickol End Landing*, where boats can be moored or hired. By boating across from Keswick, the long round through Portinscale would be saved.

Just beyond this lane, a hand-gate on the left into a wood opens the pleasant path over **Silver Hill**, a modest height worth visiting on its own account, and further referred to by us in the ascent of *Catbells*. Still keeping the carriage-road, we leave the lake and ascend across the valley toward **Swinside** (803 feet), till we reach the hamlet of the same name at the farther end of the hill. This miniature mountain itself can be easily ascended behind the hamlet, and commands an agreeable

view of the valley. Another road winds back on the farther side of the hill to *Braithwaite*.

From the hamlet of Swinside we now descend into the Vale of Newlands properly so called, which is flanked on our left hand by the *Catbells* range, on our right by the towering peak of *Causey Pike* and other mountains. The head of this vale runs up among lofty heights, and a branch to our right is traversed by the road to *Buttermere*. Though it cannot compare in wildness with other scenes in the neighbourhood, the Vale of Newlands has a quiet charm of its own, and was a favourite haunt of the poet Southey. The best way to see it is to cross the beck about half a mile from *Swinside*, and continue up the farther side of the valley, past the little hotel, to the church; then cross back over the beck there, and return down the east side. From where we cross beyond the church, a footpath leads over a *col* in the *Catbells* range to the head of Derwentwater. The return journey may also be varied by making the circuit viâ *Braithwaite* already mentioned. Without these additions, the round as described will be one of about 10 miles.

BRAITHWAITE and WHINLATTER PASS, etc.

The quiet village of **Braithwaite** (no inn, but lodgings may be had), situated close below the fells on the west side of the Derwent Valley, is 3 miles from Keswick, and may be reached either by rail (station $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from village) or by road through *Portinscale*. It is an excellent starting-point for the fine group of hills behind.

The main road through Braithwaite village bends almost immediately to the right, and commences at once a steep ascent of 2 miles to the **Whinlatter Pass** (1043 feet), the shortest route from Keswick to *Cockermouth* (12 miles), or from Keswick to *Scalehill* (Crummock Water, 10 miles). Fine retrospective views are obtained in ascending, and at the highest point the road is shut in by the flanks of *Grisdale Pike* on the left and the *Whinlatter Crags* on the right. It is worth while coming

thus far (5 miles from Keswick), even if we return as we came. Those proceeding to *Cockermouth* (see *Coast Section*) continue straight on, passing *High Lorton* village after 3 miles, and about a mile farther, where a road branches off to the left, the once stately yew tree immortalised by Wordsworth as "pride of Lorton Vale." From *Cockermouth* the return may be made by rail to Keswick, or by alternative roads on either side of *Bassenthwaite Lake*. Those desiring to reach *Scalehill* (see description of *Crummock Water*, *post*) take the first turn to the left, about a mile down from the pass, and traverse a high-level road past a hamlet called *Swinside* (no connection of the one with same name in *Newlands Valley*), descend with fine views into the Vale of Lorton, and ascending this for a short distance, take the next fork to the right to *Scalehill*. A longer, more level, but less interesting route is to keep the *Cockermouth* road as far as *Wordsworth's Yew*, and there turn to the left.

All these roads are steep, but passable by carriages, and will be found pleasant enough by the pedestrian, if arduous for the cyclist. Walkers, however, will prefer to get off the high road, and the hills to our left offer many pleasant excursions, for which we now proceed to give directions.

Above *Braithwaite*, as will be seen from the map, the **Coledale** or **Force Crag** Valley runs right up the centre of this group of hills. A direct crossing can be made from *Braithwaite* to *Scalehill Hotel* by this valley in from three to four hours. The descent on the other side, though steep, offers no difficulty, being made down a stream between *Grasmoor* on the left and *Whiteside* on the right. On the *Braithwaite* side the valley is almost level for a long way, but at the end a sharp climb is required to circumvent *Force Crag*, which rises steeply in front. It is better, therefore, even if making for *Crummock Water*, to follow the route now to be described ; while for those starting from and returning to Keswick it forms a delightful round over the mountains.

Leave *Braithwaite* by the main road, and where it

bends to the right to begin the ascent to *Whinlatter Pass*, climb by a steep path up the hill directly in front, between the road and the Coledale Valley. Some fifteen minutes of sharp climbing will bring you to the top of the first acclivity of the ridge, after which the gradient at once becomes easy and the direction unmistakable.

Bending to the left, we follow the ridge, and soon sight *Grisedale Pike* in front, presenting a remarkably fine and bold outline. Another hour will be occupied in reaching it, the ridge-line being kept throughout, and capital views obtained alternately as we bend to left or right. Just at the end, the last bit of the Pike itself is steep and rough, and would be awkward to ride over; otherwise ponies could be taken throughout this round.

The summit of **Grisedale Pike** (2593 feet) commands a noble view: northward over the Whinlatter Crags to the Solway Firth, southward over a wild sea of hills to Scafell Pike in the distance, and eastward over Derwentwater to Helvellyn and Fairfield. Westward the nearer mountains bound the view, but Red Pike (over Buttermere) is seen between them. The crags on which we stand overhang Coledale with striking abruptness.

Continuing the now descending line of ridge, we next reach a minor point called *Sand Hill*, from which we descend to the left to the top of the **Coledale Pass**. Walkers making for *Scalehill* may, however, in lieu of descending and following the stream as before explained, continue along the heights to **Whiteside**, a narrow but not dangerous ridge, and descend at its extremity steeply but without serious difficulty to the valley. The easier route, it will be understood, is to descend with us to the Coledale Pass, and then follow down the stream between *Whiteside* and *Grasmoor* as aforesaid.

Our route, after descending to the *col* or neck constituting the pass, ascends on the other side up the turfy slopes of **Grasmoor** (2790 feet), the highest summit of this group of hills. Path there is none, but a stream of pure water may be followed for a short way, and then an inclination made to the right. The crags of *Whiteside*, on the opposite

flank of the ravine below us, are seen to full advantage. From the summit, which will be reached in about an hour from *Grisedale Pike*, the view is even finer than that from the latter peak, the whole range of country westwards being now added to the prospect. Wandering about the wide grassy table-land which gives its name to the summit, we have time to enjoy the whole panorama at our leisure.

From *Grasmoor* we commence the return journey, soon leaving the line of our ascent, and continuing in a direction almost due east along the ridge on the south side of the Coledale Valley. This ridge is rough in places, particularly at *Eel* (or *Ill*) *Crags*, a name of frequent occurrence hereabouts (there is another height so named in the Newlands Valley). With sharp rises and falls, but without serious difficulty, we continue over *Sail* and *Scar Crags*, and in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Grasmoor reach **Causey Pike** (2050 feet), the bold peak overlooking the Newlands Valley, which is practically the last outwork of the Grasmoor range. The views all the way have been wild and interesting, and latterly a minor ridge has developed itself between us and the Coledale Valley. The prospect from Causey Pike itself is especially fine over Newlands and Derwentwater.

From *Causey Pike* we may descend steeply over *Rowling End* into the Newlands Valley, bending about half-way down either to the right for the Newlands Hotel, or to the left for the point where the main road crosses the river. But it is better to strike down from the top backwards in a north-westerly direction into the hollow between us and the minor ridge aforesaid, and thence either take a rough road on the farther side of a beck into the Newlands Valley, or with a slight ascent on the farther side of the hollow continue descending toward Braithwaite over *Outer-side* and *Barrow*, thus completing our round of the Coledale Valley. The last part of the descent is made on either side of a branch stream, on some maps confusingly called *Coledale*, the stream down the larger valley which we have called by that name being distinguished as the

Forcc Crag Beck. These streams unite at Braithwaite, but their previous courses are entirely separate.

A whole day should of course be devoted to the above excursion, but the actual walking from and to *Braithwaite* need only occupy from 5 to 6 hours.

Another route from *Braithwaite* to *Buttermere* (about 3 hours) is by ascending the branch "Coledale" stream we have just mentioned, and crossing the lowest part of the *Sail* ridge to the narrow valley beyond. A much easier way, however, is to ascend this narrow valley from *Newlands Hotel*, keeping the left bank of the *Rigg Beck* in ascending, and the left bank of the *Sail Beck* in descending on the other side. This forms an alternative route to the coach road from *Newlands* to *Buttermere*, which it rejoins on the farther side of *Buttermere Hause*, the short remainder of descent being made by the road. As such it is a pleasant variation, and can be followed without difficulty.

**CATBELLS (1482), DALE HEAD (2473), and ROBINSON
(2417)**

To complete the survey of the "wild array of peaks" so often referred to in earlier pages as rising on the west side of Derwentwater, we must now notice this group, which encircle so finely the head of the Newlands Valley. The round of their tops is a delightful expedition, closely resembling our last, and there is still less difficulty in taking ponies the whole way.

Leave Keswick as for the Newlands excursion—that is, either by road through *Portinscale*, or by boat across the lake to *Nickol End Landing*—and pass through the little hand-gate there mentioned as leading to *Silver Hill*. The shady path leads up and down, generally through shrubberies, cutting off a considerable angle of the road, and emerges again on to the latter just at the foot of **Catbells**. (A boat might have been taken to this point if preferred.) Cross the driving-road, and tackle boldly the zigzag path up the green hill in front. The climb is less severe than

it looks from below, and the views on either side from this miniature mountain ridge are remarkably effective. In fact, the ascent of Catbells alone is well worth making from Keswick, even if the walk be continued no farther.

We, however, continue onward, and after a slight depression, crossed by the path from *Manesty* to *Newlands*, rise by a longer but gentler ascent to our next point, **Maiden Moor** (1887 feet), where the ground is often boggy. The views now open out more widely, and continue extending farther the whole way to the next summit, **Eel** (or *Ill*) **Crags** (2143 feet), which in spite of their name present no difficulty. Great Gable and the Scafell range have by this time come into full view ; first Grange, and then Rosthwaite, appears below us to the left in Borrowdale ; while on our other side the narrow final reach of the Newlands Valley is hemmed in by imposing crags. Helvellyn is conspicuous over the lower heights to the east. Among the farthest heights to the south, Bowfell and Wetherlam will be readily distinguished.

From Eel Crags we descend rather sharply to the pass at the very head of the Newlands Valley, between us and *Dale Head*, the next summit to our right. In the depression lies a small tarn, near to which a rough road ascends from Borrowdale over *Lobstone Band*. Those who have had enough of hills might descend this, or can follow the stream down the whole length of the *Newlands Valley* (a delightful walk in itself), or in the opposite direction to the last may reach the top of *Honister Pass* (see Borrowdale). Let us, however, adopt none of these courses, but bending to the right, round the farther side of the tarn, mount again to **Dale Head**, regaining more than our previous altitude, this summit being the highest point of the range (2473 feet). On the farther side a grand view opens over Buttermere. We need not repeat details of the distant prospect, which is similar to that from *Eel Crags* ; but attention may be called to the fine view of these latter themselves, and to the newly disclosed mountain range beyond Buttermere.

Another sharp little descent, and then a question of route again presents itself. To our right **Hindscarth** (2385 feet) projects far out into the Newlands Valley, separating the Dale Head branch of it from a smaller recess called "Little Dale." Some may prefer to descend over *Hindscarth* and the long fell beyond, reaching the valley not very far above Newlands Church; and a fine route this undoubtedly is. If strength hold out, however, we recommend "just one more" climb; and, leaving *Hindscarth* this time unvisited on our right, press straight on to the next summit, **Robinson** (strangely prosaic name for a fine hill!), not without some toilsome climbing, but always enjoying glorious views all around. It is best to keep well to the *Buttermere* side of this mountain in ascending.

We shall not attempt to particularise the view from this last summit, but merely say that it is a worthy finale to a day of fine prospects. Addressing ourselves now to the descent, we have again a choice of routes. Not to mention a possible descent to *Buttermere* by "Buttermere Moss," or from the latter to the top of *Buttermere Hause*, and so to Keswick by road,—both which slopes are rather steep and boggy,—we have the choice of two ways in descending into the Newlands Valley. One may either make down at once into "Little Dale" (see above), and follow down its stream, on the left bank of which a track will soon be found; or one may continue along the ridge which projects from *Robinson* much as the other does from *Hindscarth*, and separates Little Dale from the branch valley traversed by the road over *Buttermere Hause*. This ridge is rough in one or two places, but nothing of an impassable nature will be met with. By either route one soon reaches the cultivated valley, to take the road past Newlands Hotel to Portinscale and Keswick.

The time for this round can hardly be given in full, as so many different alternatives have been suggested. But the distances covered are longer than in our last excursion, and it would be well to allow at least 7 hours for the actual walking. These two days' excursions by no

means exhaust the attractions of this group of hills, among which the pedestrian will discover for himself many other charming and wonderfully secluded recesses.

High Seat (1996 feet).—The fells on the east side of Derwentwater are tame as compared with those on the west. A long stretch of monotonous moor, with many undulations but hardly anything worth calling a summit, extends almost from the *Langdale Pikes* to the heights immediately above Keswick. Still, for the sake of the fine views on either side, some may wish to ascend at least the nearest height of the range, and this is done by making for *High Seat*.

The best way is to follow the Ambleside road to the top of *Castlerigg Hill* on the Ambleside road, and there turn to the right by the path to *Castlerigg* and *Rakefoot* Farms. After that, instead of descending to *Wallow Crag* (see p. 132), follow more or less the course of the stream up the fell in front, and in due time, if you escape being bogged on the way, you will reach first *Bleaberry Fell* (1932 feet) and next *High Seat*, passing between these the head of the beck forming the *Barrow Fall*. The view from the last-named point is certainly grand in its wide sweep, there being nothing near to impede the eye in any direction. The details will by this time be familiar to the readers of our preceding pages.

A more interesting if probably less convenient route is to cross the ridge from west to east (or *vice versa*), from the *Watendlath* road on the one side to the road from *Keswick* to *Thirlmere* on the other. These points of departure and arrival will be noted in our subsequent excursions; the intervening fell needs no guide but the map. Meantime, it will be sufficient to suggest that the tourist who has ascended from *Castlerigg* and *Rakefoot* may vary his return route, if so minded, by descending in either of the above directions; and if descending on the *Thirlmere* side, may easily include a visit to the top of *Raven Crag*, overlooking that lake. Another possible line of descent is to *Watendlath*, a hint as to which will be given in our next excursion.

We propose next to conduct our reader round the three lakes within a not too arduous walk of Keswick, all of them circled by roads affording a fine drive, from which short divagations, on foot or otherwise, may here and there be suggested.

THIRLMERE

(With Vale of St. John, and Fell Walk to Watendlath)

The drive round Thirlmere is now made practicable by the new road down the west side of the lake, the work of the Manchester Corporation, whose adoption of Thirlmere as a reservoir for their city water-works has wrought other changes regarded with mixed feelings. Certainly some of the old picturesqueness has disappeared. The primitive wooden bridges opposite Armboth, which used to divide the lake into something like the shape of a magnified hour-glass, have vanished. The raising of the water-level by means of an embankment has already submerged interesting landmarks, and will effect further transformations when carried to the full extent proposed. On the other hand, it is fair to say that this very alteration of level produces new effective features, as when a rock on the shore becomes an island, and a wooded height farther back becomes a cape. The new road must be set down to the credit side of the balance, though one wishes its newness were not so aggressive, its unbroken line of bounding wall so suggestive of a town suburb. On the whole, while those who knew it in its pristine state will miss some favourite details, it is probable that those who now visit it for the first time will not be conscious of anything wanting, and will come away with no other feeling than that they have looked on a beautiful and romantic picture.

The best direction in which to take the round is to ascend the east side and return by the west. Of the 20 miles thus traversed, only between 3 and 4 are the same going and returning. Even this may be avoided if we include, as is every way advisable, the *Vale of St. John* on

the outward journey. This is the usual route taken by the excursion cars. We shall follow it in the present description, especially as the more direct way, being the route of the public coaches from Windermere to Keswick, has been already outlined on a previous journey (see pp. 123, 124). The deviation by the St. John's Vale will add only about a couple of miles to the length of our round.

Leaving Keswick then by the *Penrith* road (p. 138), and avoiding the turn which led us to the *Druid Circle* (which, however, walkers will find a short cut), we continue for 3 miles along the high-road beside the Greta river, crossing during the third mile the *Nathdale* (Naddle) *Beck*. (The old road past the *Druid Circle* rejoins the new shortly before this point.) Exactly opposite the third milestone from Keswick, a lane branches to the right, and conducts us in about a mile of up and down going to *Wanthwaite Bridge*, crossing which we join the main road up the St. John's Valley. This last mile is a short cut, to save going round by **Threlkeld** village (inn), which, however, some travellers may wish to do, to visit *Threlkeld Hall*, now a farmhouse, once the seat of the "Shepherd Lord" Clifford. The way we have come is decidedly more picturesque. Half a mile from the main road, a still smaller lane struck off from our lane uphill to the right. This would have led to *St. John's Chapel*, perched on the top of the low hills which separate *Nathdale* from *St. John's Vale*. It makes a pleasant walk from Keswick to follow this lane past the chapel and across the vale beyond to the Ambleside road, which is joined between 2 and 3 miles from Keswick if the lane be kept, or a corner at the last can be cut off by a footpath which saves nearly a mile of high-road. Or, descending again from the chapel on the St. John's Vale side, one may follow a rough road along the side of *Nathdale Fell*, and cross the stream to rejoin our driving-road by a bridge higher up the valley. The map will sufficiently illustrate these routes.

On the farther side of *Wanthwaite Bridge* we turn to

the right up the vale. A few paces on, a new road, or rather an old road recently improved and made passable for carriages, diverges steeply up to the left. This is the road over Matterdale Common to *Ullswater* (mentioned on page 54). Though still rough for driving, it is the best approach to Ullswater, except the entrance by *Penrith* and *Pooley Bridge*. Those who take that route to Patterdale and return to Keswick by this Matterdale road may feel assured that they have seen the scenery each way to the best advantage.

The upper part of the **Vale of St. John**, which now lies before us, is classic ground as the scene of Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." Apart from this association, it is a charming defile, narrow and romantic, steeply hemmed in on our left by *Great Dodd*, a huge outwork of Helvellyn. Its "winding brooklet" is an affluent of the Greta, and used to carry down perhaps the largest amount of that river's water, but its volume is much lessened since the "ponding" of Thirlmere. In 2 miles we reach the head of the defile, just where the "Castle Crag" of the poem starts up boldly on the left, and debouch into the Vale of Thirlmere (or, as it used to be called here, *Legberthwaite*), then soon join the main road from Keswick. (Just here, past the farm of *Stanah*, begins the path for the *Sticks Pass* over the shoulder of Helvellyn, for which see our *Ullswater Section*.) Some may care to turn back on the Keswick road for half a mile to *Smeathwaite Bridge*, to obtain the finest view of the Castle Rock. (Walkers can reach this point by a path which cuts off the angle formed by the two roads.) Others may like to ascend *Great Howe*, the wooded height beyond the road, which shuts out at present from us the view of the lake. On this height the men of old days are said to have held their local parliament, and it was on its top that Wordsworth's "rosy-cheeked schoolboys" built their stone man ("Rural Architecture"). We, however, proceed onward, and in little more than half a mile reach **Thirlspot** (King's Head Inn), $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Keswick by the direct road, rather more than $7\frac{1}{2}$ by the way we have come.

We shall have another opportunity of halting in less than 3 miles at *Wytheburn*, so for the present only pause to notice the pony-track for Helvellyn running up beside a ravine (*Fisher Ghyll*) above us. The pony-tracks from here and from *Wytheburn* are the shortest routes to the summit of any, but make up for their shortness by exceeding steepness. This applies particularly to the part seen from below. When beyond the line of our vision these paths bend respectively to right and to left and reach the summit by a much gentler gradient. Either path can be followed without difficulty on a fine day. (For further account of Helvellyn see our *Ullswater Section*, the routes from Patterdale being decidedly preferable for those who have the choice.)

Beyond Thirlspot we soon reach the shore of the lake, and continue by its side along a new piece of road constructed to take the place of the old one, now submerged by the raising of the water. **Thirlmere**, locally known as *Leathes Water*, or sometimes *Wytheburn Water*, is only 3 miles long by about a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile broad. Looking across, we see on the other side a succession of charming bays and promontories, backed by steep fells behind, which here and there break into rocky cliffs, *Raven Crag* and *Fisher Crag* (called by Wordsworth "Gimmer Crag") the most prominent. On our side the steep flanks of Helvellyn send down wild clefts and ravines, but no adequate idea of the mountain itself is obtained from below. Just past the head of the lake we note on the right hand the "straining-house" of the water-works (accessible probably to any respectable visitor), and on the left a small cairn, which, alas! contains all that is now left of the old "Rock of Names," shattered to pieces by the blasting operations. In less than a mile from these, we reach the "Nag's Head" at *Wytheburn*.

This is our half-way house, a little over 10 miles from Keswick by the route we have come. The hamlet of **Wytheburn**, or *Wythburn*, lies scattered over the plain above the lake, the largest cluster of cottages—called "The City"—being at the farther side from us. The

church, "as lowly as the lowliest dwelling," another of the many "smallest in England," enlarged recently by the addition of a new little belfry and a disproportionately high chancel, but still looking small enough against the huge hill behind, stands opposite the inn. Halting here, we can feel ourselves within the same walls that harboured mighty men of old. For this is the "wayside inn" mentioned in Matthew Arnold's poem *Resignation*. Keats slept here, and was prevented by mist from climbing Helvellyn; and many a junketing was held here by the "Lake poets" and their friends. Long may it be before a pretentious modern hotel takes the place of the old Nag's Head!

The path to Helvellyn leaves the road within a few yards of the hotel. Walkers may make this the starting-point for one or two other walks. The glen behind the "City" leads up in some 2 hours' walking to the wild recess at the head of *Far Easedale* (see p. 117), whence *High White Stones* or *Greenup Ghyll* are within easy reach. But the favourite walk from here is by *Harrop Tarn* and *Blea Tarn* to *Watendlath*, the path to which strikes up a ravine on the other side of the valley. A shorter route to *Watendlath* goes from *Armboth*, farther down the lake, and will be described presently. Meanwhile it will be enough to say that the route from *Wytheburn* is over boggy moor, with hardly any path, when once the steep ascent from the lake has been mastered; that it leaves two tarns successively on the left, the second being a longish lakelet at a height of some 1500 feet, the stream from which descends to *Watendlath*; and that after passing *Blea Tarn* the route keeps the heights to the north of the stream, cutting off a considerable zigzag, and finally joins the well-marked path from *Armboth* on the brow above the village. For the rest of the journey see the route from *Armboth* below, and our *Borrowdale Section*. From *Wytheburn* to *Watendlath Village* will occupy some 2 hours' walking.

Driving from *Wytheburn*, we continue about a mile farther on the road to *Windermere*, and then turn to the

right down the new road on the west side. Walkers may cut off this corner, and save a considerable distance, by crossing a footbridge at the back of the inn, and then following a path to the left across two fields. The Watendlath track leaves the new road nearly opposite the point where they join it. Those driving round, meanwhile, have a beautiful view down the lake, and see several specimens of good, comfortable-looking farmhouses as they pass through the "City." On reaching the lake, the road winds under steep heights, and across on the other side Helvellyn seems to rise sheer out of the water. The first cliff we pass under is *Bull Crag*, and beyond it the ravine of *Launchy Ghyll* looks tempting to climb. Next comes *Fisher Crag*, and soon after it we come to **Armboth**, once a "haunted house" of ancient repute, now a farm where light refreshments are dispensed to weary pilgrims. By the driving-road, the distance from Wytheburn to Armboth is about 5 miles.

The route from Armboth to *Watendlath* ascends *Fisher Ghyll*, the larger of two ravines behind Armboth House. Either side of the stream may be taken, but the plainer path is on its right bank, crossing to the other at the top of the ascent from the lake, soon after passing through a gate in a wall to get on to open ground—

Mild hollows and clear heathy swells,
The cheerful silence of the fells.

Though the path has ceased there is no difficulty in holding straight forward in the same general direction (nearly due west), bending if anything to the left rather than the right, and passing close to the left of the cairn which marks the highest point of the fell. The ground is exceedingly boggy, but no danger need be anticipated except that of wet feet. Any one following the summit-line to the right, would not be very long of reaching *High Seat* (p. 147), but the divergence is scarcely one to be commended. Holding straight on across the moor, and enjoying now fine views of the mountains beyond *Borrowdale*, he should come in about one

and a half hours from *Armboth* to the brink of the *Watendlath* Valley, where the former route by *Harrop* and *Blea Tarns* is joined. The path, now again become distinct, drops in steep zigzags into the hollow in front, in which lies the hamlet of *Watendlath*, reached in a few minutes of rapid descent. There is no inn, but light refreshments can be had at the last house in the village.

For *Watendlath* itself, and the descent from there to *Rosthwaite* (continuing the direct line of the above route from *Armboth*), or the beautiful walk down the valley to *Barrow* and *Keswick*, see our *Borrowdale Section*. Both these routes are delightful, and should be missed by no visitor to *Keswick*. The moor between *Thirlmere* and *Watendlath* is uninteresting by comparison, but recommendable to walkers for the sake of the fine views obtained in crossing it.

The road to *Keswick* from *Armboth* continues down the west shore, passing under *Raven Crag*, the most striking of the cliffs on this side, beyond which we reach the dam across the foot of the lake. This substantial structure, with its towers and engineer's house, is traversed by a carriage-road, and some may like to cross it and rejoin the main road near *Smeathwaite Bridge*. The shorter way to *Keswick* is to keep straight on till in about a mile more we join the high-road shortly before it crosses the *Nathdale Beck*. Looking back to the left as we cross this, we see *Shoulthwaite Ghyll* running up into the fells not very far from the top of *Raven Crag*. This is the point where a line of descent can be made from *High Seat*, as mentioned in our last excursion, and one who has thus noticed it from below will have little difficulty in striking the head of the ghyll from anywhere on the surrounding fells.

. Keeping along the left side of the *Nathdale* or *Naddle Valley*, the road soon rises to *Castlerigg*, the eminence overlooking *Keswick*, being joined on the right at the foot of the ascent by the lane from *St. John's Chapel*, and at the top by that from the *Druid Circle*. From these heights we get once more that "enchancing" view which gave

DERWENT WATER & BASSENTHWAITE.



the poet Gray, as he left Keswick by this road and paused at the top of the hill, "almost a mind to have gone back again." Happier than he, we are now on our way "back again"; and, rapidly descending by one or other of the routes mentioned in returning from the Druid Circle, soon come down into the Keswick streets. The total distance of our round has been about 22 miles, of which the first portion, to *Wytheburn*, was for the most part uphill, while the return journey, except for the rise to Castlerigg, has been mostly downhill.

BASSENTHWAITE WATER

The circuit of Bassenthwaite (19 miles) makes a more commonplace excursion, but has some fine points of view. Leaving Keswick by the *Portinscale* road, we take the right-hand fork in that village, cross the beck from the Newlands Valley, with fine views of the heights beyond Braithwaite, again turn to the right, leaving Braithwaite Village to our left at a short distance, and in less than four miles from Keswick reach the village and church of **Thornthwaite**. The *Swan Hotel* is a little farther, close to the head of Bassenthwaite Lake. Here the fells on our left come steeply down from **Lord's Seat** (1811 feet) and **Barff** (1536 feet). These heights can be climbed within an hour from the "Swan," and command a striking near, and a moderately fine distant view, the latter including one of the *Langdale Pikes*, hardly recognisable to those who know it from Windermere. The "Swan," like the "Pheasant" (see below), is a haunt of anglers, the pike-fishing in the lake being a particular attraction.

Without leaving the carriage, we may admire the "Bishop of Barff," a bold rock on our left, to which some judicious whitewash adds a surplice and lawn sleeves! Then resuming our route, we keep for other four miles closely parallel to the railway, the road here being thickly wooded, so that up to this point little will have been lost if the journey be made by train. After 4 miles, how-

ever, we pass the *Pheasant Inn* and *Bassenthwaite Railway Station*, beyond which our road crosses first the railway and then the river Derwent, which here both bend away to the left, and continues onward round the broad foot of the lake, commanding fine retrospective views in the direction of Keswick. This is the best part of Bassenthwaite, and might well be visited even by those who do not make the entire round. Boats for rowing and fishing can be hired at the "Pheasant."

Returning up the east side, the road keeps at a considerable distance from the lake, passing in its first ascent *Armathwaite Hall* in its park, and the *Castle Inn*. At the latter we turn to the right off the Carlisle road, some 8 miles from Keswick, the first 2 or 3 miles uninteresting. The pedestrian may descend the first side-road to the shore of the lake, and continue by the promontories of *Scarness* and *Bowness*, and past the small ancient church of Bassenthwaite, rejoining the main road a little before *Mirehouse*. In this last house, the seat of the Spedding family, Carlyle, Tennyson, and other literary celebrities were frequent guests. The view now opens out in front, and Skiddaw lifts his huge sides above us to the left. Unless it is desired to turn off to *Millbeck*, *Applethwaite*, and the "Terrace Road" (*ante* p. 134), we continue straight on, and passing at the end under the railway, reach Keswick again as we left it, over the Greta Bridge.

DERWENTWATER

Keswick's own lake, which we have seen so often in our explorations, gives a charming circuit of about 10 miles. The best way is to go out by the *Borrowdale* road, returning by *Grange* and *Portinscale*. Leaving Keswick on the right hand of the market-place, we travel for 2 miles a somewhat uninteresting road, shut in by woods and walls, and apt to be crowded with vehicles. Walkers not afraid of fatigue may avoid this by mounting the

heights above *Wallow Crag* (cf. p. 132), and descending at *Barrow House*, or even beyond at *Lodore*. One may take a seat in the many vehicles that ply in summer along this road ; those making the round of Derwentwater stop 10 minutes or so at *Lodore*. At *Barrow House* (2 miles) we open the view of the lake. Here a road ascends to *Watendlath* (see under *Thirlmere* and *Borrowdale*), and there is a waterfall in the Barrow grounds, which may be seen by application at the lodge, if one be in no haste to push on to **Lodore**, 1 mile farther, where the more famous waterfall comes down in the hotel grounds (charge 2d. each). Unless viewed after heavy rains, this lion may disappoint visitors, who expect from Southey's famous lines to find it always roaring and growling in fury down its romantic gorge.

From the beach below *Lodore* there is a striking view back to Skiddaw, which here towers his full height, and seems almost to overhang the lake. Near the hotel a path cuts across the low valley land, with a footbridge across the river near its entrance into Derwentwater, but carriages must follow the road a mile on from *Lodore*, passing about half-way the *Borrowdale Hotel*, behind which a very pretty path up "Ladder Brow" ascends steeply to the *Watendlath Valley*. The road brings us to a good turning-point at **Grange**, the hamlet situated at the entrance of Borrowdale, where there are several lodging and refreshment houses. Here we hold to the right, leaving the glories of Borrowdale as yet unseen, cross the river Derwent on a stone bridge, and pass the church to return down the west side of the lake.

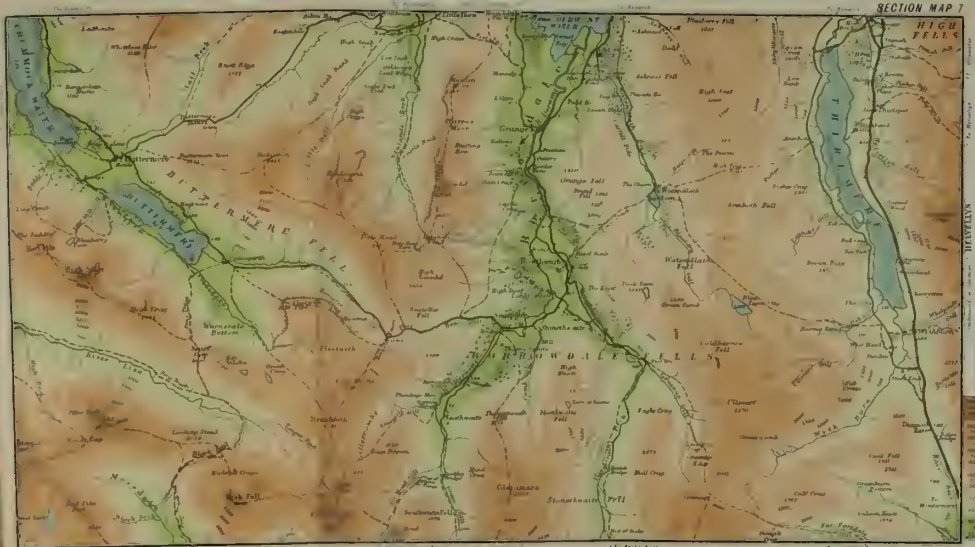
The pedestrian, however, may be tempted to a divagation up the valley on this side, at least as far as **Castle Crag** (900 feet), the conical wooded hill so conspicuous in views from Keswick. It is rather over a mile from the village, by a lane which almost at once turns up in that direction. At the foot of the hill a path goes off to the left through a wood, making for the river-bank below quarries. One must soon bear up to the right for the shoulder of the Crag, and, getting over walls,

pick one's way through the wood at the top, a distinct track latterly being missed in our experience. The view is very fine both into Borrowdale and over Derwentwater, and the top has the advantage of shelter among trees. This small ascent requires some caution, especially in bad light, as the steep sides of the hill are quarried into artificial precipices.

The lane we left at the foot of Castle Crag takes its west side, going on along high slopes as a by-road for Honister Pass. About 2 miles from Grange, above *Rothwaite*, one might turn up for a stiff ascent to *Lobstone Band*, near *Dalehead Tarn*. Here we stand some 1500 feet high, and by turning to the north could take the path along *Eel Crag*s, and thus by *Cat Bells* to Silver Hill and Keswick (see p. 145).

The carriage-way, of course, keeps below this line of heights. Passing the farmhouse of *Manesty*, where a foot-path strikes over the *Catbells* range to *Newlands Valley*, and on the other side comes in the path from Lodore already mentioned, we soon get back to the lake, and continue at some distance above it along a terrace-like road. The pedestrian, however, should take the *old road* at a still higher elevation, which commands even finer views. Where the two roads meet again, and the carriage-road bends away from the lake, he should cross the latter to enter a path through wood, which will lead him over *Silver Hill* (see p. 139). The carriage-road circles round this wooded height, and joins the Portinscale road not far from *Swinside*, whence the remainder of the homeward route is as formerly described.

We have now completed our enumeration of the principal excursions to be made in the immediate vicinity of Keswick, leaving for separate treatment *Borrowdale* and *Buttermere*. It should be added that a favourite expedition from Keswick is to *Patterdale*, either by rail to *Penrith*, thence by coach and steamer; or by coach from *Troutbeck Station*; or by a newly improved road *viâ Wanthwaite Bridge* and *Matterdale Common*. These



routes have been referred to in our Ullswater Section. *Helvellyn* may also be ascended from Keswick, either *viâ Thirlmere*, or directly from *Threlkeld Station*, following the ridge the whole way up to the top. But we must no longer delay passing on to the group of attractions supplied by *Borrowdale* and its connections with *Wastwater* and *Ennerdale*, *Buttermere* and the adjacent lakes of *Crummock* and *Loweswater*. To avoid repetition later on, we proceed to describe these districts in more detail than suits a hurried glance at their salient points on the favourite coach drive by *Honister Pass* and *Newlands*.

BORROWDALE

Hotels: at *Rosthwaite*, *Scafell* and *Royal Oak*. *Seatoller*, boarding-house, 1 mile beyond *Rosthwaite*. Lodgings in several other houses.

The excursion to *Borrowdale* is certainly one of the finest, and perhaps the most popular, of the many expeditions to be made from *Keswick*. But as *Borrowdale* and *Buttermere* lead us into new regions, and connect with a further tract of country beyond their own limits, we have dealt first with the routes in the neighbourhood of *Keswick*, reserving these two for the end. The order in which our readers should take these expeditions is of course quite another matter; and a trip to *Borrowdale* will probably suggest itself at a very early period of their stay in this part of *Lakeland*.

Some tourists will be content to take the long coach-drive by *Rosthwaite*, *Honister Pass*, *Buttermere*, and the *Newlands Valley*, which gives a flying view of the best parts, and is accomplished every fine day in summer by numerous public vehicles. *Borrowdale* is easily visited from their headquarters at *Keswick*, the distance to the entrance of the dale being only 4 miles. Those who wish to make a more prolonged stay among the beauties now to be described may take up their abode either at the *Lodore* or *Borrowdale Hotels*, standing just outside the mouth of the valley, or at one of the above-mentioned hostelrys

within the precincts, which lovers of mountain walks and wild scenery will find excellent centres for a number of expeditions among the highest points of the district.

The coaches that make the Borrowdale and Buttermere round leave Keswick generally at 10 A.M., and return in time for a 7 o'clock dinner, after a halt of two or three hours at Buttermere. This route is always taken in the order above given, not the reverse, owing to the steepness of the descent from Honister. Even by the route adopted, able-bodied passengers are expected to walk up Honister Pass for at least a mile, and again, on the return route, up Buttermere Hause. Few people of ordinary strength will find this any grievance, the scenery being here at its finest. The actual distance covered in this round is about 22 miles.

Should strong opposition be overcome to a scheme for making a driving-road from *Borrowdale* to *Wastwater* over the *Styhead Pass*, a new route of great attraction will be opened out, and the drive from *Keswick* to *Seascale* will take rank as perhaps the finest in the whole Lake District. At present, as will be seen from succeeding pages, this route is only available for ponies; but none who are able for it should miss this excursion, which leads in two or three hours from the road at the head of Borrowdale to the road at the head of Wastdale, right under the crags of the Scafell range. The need of a carriage-road is urged on the ground that while *Seathwaite* in Borrowdale is under 4 miles from Wastdale Head in a direct line, to drive between these places is a matter of over a dozen times that distance.

As the 4 miles of road from *Keswick* to *Grange* were described in our circuit of Derwentwater (p. 156), we may start now from the west side of Grange Bridge across the river *Derwent*. Immediately before us are the "Jaws of Borrowdale," a narrow defile, where wood and river hardly leave room for the road to pass. One of the early visitors to these parts, the poet Gray, got indeed no farther than

here. Already, in coming from Keswick, the crags of Lodore had seemed to "impend terribly" over his head; and he walked in silence, fearing speech might bring the rocks down upon him. From Grange, he was told, the vale was passable to Seathwaite, but after that "all access was barred to prying mortals"; only a little path over the fells was used for some weeks in summer by the dalesmen, invading the "reign of Chaos and old Night." Now "prying mortals" are hurried through the vale on wheels, and the "dreadful" path over the fells is the Styhead route to Wastwater, wild enough in all conscience in a winter storm, but traversed in summer daily by scores of tourists of both sexes!

The country people of Borrowdale were derided by the townsmen of Keswick as being slow-witted. Here, at the entrance of their valley, it was said that they built a wall to keep in the cuckoo, a story, indeed, not peculiar to this place, the wise men of Gotham always living in the *next* parish. It need not be said that no traces of such an enclosure are visible, but the flat walls on either side of the road are used by natives as well as strangers to walk on in wet weather, a contingency of by no means infrequent occurrence here.

The first 2 miles from Grange are the finest part of the whole valley, and should be gone through at a leisurely pace, new beauties revealing themselves each time one walks through it. We can call attention only to the salient points.

Half a mile beyond Grange, a path on the left leads to some slate quarries and the "Fairy Cave," a hole in the workings filled with water, which returns mysterious musical noises when a stone is dropped in. This path may be followed on to the *Bowder-stone*, but it is better to keep the road for nearly half a mile farther, through the very finest part of the gorge, and then mount directly to the left by a shorter path to the latter. The celebrated **Bowder-stone** is an immense rock or "boulder," 62 feet long, 36 high, 89 round about, and computed to weigh over 1900 tons. Perched on a base so narrow that two

persons lying down can join hands from opposite sides, it is nevertheless ascended by a ladder, for the use of which a small gratuity is expected. The crags from which it must have fallen rise directly above. Even those who may care little for this "freak of nature" should ascend to the stone to enjoy the beautiful view up Borrowdale, of which we here get our first glimpse. The village of *Rosthwaite* is seen in the foreground, and the frowning heights beyond contrast with the peaceful vale.

Returning to the road, we continue under *Castle Crag* (900 feet) to our right, a height once crowned by a Roman fort (hence the name), and showing manifest signs of the ice action so conspicuous even to the uninstructed eye throughout this gorge. It is densely wooded, and, even were the river not between, would be difficult to climb here. The by-road from Grange, on the other side of it, from which it may be ascended (see p. 158), would be a short cut to Honister Pass, but is not to be recommended to a stranger, as this misses some of the best scenery. Keeping the main road round the base of the hill, we pass through a gate, and emerge from the pass into the wider plain beyond, and in little over a mile from the *Bowderstone* reach the tiny metropolis of the valley, *Rosthwaite*.

From **Rosthwaite** as a centre we shall describe the rest of Borrowdale. And first to continue the route to *Buttermere*, which is the main road for traffic. Passing through the little village of from 10 to 20 houses, it bends to the right across the valley. A little below Rosthwaite, the river Derwent has split into two streams. We crossed one before entering the village, the "Langstrath Beck," which descends the branch of the valley we are leaving on our left. The road up this valley, which leads to *Stonethwaite Village*, is the first road now diverging on our left, half a mile from *Rosthwaite*. A little farther on we cross the other and main stream, the "Seathwaite Beck," and after another half-mile pass a second road to the left, which leads up the western branch of the valley to *Seathwaite* and *Styhead Pass*. The long ridge of

mountain dividing these two upper branches of the Borrowdale Valley is *Glaramara*. Leaving these alone for the present, we bend still farther to the right, past the low white houses of **Seatoller**, and having now got fairly across the valley begin the ascent of *Honister Pass*. At first the road ascends through wood, with the stream of "Horse" (*Hause*) Ghyll falling in cascades on our left. After being joined on our right by the track from *Grange*, we reach the open fell; and in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from *Seatoller*, after an almost continuous climb on a poorly kept road, find ourselves at the summit of **Honister Pass** (1190 feet).

The view behind us to Helvellyn and *Glaramara* is limited but striking. In front, as the road bends sharply to the right, the bold outline of *Honister Crag* comes into view with startling suddenness, presenting an unbroken fall of over 1000 feet to the left of the road. On the right is *Yew Crag*, with the mountains of *Dalehead* behind. The eye will be attracted to the slate-workings on the face of *Honister Crag*, tier above tier of terraces at a dizzy elevation, from which strong men have been actually blown off by sheer force of the wind. (The dangerous practice of bringing down the slate in sledge-fashion has been long discontinued.) Our road down the pass seems none of the safest, with an unfenced depth into the ravine below; but the drivers are careful, and accidents almost unknown. Nervous passengers may walk down as well as up the pass. As we progress steeply downward, *Buttermere Lake*, and the mountains to the left of it, come finely into view. Passing *Gatesgarth Farm*, at the foot of the descent, we note the bridle-path to *Ennerdale* (over "Scarf Gap") crossing the valley to our left; then brought down to the shore of the lake, drive along it below the steep slopes of *Robinson* till we reach at its foot the village and hotels of *Buttermere*, in about 6 miles from *Seatoller*, or somewhat over 7 from *Rosthwaite*.

From the summit of the pass **Honister Crag** may be ascended easily enough by striking up the fells to the left. With care the ridge-line may be followed all the way

down to *Gatesgarth Farm*, and the road rejoined there. Or the line of ascent from the pass may be followed indefinitely in the direction of *Grey Knotts*, *Brandreth*, *Green Gable*, and *Great Gable*. On the opposite side the *Dalehead* mountains, above the *Newlands Valley*, are within easy reach. We may strike straight for the top of the *Newlands Beck* and *Dalehead Tarn*, or may follow the line of a cart-track leading onward to the right from the summit of the pass, then ascend steeply to the ridge of *Dale Head* itself, the highest summit of this range (see p. 145). These walks are all without paths. From near *Dalehead Tarn* a path descends to *Borrowdale*, as noted presently.

FURTHER EXCURSIONS FROM ROSTHWAITE

Our plan now obliges us to take leave for a time of coach passengers, whom we shall rejoin in the *Buttermere* sub-section (p. 179), after accompanying the pedestrian on various fine diversions to be made from the road through *Borrowdale*.

Just opposite the *Royal Oak Hotel* at *Rosthwaite*, a lane leads to stepping-stones across the *Seathwaite Beck*. On the farther side the lane turns to the right for a short distance down the stream, then bends again to the left, and ascends toward the hills on the west side of the valley. It crosses at right angles the way from *Grange* to *Honister Pass* mentioned on p. 158, then climbs steeply to the *hause* at the head of the *Newlands Valley*, which it reaches not far from *Dalehead Tarn*. This connects the sojourner in *Borrowdale* with all the fine scenery described in our *Newlands* excursion from *Keswick*, the upper part of the *Newlands Valley* being of course much nearer *Rosthwaite* than *Keswick*. From the *hause* last mentioned, *Eel Crag*s on the right, and *Dale Head* in front, can be ascended without difficulty, and both command splendid views. The summit of *Honister Pass* can also be reached from the *hause* without much climbing.

On the *east* side of the valley, the principal route up

the fells is by the pony-path to **Watendlath**, an easy ascent of some 500 feet, spread over a distance of 2 miles. The path leaves the main road just below the village of *Rosthwaite*, and ascends in a north-easterly direction. The narrow upland valley in which the hamlet of Watendlath lies is struck at right angles, and on the farther side of it the track to *Armboth* on Thirlmere (p. 153) is seen continuing the line of our ascent. To the right the valley runs up into uninteresting fells, rarely traversed except by those coming from *Grasmere* viâ *Wytheburn*; but to the left a charming route, which we shall presently describe, descends to Barrow and Derwentwater. Above and beyond, on the left, the fells run up to *High Seat* (p. 147).

The situation of *Watendlath*, however, demands first a moment's attention. It is a perhaps solitary instance in the Lake District of a miniature upland valley, certainly of an inhabited one. Coming either from Thirlmere or Borrowdale, we look down into a steep depression, with rocky heights on either side. A small tarn lies above the village, the water from which descends the valley in a clear stream, finally turning off to form the famous waterfall of *Lodore*. The few cottages and farmhouses which constitute the hamlet complete a picture which has no exact parallel within the region described in our present volume. It is interesting to know that this valley has been inhabited from very early times, being mentioned by name in a charter of Richard I.

Descending into the hollow, we cross a rustic bridge just below the tarn, and turn to the left past the houses. (There is no inn, but tea, lemonade, etc., can be had in the last cottage.) Just below the hamlet, a hand-gate on the left leads to the "punch-bowl," a rocky basin scooped out by the stream, and full of pure water. Below it the stream forms some miniature cascades.

The fairly good cart-road to *Derwentwater* for the next mile or more descends a romantic glen, with the stream always on our left hand, and bare rocky heights for the most part on either side. After this we approach the

spot where we part from the stream, which turns down to the left, while the road continues straight on through richly wooded country. It is worth while to follow the stream first, however, to the *Upper Lodore Falls*, not seen from below. A footbridge across the stream, just beyond a farm-building on the left, leads to a path which takes us in a few minutes to these falls. Though not so high as the better-known ones below, their surroundings are even more beautiful. It is worth spending some time here, and exploring about a little. Fine views of Derwentwater and Skiddaw are obtained from several points. The path leads on down "Ladder Brow," and may be followed into the valley by those who wish to shorten the way back to Rosthwaite; or before descending Ladder Brow, one might turn to the right up *Shepherd's Crag* overhanging the Lodore Falls; but these diversions should not tempt us to desert our beautiful road on the other side.

Returning to that road, we enter a wood, and in about 10 minutes should notice a path to the left, which conducts in a few yards to the cliff edge, here overlooking Lodore and the Lake. This is a grand view-point, and another equally fine is reached by a second path about 50 yards farther along the road. Then in other 10 minutes, after the road has passed out of the wood, traversed an open part of the valley by *Ashness Farmhouse*, and entered a second wood, we come to yet another path and view-point. This time we look back to the cliffs above Lodore, and the Borrowdale mountains beyond. The cliff may be followed to a wooden seat, from which another path will lead us back to the road.

Emerging from the second wood, we find ourselves at *Ashness Bridge*, where the road crosses the stream forming the Barrow waterfall. This stream descends from *High Seat* on our left, and it is worth ascending it for a few yards for the sake of the view. *High Seat* itself may be reached by ascending the ghyll here to a waterfall higher up, and then striking up the fell to our right.

Ashness Bridge is a charming view-point in itself, and a favourite resort of painters. It is described in Matthew

Arnold's poem "Resignation," in which he vividly depicts the whole route by Watendlath from Thirlmere to Keswick, and speaks of this as the spot

Whence the eye first sees, far down,
Capp'd with faint smoke, the noisy town.

From the bridge we descend for half a mile more by the wall at the back of the grounds of Barrow House, and at the foot of the hill our road joins the high-road in the valley at a point about 2 miles from *Keswick*, and 4 back to *Rosthwaite* by the "Jaws of Borrowdale."

Returning to Rosthwaite as our present headquarters, we may next mention a short climb for active walkers to **Dock Tarn**, a shallow lakelet containing perch, situated at a height of 1320 feet on the fells in a south-easterly direction. The stream from it flows into the Stonethwaite Valley. There is no path to the tarn, and particulars of the route had better be obtained at the hotel.

The **Stonethwaite Valley** or "Lang Strath," with the passes into it from *Langdale* (Stake Pass) and *Grasmere* (Greenup Ghyll), has been mentioned in the description of these routes (pp. 100, 118). A pleasant stroll of 2 or 3 miles can be made up this, the eastern branch of Borrowdale. Either side of its stream can be taken, but the best way is to follow the road to *Stonethwaite* (1 mile), passing on the way the church of the district; and beyond that village continue on a cart-road for about another mile in the direction of *Eagle Crag*, a bold rocky projection on the east side of the valley. Shortly before reaching this a bridge will be found, which may be crossed, and the return made down the other side of the stream. Or, before crossing the bridge, the west bank of the stream may be followed up for yet another mile of this wild and solitary valley. (The main track is now on the east side of the stream, but it is disagreeably rough walking.) After crossing the bridge on the return journey, note some very pretty "bits" where the *Greenup Ghyll* comes

down into the main stream at and near where we cross it on another bridge.

The ascent of **Glaramara** (2560 feet), the ridge separating the two upper branches of the Borrowdale Valley, is not very often made, but walkers staying in or near Rosthwaite will wish to reach its top, for the sake of the very fine views it commands of the surrounding mountains. The best place to begin the ascent is found by leaving the main road at a gate on the left, shortly before reaching the bridge over the *Seathwaite* branch of the river Derwent. A cart-road leads from this gate to a mill, and beyond this a path continues for some distance up beside *Combe Ghyll*, a rocky ravine in the hill facing you. The *west* side of this ravine is to be kept, the path crossing the beck almost immediately above the mill. On getting level with the head of the ravine, the double top will be seen far ahead. In making for it, keep rather to the west side of the ridge-line, where will be found the easiest walking.

From 2 to 3 hours will be required for the ascent. The ridge may be followed to *Allen Crag*s, near *Esk Hause*, but it is very rough walking. A variation may be made in returning by descending the shoulder on the east side of *Combe Ghyll*, where is a small tarn, and then striking back to the lower part of the ravine. The two sides of the long ridge of Glaramara are too steep to be descended.

But the chief excursion from *Rosthwaite* is the route up the *west* upper branch of the valley, to *Seathwaite* and **Styhead Pass**. The place where the road up this branch leaves the main road has been mentioned before; it is about a mile from *Rosthwaite*, and just before reaching *Seatoller*. Passing through a gate we enter the branch road, which is rough but quite drivable, and follow the valley for about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles to the village of *Seathwaite*, having the stream at first on our left hand, the long ridge of *Glaramara* also to our left, and the lower outworks of the *Scafell* mountains in front before us. About half-

way up, the road crosses the stream by a bridge. Just beyond this, on the heights to the right, is the site of the once famous Lead Mines of Borrowdale (now disused). A little farther, on the same side of the stream, are Wordsworth's famous yew-trees, "those fraternal four," of Borrowdale. Those who wish may walk past them on that bank of the stream, and rejoin the road at *Seathwaite*; but recent storms have deprived them of much of their grandeur. The road, having crossed by the bridge, keeps the east side of the stream to the village.

Seathwaite is the last inhabited place in the valley, and statistics show it to be the wettest in England. There is no inn, and the road ends here. Carriages must therefore be left now, and as the distance is between 8 and 9 miles only from Keswick, many will drive thus far, and walk the rest, or take the horses on up the pass.

For nearly a mile beyond the village the path is good and fairly level, to *Stoekley Bridge*, where we leave the main stream of the Derwent river, which we see in front descending *Grain Ghyll* from the heights, "murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves." Our path now bends to the right, and commences the ascent of the pass, which will take about an hour from this point. The gradients are not very severe, and the view gains in grandeur as we proceed. The first ascent is the steepest. *Great Gable* towers above us to the right, and *Great End* (part of the Scafell range) in front. The stream flowing from *Styhead* is joined at the top of the first ascent, near a pretty waterfall. For the rest of the way we follow this stream till, soon after crossing it, we pass above *Styhead Tarn*, a wonderfully wild and lonely little mere. A short farther climb then takes us from the tarn to the summit of the pass, which is said to get the name of *Styhead* from its resemblance to the top of a ladder (*stee*).

The view from here is indescribably grand and impressive. Though we are only about 1600 feet above the sea, and have ascended not very much over 1000 feet from Borrowdale, we seem transported into the heart of Nature's sternest solitudes. Before us tower the

immense crags of *Great End* ; above us to the right *Great Gable* rises sharp and stony ; a new set of mountains around *Wastdale* have come into sight, and at their feet the tiny village of *Wastdale Head* alone speaks of life. Everything else is stern, solitary, and forbidding ; on a day of gloom and darkness we are half inclined to repeat the poet's epithet of "dreadful." (For branch routes from *Styhead* by *Esk Hause* to *Langdale*, see under ascent of *Scafell Pike* below.)

The descent into *Wastdale* is steeper than the ascent from *Borrowdale*. The path is also abominably stony, and it is almost better to descend at once to the bed of the stream, and pick out our own route along its bank. From *Great End*, opposite, the wild ravine of *Pier's Ghyll* is seen to descend into the valley. Those who enjoy scrambling may make their way across to it, and climb for some distance up its steep gorge. Following the path, however, or rejoining it below the narrow part of the pass, we reach *Wastdale* in less than an hour's easy walking from the summit, the route through the valley being of course unmistakable. (For *Wastwater*, and thence to *Seascale*, see our *Coast Section*.)

Wastdale Head (*Wastdale Head Hotel* and *Wilson's Temperance Inn*), a mile or so above the top of *Wastwater*, is a tiny collection of cottages known also as *Row*. The whole parish contains only some forty souls. The hotel, whose late landlord, William Ritson, was such a well-known character, is not quite so dear as some with no better accommodation, and enjoys the special patronage of mountaineers, who here find work for ropes and even ice-axes. *Great Gable* presents some dizzy pinnacles which do not baffle our crag gymnasts. A photograph is often seen in the Lake District, showing several figures perched on a perilous-looking *Needle*, and a lady standing in triumph on the top ; the wonder is how she got there, till another photograph betrays the manner of her being hoisted up by ropes. We are far from suggesting such freaks to tourists out for the day ; and real alpineers will come equipped with better information than we can

give them. But, leaving *Wastwater* to be visited from Seascale, we must, while at the Lakeland Zermatt, give some account of the chief ascents in this highest part of the Lake Country.

SCAFELL PIKE (3210 feet) and **SCAFELL** (3162 feet).

Scafell Pike, the summit of the Scafell range, is the loftiest ground in England, and most tourists to the Lakes will desire to climb it. It can be reached from *Ambleside* viâ *Langdale*, from *Keswick* viâ *Borrowdale*, or most directly of all from the little village of *Wastdale Head*. The way from Ambleside and Langdale has been already described as far as *Esk Hause* (see p. 102). It remains to indicate the route from *Keswick* and *Borrowdale* to the same point, where the ascent proper of the mountain begins.

By driving the 9 miles between Keswick and Seathwaite the expedition can be brought within manageable compass. From any part of Borrowdale the distance is of course considerably reduced. But even from Seathwaite, the farthest point of the driving-road, there is still a climb which will occupy some four hours to the summit of Scafell Pike alone. A whole day should therefore be devoted to the excursion, and a fine day is most desirable on all grounds. Ponies can be ridden nearly to the top, and left to await the return.

For the first mile beyond Seathwaite the path up the valley is followed to *Stockley Bridge*. Hence pedestrians may take a short cut up *Grain Ghyll* in front. There is some rough ground, especially at the top, but by keeping the west side of the stream throughout, or preferably by crossing it about half-way up and aiming more directly for *Esk Hause*, no difficulty need be experienced. The pony route, which is on the whole more interesting—the other might be kept for descending—follows the *Styhead* path (cf. p. 169) nearly to the summit of the pass, and then strikes off to the left, a little above the stream that flows into the tarn. The point of divergence is not clearly marked, and a mistake may easily be made at this point. The track is marked by cairns and keeps along the ridge or watershed until it begins to climb steeply, the

stream being followed as far as another lakelet, "Sprinkling Tarn," with the massive cliffs of Great End in front on the right. The path soon reappears, and crosses the stream twice, the second time close to Sprinkling Tarn. Leaving the latter on the left, we next open out a beautiful view in the same direction over Borrowdale and Derwentwater down *Grain Ghyll* (here called *Ruddy Ghyll*, from the colour of its rock). Having now joined the shorter route from *Stockley Bridge*, we continue ascending steadily, inclining at first rather to the right. In about 2 hours from Seathwaite, we find ourselves at *Esk Hause*, a low ridge between Allen Crag on the left and the Scafell range on the right (see p. 102).

Were we to continue forward in the same direction, we should come to *Angle Tarn* and *Rossett Ghyll*, and so down to *Langdale*. If we diverged to the left too much *en route*, we should get down into the *Lang Strath* or east branch of Upper Borrowdale. **Esk Hause**, the watershed between Borrowdale and Eskdale, is thus the meeting-place of many routes, and it is important to have this clearly in mind. Till lately, two or three cairns of stone were all the landmarks to go by. Now, however, a recently erected *shelter* serves to identify the spot, as well as offering protection from a possible storm.

The actual summit of the *Hause* (2490 feet) is a little above us to the right, the difference in elevation not exceeding 100 feet. The view from about the shelter is a grand one in itself, and it is well worth coming this way from Wastdale or Borrowdale to Langdale, even if the farther climb of the mountain be not attempted.

For **Scafell Pike**, however, we turn to the right, and ascend the height to the west of *Esk Hause*, the path leading at first towards *Great End*, then bending rather to the left, and mounting a green slope to the beginning of the final ridge. Here the summit-cairn comes in sight, still a good way off, and ponies must be left. The outlook now widens in front: notice at one point a peep of Crummock Water between Great Gable and Kirkfell. The remainder of the climb is along the ridge, passing

over two intervening "pikes" before the third and highest is reached. The ground is rough and broken, and in bad weather it may be difficult to keep the path, which, however, is marked by piles of stones at short intervals. In fine weather the views are splendid, and reconcile one to the up-and-down work involved in crossing the smaller "pikes." The summit-cairn will be reached in about an hour from *Esk Hause*.

The view from the top is very fine, yet less extensive than from a more central summit like Helvellyn, and less varied than from many a height of much less altitude. Derwentwater, Windermere, and Wastwater are the chief lakes visible, and these not in their entirety. But all the principal mountains of the district are in sight, and the "sea of hill-tops" on all sides is wild in the extreme. The savage grandeur of the immediate foreground, the profound depths of Eskdale and Wastdale, and the wide outlook over lesser hills in almost every direction, combine to make up a most impressive prospect, which can be enjoyed in almost equal fulness from many other points of the ridge.

To the south, the view is blocked by the sister height of **Scafell**, separated from us by a chasm of considerable depth, the connecting ridge across which is named **Mickledore**. A descent should be made for a short way in this direction, to admire the frowning and apparently inaccessible cliffs of Scafell. Then the traveller who is returning to Borrowdale or Langdale must retrace his steps as far as *Esk Hause*, no short cut to either being practicable. The top of **Great End** (2984 feet) may be visited on the way without much extra climbing, and the view from it over Borrowdale is extremely fine. From *Esk Hause* the various routes downward have been sufficiently described already.

For *Lower Eskdale* or *Wastdale*, on the other hand, we descend to *Mickledore*, one of the wildest spots in the district. From here the descent to Eskdale is made on the left of the ridge, by a slope of great abruptness but not precipitous, and the narrow valley-floor is reached some

1500 feet below. On the right, the slope, at the top rough with scree requiring careful descent, leads down *Lingmell Ghyll* to Wastwater. (One can also descend from the summit over the head of *Lingmell*.) By descending this ghyll for some distance, the sides of *Scafell* can be ascended without difficulty. The more direct ascent of *Scafell* from the *Mickledore* chasm involves hard scrambling or dangerous climbing. The least difficult route is up *Lord's Rake*, a steep gully on the Wastwater side, floored with loose scree. Those who wish to risk their necks on the other routes are referred to Haskett-Smith's *Climbing in the British Isles* (Part I., England), where ample information is given, and a word of needful caution added against attempting such climbs without proper knowledge and precautions. The *Scafell* cliffs have already been the scene of several fatal accidents.

The descent to Wastwater by the *Lingmell Ghyll* is perfectly easy. That by *Pier's Ghyll* cannot be recommended, as even good climbers have been known to get "crag-fast" among its difficulties. It is possible to descend *Lingmell Ghyll* to the foot, and then turn to the right for Wastwater along a cart-track; but a short cut across the lower slopes of *Lingmell* should be preferred. In *ascending* it is certainly better to keep well round the hill by the ravine, as the direct climb up the steep slope is tiring and saves no time. From the head of *Lingmell Ghyll* the ascent can be made either by *Mickledore*, or up the slope on the left of the summit. The ascent of *Scafell Pike* from Wastwater occupies about two hours.

Scafell is climbed from Wastwater by proceeding past the mouth of *Lingmell Ghyll* on the cart-road, and then striking up to the left. It can also be reached from *Boot* in *Eskdale* by a long climb up its sloping shoulder. Many people consider it a finer mountain than the "Pikes," and certainly its cliffs overhanging *Eskdale* surpass anything on the loftier mountain—only 50 feet loftier, indeed. It is probable that *Scafell* first attracted attention, and that the name was extended from it to the ridge beyond, the sharp points in which were called the

“Pikes of Scafell.” For long, indeed, many people contended that its summit was the highest point of the range. The ascent from Wastwater will take about the same time as that of the *Pike*.

There are many good climbs to be made among the hills on the other side of Wastwater from Scafell. Indeed the *Wastdale Head Hotel* visitors' book is filled with records of thrilling breakneck scrambles. Without emulating these, we may spend days in expeditions among the hills on either side of the *Mosedale Glen*, which runs up north-westward from Wastwater. There is a **Red Pike** (2707 feet) here (another above Buttermere), and a **Steeple** (2746 feet) beyond it; the slopes of **Yewbarrow** and **Seatallan**, with the glens between, offer many fine rambles; and the *Scree*s, on the Scafell side of the lake, are a favourite scrambling-ground (see *Seascale*). But the most representative ascents are those of *Great Gable* and the *Pillar Mountain*.

Great Gable (2949 feet) is the hill that stands up so finely above the Styhead Pass. It can be scaled from the top of the pass, whence it looks deceptively near. An hour's steady climbing will be required to the summit, the direction being slightly to the right to avoid the crags overhanging Wastdale. From Wastdale Head we may either mount to the top of *Black Sail Pass*, and reach Great Gable over *Kirkfell* with very little intervening descent; or, much more steeply, may ascend the gully between the Gable and Kirkfell, keeping the crags before mentioned on our right. Great Gable may also be ascended from *Honister Pass*, a long but not too tiring hill-walk; or from Buttermere by the back of *Fleetwith*. In fact, it is a most central mountain for this district, and the view is one of the finest. *Great End* alone, seen immediately across the Styhead Pass, would repay the climb.

We do not know by what authority Canon Rawnsley appropriates to Great Gable the description in *Sartor*

Resartus, book ii. chap. vi.: "A hundred and a hundred savage peaks, . . . like giant spirits of the wilderness; there in their silence, in their solitude, as on the night when Noah's Deluge first dried." There are features in the rest of the passage which seem hardly applicable to this stand-point. But the general faithfulness of the description, and the way in which it reproduces the spirit of the scene, will not be denied; though one hopes that not many "wanderers" have lingered on Great Gable long enough to be left, like Carlyle's hero, "alone with the night" there.

Pillar Mountain (2927 feet).—The easiest way to ascend the range of which this is the summit is from *Black Sail Pass* (see below), traversing the ridge to the left. A shorter but much steeper route is by *Windy Gap*, a ravine at the head of *Mosedale*, but not the one descended by the main stream. On the other side of this *col* a path ascends from *Ennerdale*, leaving the valley just below *Gillerthwaite Farm*, and mounting by a ravine between the Pillar and Steeple Mountains. A fine though toilsome route is thus afforded from *Wastdale* to *Ennerdale*, or *vice versa*.

Windy Gap is on the farther side of the Pillar from *Black Sail*, so after ascending from *Wastdale* one must turn to the right. To the left is the *Steeple*, with fine crags on the *Ennerdale* side. The Pillar Mountain is quite easy, and the top soon reached from *Windy Gap*, but it too has precipitous crags toward *Ennerdale*. One of these, a pinnacle quite 400 feet below the summit, is the famous *Pillar Rock*. The ascent of this is again an exploit for cragsmen, and should not be attempted by ordinary climbers.

The view from the Pillar Mountain is very striking, the sheer descent to *Ennerdale* being most impressive, and the wide prospect beyond interesting. *Great Gable* is also finely seen. The return to *Wastdale* may be made over the *Steeple* and *Red Pike*, descending finally from *Dore Head* into *Mosedale*, or behind *Yewbarrow* into the *Overbeck Glen*, opening on *Wastwater* lower down.

WASTDALE HEAD TO BUTTERMERE

Having come from Borrowdale by Styhead, we may go on by the *Black Sail* and *Scarf Gap* Passes to Buttermere, for which the direct road from Keswick is over Honister Pass.

Some tourists visit both Borrowdale and Buttermere in a day by this longer round, driving to *Seathwaite* and sending the carriages by Honister to Buttermere, while they themselves make the round of the three passes. It is a magnificent route, but most people will prefer to divide it into sections by spending a little time at some of the hotels passed. Having described the first part of the route over Styhead (p. 169), we take now the second section of the journey, viz. from *Wastdale Head* to *Buttermere*, crossing the head of *Ennerdale*.

Leaving the hotel at Wastdale, we do not return towards Styhead, but at once take another route to the left up *Mosedale*, the large glen which branches off at right angles to the Styhead one. Either side of its stream may be kept to a wooden bridge, but the main path ascends the right bank and crosses over the bridge. After that it soon leaves the stream, gradually mounting to the right, and finally bending quite away up a ravine in that direction, to the farther side of which it crosses. The ascent has now become steep, but in an hour or so from Wastwater we reach the top of the **Black Sail Pass** (1750 feet).

The views back over Wastdale are very fine during the last part of the ascent, *Scafell* being the predominant feature. The Mosedale Glen below has also attracted notice. But at the top of the pass the view opens over *Ennerdale*, and a new region discloses itself. The pass itself is between *Kirkfell*, a hill closely connected with Great Gable, on the right, and some long offshoots of the *Pillar Mountain* on the left. It is higher and steeper than the *Styhead Pass*, and even more wild and savage. The upper basin of Ennerdale is entirely uninhabited, and the eye travels on past it to the *Buttermere Mountains* beyond. Past *Kirkfell*, *Great Gable* and the other heights

near him are seen in line, and beyond them *Dale Head* looks over intervening ridges. *Scarf Gap*, our next point to aim for, is presently seen as a dip in the ridge beyond *Ennerdale*, immediately to the right of the higher points of the *Buttermere Mountains*.

Descending rapidly on the left bank of a stream which serves for a guide, we are not long in reaching the level floor of **Ennerdale**, which the path crosses to the bridge over its main stream. Walkers may save a corner by bearing to the left, and fording the stream (if not in flood) a little lower down. On the other side of the bridge the path turns to the left, and leads down the valley for about half a mile till a well-marked track diverges to the right. The main track continues down the valley. An old stone hut, just before we come to the divergence, is the only building to be seen. Otherwise the solitude is entire. The *Pillar Mountain* occupies the south side of the valley, and the *Pillar Rock*, a pinnacle some way below the summit of the mountain, stands out boldly. The nearest inhabited house is *Gillerthwaite Farm*, 4 miles down the valley; and the *Anglers' Inn* is nearly as much farther, at the foot of *Ennerdale Lake*. (See p. 194.) There is also a small *Temperance Hotel*, and beds can be had at the Farm.

Taking the right-hand fork below the hut, we mount rapidly, and in about 20 minutes of ascent by an unmistakable path reach **Scarf Gap** (1400 feet), where we at once look over into *Buttermere*. The lake and vale of that name, with the ridge of "Robinson" beyond, and *Honister Crag* to our right, come into view with that dramatic suddenness which is such a fine characteristic of *Lakeland scenery*. Descending a steep and rough path on the farther side, we reach the vale below (2 miles from *Ennerdale*), and the pony path crosses this at once above the lake to *Gatesgarth Farm* (see p. 163), there joining the driving-road 2 miles from *Buttermere Village*. Pedestrians may keep down the west side of the lake by an obvious path from the foot of the pass, which some distance below the foot of the lake turns sharply to the right across a bridge and enters *Buttermere village* by a lane behind.

The total time of walking from *Wastwater* to *Buttermere* will be rather over 3 hours, but ample time should be allowed to linger or deviate by the way. The route should be easily followed in this direction; in the reverse it is necessary to be careful to hit off the ascent over *Black Sail*, that pass being only one out of several apparent outlets from the head of *Ennerdale*. In fine weather, however, the path is a sufficient guide.

BUTTERMERE, CRUMMOCK WATER, AND LOWES WATER

Hotels: *Fish, Victoria, and Buttermere*, in Buttermere village. *Scalehill*, below Crummock Water, on the Cockermouth road, 4 miles.

Inns also in *Loweswater* village and *Ennerdale*.

The valley containing the twin lakes of Buttermere and Crummock (properly *Cromach*) lies somewhat apart from the main routes; but, owing to its proximity to fine scenery, is much visited by tourists, though comparatively few make any stay there. There is, however, much to see in the neighbourhood, and the visitor who takes up his abode at either of the centres named above will not find time hang on his hands. The coach-loads of excursionists who make Buttermere Village populous for a few hours daily, leave it early in the afternoon to relapse into quiet seclusion. *Scalehill Hotel* is quiet at all times, and is the centre for a set of expeditions of its own. We shall therefore reserve it for separate treatment.

Buttermere Village stands on the narrow neck of land, about half a mile across, which separates the two lakes. It comprises but a handful of houses, the hotels, and a small church, successor of that earlier one which *De Quincey* pronounced the smallest in England. **Buttermere Lake** is less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by half a mile broad; **Crummock Water** about twice that length, and of only slightly greater breadth. Rowing-boats may be had on the latter, and there is or used to be in it a preserve

of char. Mountains of considerable size wall in both lakes on either side, and the general effect is one of solitude and repose.

The story of "Mary of Buttermere," which made much noise at the time, is referred to by Wordsworth in the *Prelude* and told at length by De Quincey in his *Recollections of the Lakes*. The heroine died some sixty years ago, and the not very interesting tale of her wrongs may now be allowed to lapse into oblivion. She was the daughter of the then landlord of the "Fish."

We shall take first the points which may be visited while the Keswick excursion cars wait.

Scale Force is the nearest "lion," and the one most visited by tourists halting for an hour or two at Buttermere. This, the highest waterfall in the Lakes, is also perhaps the finest. It descends from the hills on the west side of Crummock, and may be reached either by land or water. By land we take the lane at the back of the village, and when across the valley turn to the right by a path down the lake shore. This path is apt to be wet and dirty, for which reason most people prefer boating across. To reach the boat one has to walk nearly half a mile from the hotels to the head of Crummock Water, embark at a pier, and land at the foot of the stream one of whose branches forms the waterfall. This point is reached by the path in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the hotel, and may be known as being at the mouth of the *second* beck which descends into the lake, the first (*Ruddy Beck*) being passed just as we reach its margin.

From the landing-place there is still over half a mile of rough uphill walk to the *force*. Either side of the stream may be taken. Walkers will naturally take the near side, and may save time by sloping upward to it when opposite a small islet in the lake. Boat-parties are generally landed on the farther side of its double mouth. In either case, the cataract is soon seen in a ravine above to the left, down which its water tumbles to join the main stream. Access to the fall is obtained by a flight of steps,

BUTTERMERE, CRUMMOCK & LOWES WATER.



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the main stream being first crossed by those ascending its farther side.

The *force* itself has been described as "one clear fall of 160 feet between two vast perpendicular walls of syenite." To most observers this will seem an exaggeration, and in dry weather the body of water is small. But the surroundings are exceedingly picturesque, and it is worth ascending some little way beside the fall for the sake of the view, especially if one have walked and not boated across the lake. The views obtained from the boat, in returning even more than in going, are particularly fine, the mountains environing both lakes being seen to great advantage. The fare for the boat is 1s. per head, a reduction being made for a party.

After returning from Scale Force, a walk might be taken down the road on the east side of Crummock Water to a point nearly 2 miles from the hotel, where a projecting promontory is rounded, opening a view down the lake. Active limbs might mount for a short way up the open fell to the right of the road near Buttermere, when with very little trouble a still finer view is obtained over the back of this projection, through a glen called *Rannerdale*. The projection itself is *Rannerdale Knott*.

Across the foot of Buttermere Lake, a fine cascade named **Sour Milk Force** (not the only one of that name in the Lakes) will be seen descending the hillside. Few will care to visit another waterfall after Scale Force, and this one is quite sufficiently seen from the village. A stroll towards it, however, by the lane at the back of the village, will be as good a way as any of occupying the remainder of the time for those who have not gone that way to the larger waterfall.

When the cars start for the return journey to *Keswick*, they at once begin to climb the steep ascent to *Buttermere Hause*. Many people will therefore wish to reserve their strength for this uphill walk. The distance to *Keswick* is only 9 miles by this route, as against over 13 occupied in the round by *Rosthwaite* and *Honister Pass*. Most of it

is through the *Newlands Valley*, already described under Keswick (see p. 139). From **Buttermere Hause** we have a splendid view back over the valley, having climbed about 750 feet in little over a mile. *Robinson* is the hill to the right of the pass, and *Whiteless Pike* (an outwork of *Grasmoor*) that on the left. On the other side the road descends a long branch of the Newlands Valley, called **Keskadale**, contracted from *Gatescarth Dale*, very wild and solitary. This it traverses for about 3 miles, then emerging into the main Newlands Vale turns to the left (near where a road on the right comes up from Newlands Church), and in 5 miles from Buttermere reaches the *Newlands Hotel*. Descending next to the stream, we cross to the other side, ascend to *Swinside*, descend to *Portinscale*, and in 4 miles from Newlands Hotel reach Keswick over the Greta Bridge.

Walkers who prefer to leave the high-road may avoid *Keskadale* by ascending beside the *Sail Beck*, continuing over the watershed, and descending the *Rigg Beck* to *Newlands Hotel* (see p. 144). The point of departure from the road is on the Buttermere side of the *Hause*.

The sojourner for any longer period in Buttermere will probably next turn his attention either to the hill-walks, or to the drives down the valley. Taking first the former, he has the option of ascending on the east side of the lake those ranges described by us in two walks from Keswick, of which the nearest points respectively are **Robinson** and **Grasmoor**. The ascents of these from the Buttermere side are very steep, but free from danger if the proper line be taken. For *Robinson* leave the Newlands road a little beyond the church, and follow an old peat-road up to *Buttermere Moss*; thence keep the ridge-line to the summit, edging rather to the right than the left in case of difficulty. For *Grasmoor*, climb the long shoulder of *Whiteless Pike* on the other side of the Newlands road—the route begins past the Vicarage house—and continue over its top and along a narrow ridge, finally reaching the summit of

Grasmoor from behind. Once on either height, the walks may be extended almost indefinitely, as described in the two routes above referred to (pp. 142, 146).

Honister Crag, or rather **Fleetwith Mountain**, of which it forms a part, supplies another excellent climb, the best route being to ascend the road to the top of Honister Pass, and return by the ridge (see p. 163).

On the west side of the lake, **Red Pike** (2479 feet) (not to be confused with the Wastwater *Red Pike*), **High Stile** (2643), and **High Crag** (2443), the three highest peaks of the Buttermere Mountains, can be ascended, and may be combined in one very fine walk without excessive fatigue. The best route is to ascend *Red Pike* first, and descend over *High Crag* to *Scarf Gap*, the pass by which we came from Ennerdale. There are several ways up *Red Pike*, one being from *Scale Force*, another from *Ruddy Beck*, the stream on the nearer side of *Scale Force*. Shorter and finer than either is the ascent by **Bleaberry Tarn**, and this route might be followed as far as the tarn even by those who do not care to proceed farther.

Sour Milk Force, mentioned before, is the stream flowing out of *Bleaberry Tarn*. Ascending steeply by its rocky ravine,—or, if this seem too abrupt a climb, making a long semicircular bend to the left, during the first part of which an old horse-track will be of service,—we reach in about half an hour the lonely little tarn behind which *High Stile* and *Red Pike* rear their great cliffs for at least 1000 feet. The face of *Red Pike* fronting us is too steep to be scaled, so at the foot of the tarn we make a half-turn to the right, and ascend a steep grassy slope, on the top of which we are joined by the route from *Ruddy Beck*. Turning here again to the left, we face some rough “scree,” and make our way up these direct to the summit. The route from *Scale Force* joins us on the top, which it reaches from a grassy ridge seen to the north-west.

The view from *Red Pike* is remarkably fine, even finer than that from *High Stile*, the highest point of the range. Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Helvellyn are seen in the distance, with Grisedale Pike and Causey Pike notable among the nearer mountains. In the other direction, across Ennerdale, the Pillar Mountain and neighbouring heights stand prominent, with Scafell and Scafell Pike behind. The lakes on both sides of Red Pike are well seen, and Bleaberry Tarn seems to lie just below. Lowes Water, the Vale of Lorton, and Lower Ennerdale are spread out to the north and west, then beyond these comes the sea, and perhaps a glimpse of the Scotch mountains.

The remainder of the route over the other two peaks hardly needs description, the ridge-line being simply followed directly along it. A pretty steep descent is made at the last to *Scarf Gap*, and the homeward route from that point is already familiar. About six hours should be allowed for this round, two being taken to the top of Red Pike.

A direct descent can be made without difficulty from the summit of Red Pike to *Gillerthwaite* in Ennerdale in about an hour (see p. 178).

The mountains beyond Ennerdale may be reached from Buttermere through *Scarf Gap*. *Kirkfell* and the *Pillar Mountain* can be ascended from the *Black Sail Pass*, and there is also a route up the latter mountain from near *Gillerthwaite*, as mentioned on p. 176. *Great Gable* can be reached either from *Kirkfell*, or *via Brandreth* by a route which begins from *Gatesgarth Farm* and winds round the back of *Fleetwith*. These are all very long and fatiguing excursions.

We have already mentioned two ways of crossing from Buttermere into Ennerdale—by *Scarf Gap* and over *Red Pike*. There remains a third route, by *Scale Force* and **Floutern Tarn** to the foot of *Ennerdale Lake*. This is a rather uninteresting route over boggy moor, chiefly useful to pedestrians wishing to reach Ennerdale

or the sea-coast. Others will do better to turn back from a point beyond the *tarn*, and return by *Lowes Water* and *Crummock Water*. We give directions for both these routes.

Cross the stream just below the force, and ascend beside some wire fencing in a westerly direction. Where the top of the acclivity is reached, we look over into a boggy basin. The stream which descends this makes a rectangular turn to the north just in front of us, and runs down a glen at the back of *Melbreak*. That way lies *Lowes Water*. For *Floutern Tarn* we have to keep up the stream which flows from it. The stream should be crossed at or above the bend, but the ground is so exceedingly wet that it depends on the season whether one can go straight for this point or must make a circuit. Once over the stream, we follow up its farther bank, and reach the Tarn in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours from *Buttermere*.

There is nothing very striking about *Floutern* (pronounced *Flootern*) *Tarn* itself, but it has a fine craggy background. From the low ridge just beyond we look over into *Ennerdale*, and another hour from the tarn would bring us to the road along *Ennerdale Water*, near its foot (see p. 194). For the other route suggested we must retrace our steps as far as the bend in the stream, and then follow it down the glen behind *Melbreak*, called *Mosedale* (a name of frequent occurrence in the Lake District). The track soon becomes a rough road, which crosses the stream and leads down without further difficulty to *Loweswater Village* in about an hour from the bend, fine views being obtained in the latter part of the descent. *Scalehill Hotel* is about a mile farther, turning to the right just beyond the village. (Compare our description of this locality a little farther on.) *Buttermere* might be regained by walking up the west shore of *Crummock Water*.

The above route can of course be taken in the reverse way, from *Scalehill* to *Ennerdale* or to *Buttermere*. The route to *Ennerdale* needs no further description. For *Buttermere*, note that when you turn off at the bend to

cross the boggy part, the point to aim for is a gorge, over which is seen the road ascending to *Buttermere Hause*. It is best to keep the road quite to the bend, as you may probably have to go a little higher still to get round the worst part of the bog.

A pleasant short walk from Buttermere is to the top of **Rannerdale Knott** (1160 feet), before mentioned. The **Melbreak** range (about 1670 feet) beyond Crummock is a stiff climb, and presents good near views. The west side of Crummock Water may be followed down to the foot, and the circuit of Buttermere Lake is another charming stroll. In fact, wherever his footsteps turn, the sojourner at Buttermere will find something attractive. He must be prepared, however, to feel rather isolated from the busy world, except for an hour or two each afternoon, and to be content with one mid-day post.

The drives from Buttermere—except those over *Buttermere Hause* and *Honister Pass*, which are both very steep, the latter indeed barely practicable for carriages from this side—must be made by the road descending the valley. This is also the exit for those who wish to leave Buttermere otherwise than by the above passes or *Scarf Gap*. The road down the valley connects with the routes by *Lorton* to *Cockermouth* (nearly 12 miles), by *Whinlatter Pass* to *Keswick*, and by *Lowes Water* and *Lamplugh Bridge* to any part of the sea-coast. As the *Scalehill Hotel* stands 4 miles down the valley, near the point where these various routes branch off, it is obviously a better centre for driving excursions, and thither we shall now shift our temporary headquarters.

The road down the valley skirts the east side of Crummock Water, passing under *Rannerdale Knott*. The steep, scarped sides of *Grasmoor*, and the abrupt rocks of *Whiteside* (to be distinguished from *Whiteless Pike* before mentioned), are conspicuous to the right, and the softer eminences of *Melbreak* across the lake to the left. As we near the foot of the lake, the hills on

the left break out and open, *Low Fell* being the chief smaller eminence beyond, and a wooded height called *Lanthwaite Hill* interposes between us and the lake-shore. A finger-post to the left here directs to *Scalehill Hotel* by a road through the woods. The high-road continues on, and is joined beyond the hill by a road round the other side of it, the hotel lying up this road, off the main route. The united roads descend the rich **Vale of Lorton**, and in about 3 miles farther join the road from Keswick to Cockermouth, close to Wordsworth's yew-tree (see p. 141). From here it is 3 miles more to *Cockermouth*, turning to the left, and 9 to *Keswick* over *Whinlatter Pass*, turning to the right.

A short cut for *Whinlatter Pass*, however, somewhat rough, but commanding much finer views, may be found by taking the first road to the right, very shortly after the above-mentioned junction of the roads from *Buttermere* and from *Scalehill*. This side road ascends steeply, continues along an open hillside commanding fine views over the Vale of Lorton, and joins the *Whinlatter* road about a mile or more below the summit of the pass. The distance to Keswick by this shorter road is about 14 miles from *Buttermere*, or 10 from *Scalehill*; by the route past *Wordsworth's Yew* it is about 2 miles longer. To *Cockermouth* from *Buttermere* is 10 miles in all, and 6 from *Scalehill*.

Scalehill Hotel stands in its own grounds at the foot of *Lanthwaite Hill*, and might easily be taken for a private house. There are charming walks cut through the *Lanthwaite Woods* close at hand, and a capital view up the valley is got from **Lanthwaite Hill** (674 feet). The hotel faces down the Vale of Lorton. Lodgings may also be obtained in one or two houses in the neighbourhood. The river *Cocker*, from *Crummock Water*, flows just below the hotel, and the road which crosses it leads to *Loweswater Village* and *Lamplugh Bridge*, and forms another exit from the *Buttermere Valley*. By this route we can reach *Ennerdale Bridge* in about 8 miles, and

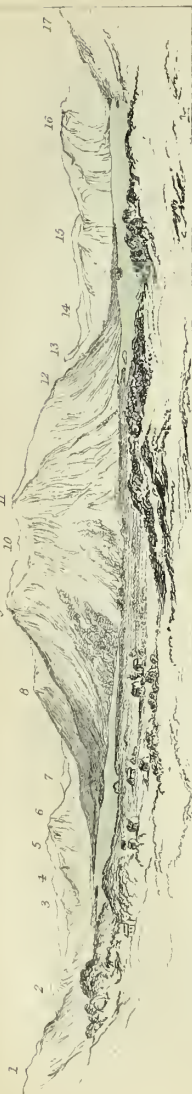
thence proceed to *Whitehaven, St. Bees, Egremont, or Calder Bridge* (see our *Sea-coast Section*).

The chief short excursion from Scalehill is to **Lowes Water**. This lake is less visited than its sisters of Buttermere and Crummock, and cannot quite compare with them in beauty, but is well worth seeing for all that. The foot is reached in something under 2 miles from *Scalehill Hotel*, but it is well to proceed at least a mile farther, the finest views being those obtained looking backward to the lower end, where it runs out by a short stream into Crummock Water. In this respect of having the finest scenery at its foot, Lowes Water is an exception to all the other lakes. The other end runs up into less interesting country.

The circuit of the lake (for pedestrians only) is a pleasant walk of about 7 miles from *Scalehill Hotel*. Descending to the bridge over the Cocker, the road rises on the other side, and ascends towards **Lowes-water Village**, lying about half-way between the two lakes. At a smithy nearly a mile from the hotel, we must hold straight on, instead of turning to the left into the village, which contains the church of the district and an inn called the "Hare and Hounds." Keeping the church on our left, we reach Lowes Water in less than another mile, a little above the foot, and proceed along its northern shore. The lake itself is somewhat over a mile long, and about a third of a mile broad. At the head a footpath crosses to a farm. Pedestrians may take this, and will find it lead to a cart-road down the other side of the lake, running mostly through wood, and rejoining the main road below the lake. This makes the circuit of about 7 miles above suggested. A water-fall called *Holme Force* is passed in the wood.

The road we left at the head of the lake continues to ascend slightly for a mile, and branches at a guide-post. The Workington road, which continues the previous direction, runs in a couple of miles to *Ullock* railway station,

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN FROM THE KNOTS NEAR THE HOTEL AT BUTTERMERE



- | | | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Buttermere Moss | 5 Great Gable | 9 High Stile | 14 Plouthern |
| 2 Howster Crag | 6 Hay Stacks | 10 Bleaberry Tarn (below) | 15 Hen Comb |
| Road to Borrowdale (below) | 7 Kerk Fell | 11 Red Pike | 16 Mellbreak |
| 3 Green Crag | Scarf Gap (below) | 12 Situation of Scale Force | Road to Scale Hill (below) |
| 4 Green Gable | 8 High Crag | 13 Scaw | 17 Rannerdale Knot |

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN AT THE SEAT IN LANTHWAITE WOOD, SCALE HILL



- | | | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Grassmoor | 6 Rannerdale Knot | 11 Situation of Bleaberry Tarn | 16 Middle Fell |
| 2 Howster Crag | 7 Scaw Fell High Pike | 12 Red Pike | 17 Blake Fell |
| 3 Green Gable | 8 Kerk Fell | 13 Mellbreak | 18 Carling Knot |
| 4 Great End | 9 High Crag | 14 Hen Comb | 19 Loweswater (below) |
| 5 Great Gable | 10 High Stile | 15 Scaw | 20 Burn Barle |
| | | | 21 Road to Emeraldale & Wastwater |

upon a loop line (few passenger trains) connecting Whitehaven by way of Cleator Moor with the railway from Cockermouth to the coast, reached at Marrow Junction. The main road to the left crosses an upland moor, and 5 miles from Scalehill passes **Lamplugh Village**, the Church being on the right and the ancient Hall on the left. The inn at *Lamplugh Cross* is yet a mile farther on beyond the bridge. We are getting far afield now, and need only note that in 3 miles more the main road reaches *Ennerdale Bridge Village*, where is another inn, and where this road joins the one from *Ennerdale Water* (see Coast Section), up which we might now return by any of the routes already mentioned to Buttermere (see p. 184), or by *Floutern Tarn* back to Scalehill (see p. 185).

Returning to Scalehill Hotel, we may briefly indicate some of the other walks in its neighbourhood. The charming strolls through the Lanthwaite Woods have been already mentioned. The Cocker river may be followed downwards on either side, the country road on the side opposite Scalehill being reached from *Loweswater Village*. **Low Fell** (1336 feet), the hill beyond the Cocker valley, may be ascended from the foot of *Lowes Water*, and commands a delightful prospect. The path up the west side of *Crummock Water* should be followed to under *Ling Crag*, where from a bold rocky point which becomes an island when the lake is high, or still better from a short distance above it on the hillside, a fine view is obtained. A row on Crummock Lake should not be forgotten.

Melbreak could also be ascended from this end, and the glen behind it, if not previously visited, should be followed up to the bend. **Blake Fell** (1878 feet) is the highest point of the hills between Melbreak and Ennerdale, and commands a view in a new and different direction, toward the west and the sea-coast. It is best ascended by *Curling* (Carline?) *Knott*, a shoulder projecting towards the foot of Lowes Water.

On the east side of the Cocker valley, the ravine

between *Grasmoor* and *Whiteside* gives access to the fine ranges surrounding *Coledale*, which will supply occupation for many days' mountain rambles. (For these see the round from Keswick, p. 142.) The pass can be crossed from *Scalehill* to *Braithwaite* in about three hours. The descent on the farther side, immediately to the south of "Force Crag," is very steep for a little. Afterwards, an old mining road leads down the stream for the rest of the way. A pleasanter route is to ascend to the left from the *col*, and keep the ridge over *Grisedale Pike* the whole way to *Braithwaite*.

From the *col*, again, ascending to the right, *Grasmoor* can be easily climbed, and a return made by *Whiteless Pike* to *Buttermere*. Or, returning to the *col*, a descent to *Scalehill* may be made down the ridge of *Whiteside*. For these walks, the road through *Lanthwaite Woods* should be taken, which brings the traveller to the finger-post on the *Buttermere* road, immediately opposite the foot of the above-mentioned ravine.

We have now completed our account of the more distant excursions which can be made within the district of which *Keswick* is the natural centre. The attractiveness and variety of these are our apology for the length to which this section has run. The tourist must see that he will hardly find in *Lakeland* a better resting-place and base of operations.

COAST SECTION

IN this concluding section it is proposed to follow the railway round the coast line of the Lake district, halting at the points of chief interest, and turning aside here and there to regain the lakes by entrances on this side. Much of our journey will be through comparatively commonplace country ; but picturesque features are never far off, the mountains almost always in view, even where they do not send out spurs down to the seaside.

The railway from Keswick to the coast by Bassenthwaite Lake has stations at *Braithwaite* and *Bassenthwaite*, passing which we might stop at *Cockermouth*, an ancient borough town of some 5500 inhabitants.

Cockermouth (*Globe* (C), *Sun Inn*), chiefly interesting as Wordsworth's birthplace, is a dull enough place, yet not without a pleasing quaintness of its own. A Memorial Fountain to the poet has recently been erected. The house in which he was born is one of some size in the main street, with a garden leading down to the Derwent. Into this river runs the Cocker, on the east bank of which, near the confluence, rise the ruins of *Cockermouth Castle*, dating almost from the Conquest, and dismantled by Parliamentary soldiery in the Civil War. The *Gateway Tower*, embellished with several coats of arms, will be noticed.

Other points to be sought out in the vicinity are : *Toots Hill*, a tumulus on the north side of the town ; *Fitt's Wood*, a mile to the west, where are traces of an

encampment 750 feet in circuit ; and *Papcastle*, a village about as far north-west, where on the top of the hill stood a Roman castrum, and many antique remains have been discovered. *Crummock Water*, from which the Cocker flows, is reached by road in about 8 miles (see p. 187).

From *Cockermouth*, in less than half an hour, the railway reaches the coast at **Workington** (*Green Dragon Hotel*), a place of business rather than pleasure. At *Marron Junction* on the way goes off a loop-line, with few passenger trains, by which we might reach Whitehaven through wilder inland country, getting out at *Ullock* for *Lowes Water*, or at *Rowrah* for *Ennerdale Water*. At *Workington* is joined the line which by *Aspatria* and *Maryport* comes from Carlisle through a district where signs of mining, smelting, and shipping industry grow thick as we advance. Hence the railway runs along the seashore to a central point whose name belies it, for this is the capital of the Lakeland Black Country.

WHITEHAVEN

Hotels : *Grand* (C), at Station ; *Globe* (C), *Waverley* Temperance, etc.

This is a market-town and seaport of about 19,000 inhabitants. The great event in its history is an attack by Paul Jones in 1778, which led to the harbour being strongly fortified. Of late years it has prospered through the enterprise of the Lowther family, who have a Castle here, with large estates near the town and coal mines not only about but beneath it. The harbour is spacious and commodious, having direct steam communication with Liverpool, Belfast, Dublin, and the Isle of Man. This, with its position on a knot of railways, makes Whitehaven one of the gates of the Lake Country.

The coal mines are the principal source of Whitehaven's wealth and industry. They are, perhaps, the most extraordinary in the world, lying below the town, and extending a considerable distance under the bed of the sea. They are 320

yards in depth, and such vast quantities of coal have been excavated from them as to give the appearance of a subterranean city. In times of pressing demand, 1500 tons are frequently taken to the shore for exportation each day. In the early part of 1791, the ground underneath a portion of the town gave way, and eighteen houses were in consequence injured, but the occupiers fortunately escaped unhurt. The sea has sometimes burst into the mines, causing an immense destruction of life and property; the miners are also much tried by fire-damp and choke-damp. Several short railways convey the coal to the shore, and steam-engines of great power are in continual operation for the purpose of carrying off the superfluous water. The mines have five principal entrances, called Bearmouths, three on the south side and two on the north, by all of which horses can descend.

It is seldom that coal is brought up so close to a good harbour. The other local industries are chiefly connected with the ironworks of the neighbourhood, and with the fitting out of ships. The port seems a lively one; but we are informed that in our last edition we exaggerated the present state of Whitehaven's commerce by giving it upwards of two hundred sea-going vessels besides the coasting colliers that make a large part of its fleet. Trade is at least busy enough to spoil the town as a pleasure resort.

From the Station we hold down a long street that runs behind the harbour, with its wharves and piers. Presently to the left goes off the broad stretch of *Lowther Street*, passing by the *Post Office* opposite a large Church in red stone, making a grateful contrast to the predominant hues of grime and whitewash. At the head of this street stands *Whitehaven Castle* in its grounds. Above, rise heights enclosing a view of the sea, and of the furnaces along the shore to the north, the glow of which makes a striking feature at night. The farther side of the bay is shut in by a line of cliffs ending with *St. Bees Head*.

Though Whitehaven is one of the largest towns in Cumberland, we have not much to say about it, nor do we think it likely to tempt idle tourists to a long stay. The railways make excursions into Lakeland easy. The nearest lake is *Ennerdale* (9 miles), nearly half the distance to be saved by taking train to **Cleator Moor** or **Moor Row Junction**, a busy place of ironworks, and thence striking the road up the valley of the Ehen, which runs

out of the lake. The village of **Ennerdale Bridge** (two small inns) has a churchyard distinguished as the scene of Wordsworth's "Two Brothers." Here the road leaves the river, and a mile or two beyond comes on the lake, with the *Anglers' Inn* near its foot (see p. 178).

Ennerdale Water is less visited than it might be, in consequence of its difficulty of access and the want of houses of entertainment in the valley. Moreover, it is deficient in some of those attractions which throw such charm around more favoured meres. There is a want of wood to relieve the wild barrenness of its shores, while the hills above do not reach those austere sublimities which congregate around Wast Water and Crummock Lake. It is, however, in high favour with anglers. We have already had more than one peep at it in our excursions from Borrowdale and Buttermere; but at the risk of some repetition we will indicate what might be done by walkers from this end.

The *Anglers' Inn* (p. 178), near foot of the lake to its north side, is about 2 miles east of Ennerdale Bridge. The best way to enjoy the scenery is to take a boat. The rock which stretches into the lake from the south shore near the islet is *Angling Crag*, a little below which there is a superb view of the mountains surrounding the upper part of the vale. *Revelin* rises behind *Angling Crag*, and *Crag Fell* is below, its summit wearing the appearance of a fortification from the surface of the water. On the north shore *Herdhouse* is the highest hill; a fine coombe separates it from *Bowness Crag*. The distant summit of Grasmoor is visible from the lake.

At the scattered hamlet of *Bowness* the pedestrian may cross the fells on the north, taking *Floutern Tarn* as a guide. As the path across these fells is somewhat puzzling, we may explain that the safest course is to follow the banks of a stream which comes down under *Herdhouse* from the Tarn. Towards the source of this stream there are extensive views over the lowlands in the west, with the sea beyond. Whitehaven is hidden by Scilly Bank. A little farther on, a rocky cop comes into sight in front.

Now, to reach Buttermere, keep between that eminence and the tarn, but to reach Lowes Water pass to the left of it, and descend alongside the stream which is seen after crossing its shoulder.

The first half-mile of Ennerdale Water is the most picturesque part, and, therefore, carriages need hardly proceed farther, as there is no outlet for them at the upper end of the valley. Strangers will not regret taking the trouble to climb the hill-side a short distance behind Bowness for the sake of the view. The pedestrian or horseman would do well to traverse the whole length of the vale, as the mountains round its head are grouped magnificently, Great Gable being conspicuous in front, and the Pillar range to the right. Before reaching the head of the lake the scenery becomes wild and desolate. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond stands the farmhouse of *Gillerthwaite*, the last house in the valley. Here the road for vehicles ends, but a shepherd's path follows the right bank of the river, now called the *Liza*, for about 4 miles farther. Another path crosses the stream, and mounts to *Windy Gap*, as mentioned in our ascent of the Pillar Mountain (see p. 176).

A short way from the head of the valley, close to a ruined stone hut, the path over *Scarf Gap* to Buttermere strikes up to the left. A little farther still, the path up the valley bends to the right, and crosses *Black Sail Pass* into Wastdale. Both these paths have been described in a previous excursion (p. 178). There is no outlet in front over the head of Ennerdale, and even the three paths just mentioned are somewhat difficult to follow in thick weather without a guide.

From the foot of Ennerdale a road, in about the same distance as to Whitehaven, runs by *Cleator* to *St. Bees*, the next place of note along the coast.

St. Bees (Hotels: *Scacote* (on the shore), *Queen's*, *Albert* (C), etc., in the town) is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Whitehaven by road, and a station on the rail southwards. The little town stands mostly above the railway, that runs about half a mile behind the seashore, where the hamlet of *Scacote*

makes a pleasant bathing-place. There are walks and views along green cliffs on each side, those to the north sweeping loftily round to *St. Bees Head* (400 feet), the lighthouse on which, open to visitors except on Sundays, may be reached by an hour's scramble, not very safe for children, or more easily by a road from the village of *Sandwith* behind, half-way between Whitehaven and St. Bees. To get along the coast, indeed, one should arrange with the tide to pass round *Fleswick Bay*, for the high ground above the cliffs will be found strongly fortified with forbidding walls and lines of barbed wire.

We do not need to go far from the station for the chief point of interest,—the Church whose history is given in Wordsworth's poem of "St. Bees." The name comes from St. Bega, an Irish virgin and saint, who lived here in the odour of sanctity, and founded a monastery about the year 650. The Church, dedicated to her, is still in a state of tolerable preservation. The tower is the only part of the original Saxon edifice remaining, the rest being in the florid Gothic style. It is built of red freestone, in a cruciform shape, and possesses some fine carvings, particularly at the east end, which is lighted by three lancet-shaped windows. The nave is used as the parish church, and the cross aisle as a place of burial. Amongst the tombs there is a wooden effigy of Anthony, the last Lord Lucy of Egremont. The transepts are walled off from both nave and choir, and used, the one as a lumber-room, the other as a library. In 1810 the unroofed chancel was repaired, to be turned into a Divinity School for young men intended for the Church who did not go to Oxford or Cambridge; but this institution has lately been closed. Close to the Church is a Grammar School, founded by Archbishop Grindal.

St. Bees is something of a seaside resort, and several excursions might well be taken from it; but let us rather make our headquarters at its rising neighbour, *Seascale*, nearly 9 miles south along the coast, to which the railway goes on by *Sellafield*. Here it is joined by a loop-line

from Whitehaven, making a slight sweep inland to serve the iron district about *Cleator*, then passing **Egremont** (*Globe Hotel*, etc.), a town of about 6000 inhabitants, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from St. Bees, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the foot of Ennerdale. It stands in a pleasant green country, on the river *Ehen*, reddened by the iron ore of the district, but has little to tempt the tourist beyond some ruins of the *Castle* upon a mound to the west of the town—a once important stronghold dating almost from the Conquest, distinguished by one of Wordsworth's poems, "The Horn of Egremont Castle."

Travellers taking this loop may have to change and rebook at *Sellafield*, from which the united lines now run along a somewhat commonplace shore, but with fine mountain views inland.

SEASCALE

(*Scafell Hotel* at the Station.)

Seascale has risen much of late, and is fast becoming the chief resort of pleasure-seekers on this coast, though as yet there is only one hotel, a high-class one, developed out of a good old inn. It has almost all the characteristics of a family watering-place, smart new villas, broad stretches of beach, sandy banks where children cannot hurt themselves more than is wholesome, and good golf links. The shore is so flat as to make the bathing safe enough at all events. Unfortunately boats are hardly to be launched here, sea-fishing being carried on out of a cart. Anglers would be in clover at Seascale, as there are fine rivers within easy reach to be fished by license procured at the Post Office (Trout, 1s. a week ; 2s. 6d. for the season. Salmon, 2s. per day ; 5s. per week ; 15s. for the season).

Though a stretch of comparatively flat country interposes between Seascale and the mountains, it has good means for Lakeland excursions. The bottom of Wastwater is not 10 miles off, its deep gap in the huge crags plainly

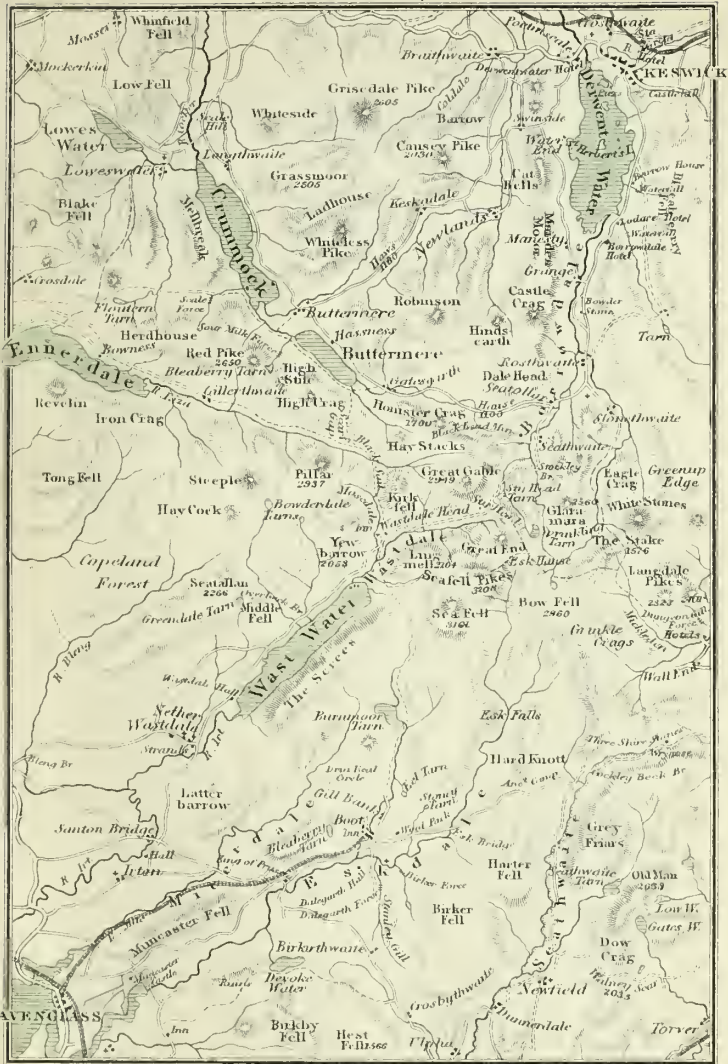
visible. There are conveyances making long drives daily in the season—to *Wastdale Head* or to *Ennerdale Lake*, sometimes to *Crummock Water*, and even to *Buttermere* on a long round.

Calder Abbey.—The least ambitious excursion from Seascale is one for which we turn back in part, that to *Calder Abbey* (5 to 6 miles). The road goes out at the back of the Station, soon diverging to the left; a cut may be made along the top of the golf links, then through a farm. The first large farm passed on the road is the old manor-house of Seascale. Farther on, this somewhat commonplace road is enlivened by one or two glimpses into the course of the *Calder*, which would be our pleasantest way, if not kept private. **Calder Bridge** (*Stanley Arms Inn*) is a good 4 miles thus, and under 3 from *Sellafield* Station. The path through the churchyard and up the river-side to the Abbey is now closed, though for coming back the key may sometimes be had by favour. The road up the right bank of the stream must be taken as far as the lodge of the modern house (about a mile), in the grounds of which the ruins stand. Friday is given out as the day for visiting them; but at all reasonable times strangers would possibly be let in by the lodge-keeper.

Ranulph de Meschines founded this monastery in 1134, for a colony of Cistercians detached from Furness Abbey. The chief feature of *Calder Abbey's* picturesque remains is the square tower of the church, supported by pointed arches. The roof of the church rested on semi-circular arches, with clustered pillars, and a fascia, which is yet to be traced above the remaining arches. The width of the choir appears to have been only twenty-five feet. The ruins are overrun with ivy, and embowered in stately sycamores and other trees.


In returning to Seascale a round of an extra mile or two could be made by following the telegraph posts, (instead of presently turning down to the right) from

WAST WATER, &c.



J. Bartholomew, Edm't

Scale of Miles



A horizontal scale bar with vertical tick marks at intervals of 1 unit, labeled 0, 1, 2, 3, and 4.

Published by A & C Black, London.

Calder Bridge to **Gosforth**, and there striking off towards the sea. Farther up the village, on the left of this route, the churchyard contains a tall monolithic cross of great antiquity, which will be seen on our way to Wastwater. Calder Bridge is passed on the long route to *Ennerdale*, (6s.) taken by the hotel coach on Tuesdays and Thursdays, if there are passengers enough, returning by *Egremont*. This is not such a recommendable drive as the one made four days a week, as follows :—

WASTWATER

The most popular trip here is that to *Wastdale Head* by the side of Wastwater (13 miles), the drive taking over two hours. There are two roads, by *Santon Bridge* and by *Gosforth*, the latter commonly taken by the Seascale coaches. In 7 miles we reach the village of **Strands**, a little before which a by-road to the left would make a shorter line for the bank of the lake. In the village the *Strands Hotel* and the *Strands Inn* confront one another, each displaying the famous name of Smith. Hitherto the way has been no more than agreeable ; but now the coach plunges into a sea of wooded knolls, through which it brings us beautifully out upon the west side of the lake, its lower end hidden in the woods of Wastdale Hall.

Soon after striking the lake, a fine echo is to be awakened by the coachman's horn from the steep wall of the **Scree**s on the opposite side, where it seems as if hardly a goat would find safe footing. The name, denoting slopes of loose stones, applies well to the forbidding face of those heights, the crest of which is finely broken and coloured. The decomposition of felspar has wasted the granite rocks here into needle-like peaks, which have been compared, rather too boldly, to the *Aiguilles* of Mont Blanc. There is a vein of iron ore, and some hematite, giving variety to the tints of the crags. A fine walk might be taken along the top, which at the highest point is about 2000 feet above the lake. The way up is by the ravine called

Hawl Ghyll at the bottom of the lake ; and one can get down to its head by striking a track that comes behind the Screes from Boot.

Wastwater is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile broad. The deepest part yet discovered is forty-five fathoms, and on account of this great depth it has never been known to be frozen over, even in the severest winter. Our road now winds up and down the western shore, the lake, as we advance from the wooded end, taking on its characteristic aspect of wildness. Above it high crags rise sternly on either hand : beyond the Screes, on our right, *Scafell* and *Scafell Pike* ; on the left *Seatallan*, *Yewbarrow*, and *Kirk Fell* ; then the valley is shut in by the mass of *Great Gable*.

A mile or so above the head of the lake the coach stops at **Wastdale Head** (see p. 170). This valley has already been visited from Borrowdale ; but for the benefit of coach passengers we may here shortly indicate what can be seen and done during the three hours or so they wait here. The ascent of *Scafell* or *Scafell Pike* is too arduous to be accomplished in the time, and should not be undertaken by amateurs without consideration. One may visit the little church in its grove of stunted yews, the interior of which has been tastefully restored. Past this will be seen the bridle-track winding up the side of the Great Gable to *Styhead Pass*, to be ascended in about an hour and a half, the way back naturally not taking so long. For a shorter walk, one might cross the quaint arch that spans the rivulet behind the hotel, and go up by the sheepfold to the Force on the *Mosedale Beck*, 40 feet high. The hotel itself will be a refuge on wet days, where may be seen records of famous climbers, including a photograph of the late Professor Marshall, who lost his life, somewhat unaccountably, while using a camera on one of the surrounding heights.

The projected new road over the *Styhead Pass*, as already mentioned, would open up *Wastwater* from the other side, and no doubt develop *Wastdale Head* as a resort, while spoiling it for its warmest admirers. If

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN FROM BURN-BANK'S NEAR THE FOOT OF HAWES WATER



- | | | | | |
|----------------|---------------------------------------|--|------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Willow Craig | 4 Non Field and
Pass into Kenonere | 5 Fyatt Craig
Castle Craig (2 nd line below) | 7 Kidsey Pike | 10 Forbingle
below |
| 2 Branstree | Raggindale Craig (below) | 6 High Street | 8 Laid Craig | |
| 3 Hurta Fell | | | 9 Blennerhassett | |

MOUNTAINS AS SEEN NEAR NETHER WASTWALE AT THE FIRST BRIDGE ON THE ROAD TO WAST-WATER.



- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 1 Buckharrow Pike | 5 Sty Head Pass | 8 Scaw Fell Pike |
| 2 Middle Fell | 6 Lingmell | 9 Scaw Fell |
| 3 Yowharrow | 7 Great End | 10 Scree |
| 4 Great Gable | | |

carried out, we trust this road will be so engineered as to break as little as possible the natural lines of the scenery.

ESKDALE

This fine valley is easily reached by rail from Seascale, and supplies more than one pleasant excursion.

We start along the coast, coming in a couple of miles to **Drigg** (*Victoria Hotel* close to station), a village that makes a bit of a watering-place. Between it and the sea is a chalybeate well of local repute. Another lion is a huge boulder stone on the shore; and the marsh here is noted as a thick breeding-ground of wild fowl, especially the black-headed gull. The river *Irt*, from Wastwater, flows by Drigg, joining the *Mite* and the *Esk* to make an estuary below the next station.

Ravenglass (*Pennington Arms*) is a small but ancient place, in Roman days a seaport of note. There are traces near of a Roman camp and a Roman villa. *Muncaster* is the name of the parish, borne also by the castle and fine park which lie behind the village, above the *Esk*. *Muncaster Church* contains two stained-glass windows, in memory of Lord Muncaster's unfortunate companions, murdered by Greek brigands in 1870, a tragedy not yet forgotten. The grounds are open to visitors every weekday from 2 to 6 P.M.

At *Ravenglass Station* we must change for the *Eskdale Railway*. Crossing the yard from the main line, where full-sized locomotives rush by with snorts of disdain, we reach the shed in which is stabled the iron pony that furnishes matter for so many jokes. Its narrow-gauge line gives us also a good deal of jolting for our money, and one often seems on the point of sticking fast, but the little engine does its best, and is most accommodating in its halts. The guard, like the crew of the *Nancy Bell*, cumulates the parts of station-master, booking-clerk, and all, getting off at each stop to serve out tickets, etc.

The first station is *Muncaster*. Here the railway

begins to rise up the flank of a wooded fell, and has soon picturesque heights on either hand. At *Irton Road*, a scattered congregation of villas and cottages, we are fairly in Eskdale, a broad green strath between walls of craggy heights. The *Orchard Temperance Hotel* is half-way between this and the next station, *Eskdale Green*, a mile farther on. Then comes **Beckfoot**, where the *Stanley Ghyll Hotel* makes a considerable addition to the accommodation of the neighbourhood.

This is a place much visited for a sight of **Dalegarth Force** on a rivulet coming down through the jaws of **Stanley Ghyll**. The way to it, about a mile, is easily found. At the little schoolhouse, below the station and hotel, a board directs to the farm where the key of the grounds may be had. Where the road crosses the Esk, look over the bridge into a remarkably deep and clear pool, in which salmon may sometimes be seen enjoying a bath that excites the envy of perspiring wayfarers. Within the grounds, the path soon divides, giving us the choice of a high or low walk, which presently communicate near the bottom of the falls, but the former may be continued for a peep down into the gorge, which is the finest part of the spectacle. The fall itself, though advertised as the "best of its kind in the country," does not strike one as any great thing; but the wooded ravine is well worth half an hour's walk. The path up it might be continued beyond the falls by an alpine climber; less agile visitors would do well to adventure no farther, but should go on at least to the second seat and not be deceived by the lower mouth of the force.

Boot (Inns: *Woolpack*, a mile above the station; *Mason's Arms*, nearer and smaller), the terminus of the little railway, is only a mile beyond Beckfoot. Either of these places makes a capital centre for pedestrians. A pony-track from Boot (6 miles) leads by *Burnmoor Tarn* and round the *Screes* to *Wastdale Head*, where we might sometimes catch the afternoon coach back to Seascale (see p. 199). Since the opening of the railway, Boot has become a favourite base for ascending *Scafell*

- and *Scafell Pike*, as to which we refer the reader to p. 174. Here we may provide him with a slight sketch of the upper part of the valley, by which he might pass over by *Esk Hause* to the central parts of Lakeland.

Upper Eskdale.—This wild region, one of the grandest and most solitary in the Lake district, is traversed by few, owing to the absence of roads. After the *Woolpack Inn* above *Boot*, and one or two farmhouses near, all habitation ceases. But the pedestrian who tracks the valley upward to its summit at *Esk Hause*, and descends on the other side to *Borrowdale*, *Langdale*, or *Wastdale*, will have achieved one of the finest passages to be made in England, while the climbs over *Mickledore* into *Wastdale* on the one side, and over the shoulder of *Bowfell* into *Langdale* on the other, present alternative routes of the very first order.

Two miles beyond *Boot*, the road leaves the valley to climb *Hardknott Pass* (cf. *Duddon Valley*, p. 209). Here one must leave the road and follow the stream for about 2 miles more of tolerably level walking, the best path being on the left or east bank of the stream. This brings us to **Esk Falls**, formed by the junction of two streams which descend steeply from *Bowfell* and *Scafell* respectively. Up the branch on our right lies the route above-mentioned to *Langdale* (cf. ascent of *Bowfell* in that section, p. 100). The other is the main stream, and its *left* bank is still to be followed. A bridge across the Falls enables one to cross if necessary, and the view from this point is in itself well worth a walk from *Boot*, even if one go no farther.

Those who proceed onward climb pretty steeply into the uppermost recess of Eskdale, and in about three-quarters of an hour more reach the foot of a fine cataract, **Cam Spout**, which descends from *Mickledore*, the ridge connecting *Scafell* with *Scafell Pike*, high up to the left. A steep climb of some 1500 feet would bring one to the top of this ridge, from which the descent is plain into *Wastdale* by *Lingmell Ghyll*; while a farther climb

of twenty minutes to the right from *Mickledore* would attain the summit of Scafell Pike. Those, again, who wish to return from *Cam Spout* to *Boot* can find a more direct way hack high on the western side of the valley, avoiding *Esk Falls* altogether, and this is in itself a fine round. Lastly, those who explore the very head of Eskdale, destitute heyond *Cam Spout* of any traces of a path, will climb the grassy slope to *Esk Hause*, a height of nearly 2500 feet, and descending a distance of some 400 yards on the other side, may reach the "shelter" mentioned in our routes from *Langdale* and *Borrowdale* (see pp. 102, 172). The whole journey from *Boot* to the shelter will occupy two to three hours' walking, and a fine day should certainly be chosen for this expedition, otherwise it is easy to wander hopelessly astray among these remote solitudes.

To walk back from *Boot* to *Seascale* would be a matter of under a dozen miles, with the train to help one at various points. One may have to walk part of the way, since the evening train, as if exhausted by its exertions, does not—or did not—come farther than Eskdale Green (Beckfoot in August). From *Boot* to Eskdale Green, the road running below the little railway, by the *King of Prussia* inn, is a short 3 miles, and another mile brings one to Irton Road Station along the line, the road having crossed to make a considerable curve above it. Here the train could be taken as far as Muncaster, from which it would be 4 miles to cut across to Drigg. But a sturdy walker might hold on all the way and beat the train into Seascale, if the latter be handicapped by a wait at Ravenglass.

The road from Irton Bridge soon forks at an illegible guide-post. The branch uphill to the right is the high way by *Santon Bridge*; but that to the left, though too rough in places to be recommended to cyclists, will serve the pedestrian better, leading him by the telegraph posts to Drigg in under 6 miles. *Irton Hall* and *Irton Church* are thus left on the right; then after more than

4 miles' tramp, he strikes into the road from Muncaster, where he must turn sharp to the right, noticing perhaps when too late how the corner might have been cut off by a footpath. Then he descends into *Holmrook*, a hamlet of *Drigg* with an inn, and crossing the bridge, turns uphill to the left, having here joined the road by *Santon Bridge*. The telegraph posts carry him straight on to *Drigg* station ; but if he would still walk the remaining 2 miles, he must leave these guides at the end of the village, bearing to the right and taking care to keep the railway on his left till the road crosses it just before dropping into *Seascale*.

FURNESS RAILWAY

At *Seascale* we now resume our journey round the coast by the *Furness* line from *Whitehaven*, some trains on which have through carriages to *Euston*, reached by the midday express in about 7 hours from *Seascale*. *Drigg* and *Ravenglass* have been already mentioned. Of *Eskmeals*, *Bootle* (hotel), and *Silecroft* stations there is little to be said, except that from the last (hotel) might be ascended in two hours or less *Black Combe*, to which we shall return presently from *Broughton*. The busy town of *Millom* is next passed, and we are soon back to views of woods and fells fringing the *Duddon*, up whose sandy flats the line takes a long turn, crossing at **Foxfield**, the junction for *Coniston*, where we may make a divergence also for the *Duddon* valley.

The first station on the branch line, and the chief place hereabouts, is **Broughton** (Hotels : *Old King's Head* (C), *Manor*, formerly "New King's Head," *Golden Ball Inn*, etc.), a small market-town built on inclined ground. This place makes a good starting-point for the ascent of **Black Combe** (1969 feet), that outpost of the *Lakes*, from whose summit—Wordsworth tells us—

The amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands.

The distance is about 6 miles, and the climb an easy one. The road to *Bootle* (see below) may be followed across *Duddon Bridge* to *Broadgate* (3 miles), and the fell ascended from there ; a steeper path, striking off at *Duddon Bridge*, leads more directly on to the fell past *Swinside*, where is a large Druidical circle, or the railway may be taken to *Silecroft* (Hotel, *Royal Albert*), so as to begin the climb from the side next the sea. The ascent can also be made from *Bootle*, and presents little difficulty by any route.

The view is exceedingly wide, including parts of Wales, Scotland, the Isle of Man, and the nearer Lake mountains, with Skiddaw and Helvellyn in the distance. All the highest peaks of the Lake District are thus seen at once, Scafell and Scafell Pike being of course conspicuous among the nearer mountains.

THE DUDDON VALLEY

We need not follow the railway up to Coniston, which mostly runs through pleasant but not distinguished scenery. Let us rather give some notice of the valley to the west, not explored nowadays by very many tourists, yet deserving a visit on its own account, though it owes its celebrity mainly to Wordsworth's well-known sequence of sonnets. Lying between *Coniston* and *Eskdale*, it descends from a wild mountain-region at its head to its long estuary past *Broughton* and *Foxfield*. Its total length is about 14 miles, and the road which traverses it throughout connects with *Eskdale* over *Hardknott Pass*, and with *Langdale* over *Wrynose Pass*, both of these being driving routes. The central part can be reached by the pedestrian from *Coniston* over *Walna Scar*, or from *Boot* in *Eskdale* over *Birker Moor*. But the easiest approach is from the foot, and it is more interesting to travel up than down the valley, in spite of Wordsworth's example. The only inn in the valley itself is the *Travellers' Rest* near *Ulpha Church*, 5 miles from *Broughton*. Lodgings may also

be had at *Cockley Beck* farmhouse (12 miles), at the foot of *Wrynose Pass*.

We leave Broughton by the road to *Bootle*, which is followed for a mile to *Duddon Bridge*. Thence to *Ulpha* (pronounced *Oopha*) *Bridge* there are roads on both sides of the river. The one usually taken is on the east side, which climbs a short hill, through cottages and orchards, maintains a high level most of the way, with good views of the river below, and after 4 miles drops to *Ulpha Bridge*. That on the west side, more often taken in returning, passes, about one-third of the way up, the mouth of the *Logan Beck*, on the east side of which a road crosses the fells to *Bootle*. Both roads unite again at *Ulpha*. There is also a direct road from *Broughton* to *Seathwaite* (see below) without passing through *Ulpha*, but this is decidedly less attractive.

The white-washed church of **Ulpha** ("to the pilgrim's eye As welcome as a star") is the landmark of this region, and the little inn is among the houses near the bridge. Hence a road crosses the fells to *Boot* in *Eskdale*, 6 miles, passing near the water-fall of *Dalegarth Force* (see p. 202).

Beyond *Ulpha* we enter a more level plain, through which the Duddon meanders with "liquid lapse serene," and cross the river again at *Donnerdale Bridge*, being joined there by the direct road from *Broughton*; then in 3 miles from *Ulpha* reach **Seathwaite Church**. This is a recent erection, standing on the site of the old one mentioned by Wordsworth as the scene of the labours of "Wonderful Walker," a full account of whom will be found in the notes to the Duddon Sonnets. The parsonage, too, has been rebuilt. The houses near, which are named *Newfield*, used to contain an inn, but it is one no longer. Of course this *Seathwaite* must not be confounded with the hamlet of the same name in *Borrowdale*.

For the last half-mile or so we have been leaving the Duddon river, and ascending the bank of a "tributary stream." Half a mile beyond *Seathwaite Church* we cross this stream, which flows from *Seathwaite Tarn* in the hills to our right, and climb a long ridge to get back into the

main Duddon valley. Near this point the *Walna Scar* route from *Coniston* comes in, and the pass is seen above us to the right. From the spot farther on where we first catch sight again of the Duddon river, a path crosses on stepping-stones, ascends the ravine opposite, and traverses the fells to Eskdale. This is a favourite pedestrian route from *Coniston*, and passes near a fine cascade called **Gill Spout**, which descends some 200 feet in three separate leaps. It then keeps close to the base of *Harter Fell* (2140 feet), the highest hill on the west side of the valley, and descends a foot-road into Eskdale not far from the foot of *Hardknott*. Some who have walked to *Seathwaite* from *Broughton* may like to return to *Coniston* over *Walna Scar*; a longer but still finer route is to follow the stream to *Seathwaite Tarn* (see above), and then cross to *Coniston* over the *Old Man* range (see p. 87).

The neighbourhood of *Seathwaite* is the most picturesque part of the valley. When we regain the main stream farther on, we look back down the fine ravine through which it issues to *Donnerdale*, as the champaign below this point is locally named. In front the vale becomes narrow and wild, *Harter Fell* on the left and *Gray Friar* on the right shutting it in, and the river forms deep transparent pools, often scooped in the solid rock. Somewhere here must have been Wordsworth's "Fairly Chasm." The stepping-stones he describes so graphically are not the ones mentioned above, but either a set farther on, or another set opposite *Seathwaite Church*. Of Duddon Castle, mentioned in one sonnet, scarcely a ruin remains.

Passing *Birks Bridge* half-way, we come in 4 miles from *Seathwaite* to *Cockley Beck* farm, the "cottage" of Wordsworth's fifth sonnet, where we meet the road over *Wrynose* and *Hardknott*. Turning to the right, 2 miles more would take us to the top of **Wrynose Pass** (1270 feet), somewhere in whose solitudes the infant *Duddon* rises. To the top of the pass from *Broughton* is counted 14 miles, and 9 more down through *Little Langdale* to *Ambleside*; or *Coniston* could be reached *via* *Tilberthwaite* in 8 miles of

road from Wrynose, and *Dungeon Ghyll* via Blea Tarn in 6. On the other hand, if we turn to the left at Cockley Beck and ascend **Hardknott Pass** (1290 feet), less than 2 miles will take us to the top, and 3 more down the other side to the village of *Boot*. The Woolpack Inn above the latter is therefore the nearest refuge for the traveller who shall have followed "much-loved Duddon" upward into these lonely but delightful wildernesses.

Furness Railway (*continued*).—From this divagation, we return to the railway at *Foxfield*, where it makes a long bend south to enter a rusty region of ironworks and quarries. We are now in Lancashire, on the west side of the promontory of **Furness**, truly Lancastrian in its industrial activity. The train hurries us on to the southern point, going out of its direct way for London to stop at *Barrow*, where the service is increased by expresses running in connection with the steamboats from Belfast and the Isle of Man, as well as others required by such a place of business.

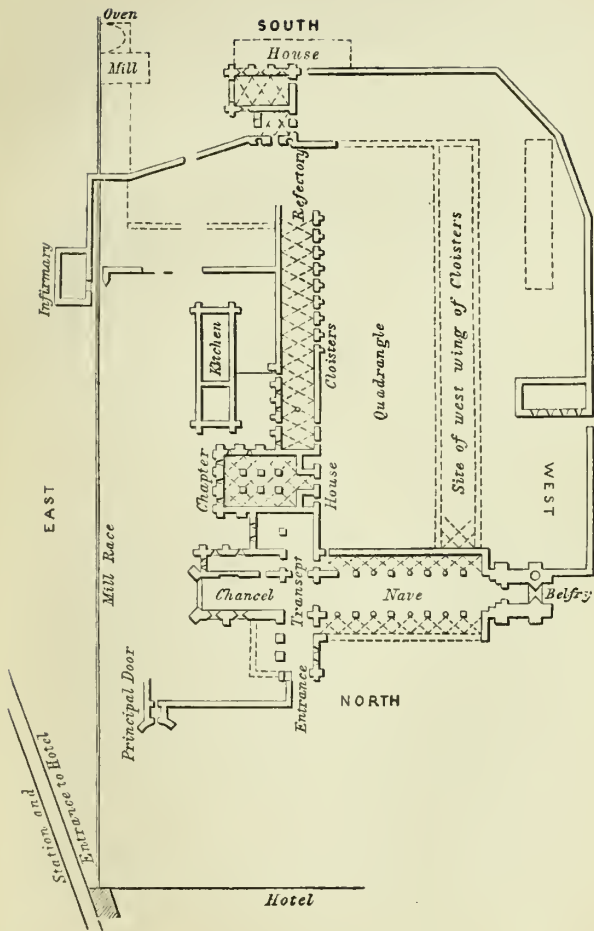
Barrow in Furness (Hotels: *Duke of Edinburgh* (opposite station), *Imperial* (C), etc.) has in our times risen rapidly to a population of over 50,000, through its docks, shipbuilding yards, and ironworks, which are hardly the concern of a Lakeland tourist. But such a traveller is likely to turn aside to this outlying corner, for the sake of *Furness Abbey*, one of the finest ruins in England, which some call *the* finest. This great lion of Barrow lies an hour's walk north of the town, from which it may be reached by tram or by rail; and it is a frequent goal of excursions from other parts of the Lake Country. There is a first-class hotel at the *Furness Abbey Station* (on the line to London), close to which the ruins stand.

Furness Abbey was first a Benedictine, then a Cistercian, community founded by King Stephen before his accession to the throne. It rose to great wealth, and its sumptuous buildings, displaying the characteristics of several periods of

architecture, almost filled up the secluded hollow chosen as its site. The ruins are in such good preservation as amply to attest its former magnificence.

The length of the church is 287 feet ; the nave is 70 feet broad ; the walls are in some places 54 feet high, and 5 feet thick, built of a deep-red sandstone that at once strikes the eye. The walls of the church, and those of the chapter-house, the refectory, and the school-house, are still in great part remaining, and exhibit fine specimens of Gothic architecture. The Chapter-house, 60 feet by 45, has been a sumptuous apartment ; the roof, of fret-work, was supported by six channelled pillars, and the windows are yet remarkable for their rich border tracery. The great east window, the four seats near it, adorned with canopies and other ornaments, the piscina, and four nameless statues found in the ruins, are particularly worthy of notice. Unfortunately no mullions remain in the windows, and of the large arches the only perfect ones are the eastern arch under the central tower, and one at the north end of the transept. The doorway into the north transept, and five doorways out of the cloister court, have round arches indicating an earlier date than the rest of the structure ; whilst that part of the building termed by Mrs. Radcliffe a *school-house*, but which was perhaps a chapel, is characterised by arches with obtusely-angular heads, such as no other portion of the Abbey exhibits. The plan will assist the stranger in his ramble over the ruins ; and the following description is by Mrs. Radcliffe, who ought to be taken as a connoisseur in ruins.

“The northern gate of the abbey is a beautiful Gothic arch, one side of which is luxuriously festooned with nightshade. A thick grove of plane-trees, with some oak and beech, over-shadows it on the right, and leads the eye onward to the ruins of the abbey, seen through this dark arch in remote perspective, over rough but verdant ground. The principal features are the great northern window, and part of the eastern choir, with glimpses of shattered arches and stately walls beyond, caught between the gaping casements. On the left, the bank of the glen is broken into knolls, capped with oaks, which in some places spread downwards to a stream that winds round the ruin, and darken it with their rich foliage. Through this gate is the entrance to the immediate precincts of the abbey, an area said to contain sixty-five acres, now called the deer park. It is enclosed by a stone wall on which the remains of many small buildings, and the faint vestiges of others, still appear. We made our way among the pathless fern and grass to the north end of the church, now, like every other part of the abbey, entirely roofless, but showing the lofty arch of the great window, where, instead of the painted glass that once enriched it, are now tufted plants and wreaths of nightshade. Below is the principal door of the church, bending into a deep



round arch, which, retiring circle within circle, is rich and beautiful ; the remains of a winding staircase are visible within the wall on its left side. Near this northern end of the edifice is seen one side of the eastern choir, with its two slender Gothic window-frames ; and on the west, a remnant of the nave of the abbey, and some lofty arches, which once belonged to the belfry, now detached from the main building. . . .

“The finest view of the ruin is on the east side, where, beyond the vast shattered frame that once contained a richly painted window, is seen a perspective of the choir and of distant arches, remains of the nave of the abbey, closed by the woods. Southward from the choir extend the still beautiful, though broken, pillars and arcades of some chapels, now laid open to the day ; the chapter-house and cloisters, and beyond all, and detached from all, is the school-house, a large building, the only part of the monastery that still boasts of a roof.

“Of a quadrangular court on the west side of the church, 334 feet long and 102 feet wide, little vestige now appears, except the foundation of a range of cloisters that formed its western boundary, and under the shade of which the monks, on days of high solemnity, passed in their customary procession round the court. What was the belfry is now a huge mass of detached ruin, picturesque from the loftiness of its shattered arches, and the high inequalities of the ground within them, where the tower that once crowned this building, having fallen, lies in vast fragments, now covered with earth and grass, and no longer distinguishable but by the hillock they form.

“The school-house, a heavy structure attached to the boundary wall on the south, is nearly entire, and the walls, particularly of the portal, are of enormous thickness ; but here and there a chasm discloses the staircases that wind within them to the chambers above. The school-room below shows only a stone bench, that extends round the walls, and a low stone pillar on the eastern corner, on which the teacher’s pulpit was formerly fixed. The lofty vaulted roof is scarcely distinguishable by the dusky light admitted through one or two narrow windows, placed high from the ground, perhaps for the purpose of confining the scholar’s attention to his book.”

From a height above the dell, “the Valley of Nightshade,” in which the Abbey stands, there is a fine view, as also from *Hawcoat*, a mile to the west. Two miles to the east are the ruins of **Gleaston Castle**. Three towers, with connecting walls enclosing a considerable area, still

remain. This fortress was formerly the property of the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey, beheaded by Queen Mary.

On a small island, in the channel between the main shore and the *Isle of Walney*, that forms a long break-water between Barrow and the open sea, rises another ruined castle, called the *Pile of Fouldrey*, or more commonly **Peel Castle**. It was erected in the time of Edward III. by an abbot of Furness; and, as is common in districts containing monastic remains, legend tells of a subterranean passage between the Abbey and the Castle in one direction, and between the Abbey and Conishead Priory in another. This island (*Ship Inn*) is a favourite resort of fishing parties.

Furness Railway (*continued*).—We once more resume our journey towards London, the railway now turning northwards, almost doubling back on its former course, connected with it by a shorter loop above Barrow. The last we see of Barrow is a prosaic prospect of chimneys and works, in strong contrast to the glimpse of Furness Abbey that flashes on us to the left just after emerging from a short tunnel. Passing through *Dalton*, another centre of industry, we soon reach *Ulverston*, the junction for the line to *Lakeside*, at the bottom of Windermere.

Ulverston (Hotels: *County*, *Sun* (C), *Tower View* Temperance, etc.) is a busy town of about 10,000 inhabitants, which hardly claims to be a tourist resort, yet is not unworthy of a visit. On a height to the north of the town, a fine view is commanded by the top of the *Barrow Monument*, a lighthouse-like erection as becomes the memory of Sir John Barrow, Secretary to the Admiralty. About a mile to the south of the station lies *Swarthmoor Hall*, the fine old house of Judge Fell whose hospitality was often given to George Fox, the Quaker, who stayed there for two years on two occasions, and near it is the first regular Meeting-House of the Society of Friends. Two miles south-west on the shore are the spacious grounds of **Conishead Priory**, a lordly mansion turned into a

Hydropathic Establishment, much in favour with visitors to this region. Beyond is *Bardsea*, which would like to be a watering-place in a small way, though the sea hereabouts is chiefly sand for a great part of the day. A small branch line goes to Conishead ; but this runs only one train a day each way, and the Hydropathic omnibuses are the common communication with Ulverston Station.

The branch to **Lakeside**, at the foot of Windermere, goes off at *Plumpton Junction* by the estuary of the river *Leven*. At **Greenodd** ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles), the first station, we may take coach, or make a pleasant walk of half a dozen miles up the valley of the Crake to *Lakebank* (see p. 80), on Coniston Water. The railway continues by the side of the Leven to **Haverthwaite** Station, above which there is a cataract worth seeing after rain. It then passes *Newby Bridge*, to end in about a dozen miles from Ulverston at *Lakeside* (see p. 39).

Beyond Plumpton Junction, the main railway crosses the estuary of the waters of Windermere and Coniston, and we have a view of the wide sands of Morecambe Bay on the one hand, and on the other a farewell look at the mountains. Here the task of a Lake guide might end ; but we will make one more halt at the prettiest and most prosperous place on this shore, which is so near the Lakes that it must be counted among their resorts. This is *Grange over Sands*, with its dependencies *Kent's Bank* and *Arnside* on either hand. The express trains stop here or slip a carriage.

GRANGE OVER SANDS

Hotels : *Grange* (first-class), *Crown*, *Commercial*, *Kent's Bank*, etc. The *Hazelwood* and the *Grange* Hydropathics, the latter recently renovated, with brine baths. Lodgings abundant. Population about 2000.

A scattering of mansions, cottages, and odds and ends of streets, nestling beneath a limestone cliff, or half-hidden away among wooded slopes, this tiny Torquay of Lanca-

shire has as yet escaped all the notice it fairly deserves. Looking southwards over the wide sands of Morecambe Bay, from the promontory between the Kent and Leven estuaries, sheltered by hills, upon a soil of limestone and gravel, it has a climate worthy of its natural charms ; in winter "a top-coat warmer than Windermere," to quote a local policeman, who ought to know. Asthma and bronchitis are said to be much benefited even by a short stay ; and the place is fast rising into note as a wintering station as well as a summer resort.

The amenities of the sea front may be considered as suffering from the railway embankment, but some atonement has been made by turning an old marshy waste beside the station into an ornamental lake and pleasure ground. At three or four points, however, ways of access are provided to the beach, which were often as well admired from a distance. Except at high tide, we find here an expanse of mud and wet sand, where bathers and boaters are fain indeed to snatch a fleeting joy. Yet these leagues of amphibious flat, that lend themselves little to pastime, contribute their health-giving ozone and briny odours to the merits of the locality. One pretty spot, admired from the railway after leaving the station, is the projecting *Holme Island*, occupied by a private house and grounds, and connected with the mainland by a causeway. Towards the other end of the shore, shut in by the rocks of *Blawith Point*, is a jetty, only at certain hours accessible to the steam-boats that come across from Morecambe, then, availing themselves of the tide, may offer a very short trip on the bay, giving a good view of the wooded shore. Here it is that lie the main attractions of Grange, in its beautiful walks, their only unpleasant feature being what seems an undue number of notice-boards warning off trespassers.

The walk is to **Hampsfell Hill**, an easy hour's climb of about 800 feet, for which one of two roads may be taken, either a steep path through the woods leading from the left of the road running inland at the railway station, or a more gradual ascent round to the right by

the Church. At the top will be found a square tower, with a flat roof, commanding a circle of prospect that takes in Ingleborough, Carnforth, Lancaster, Morecambe Bay, the smoke of Barrow, and the chief peaks of the Lake Country. Even without such a view to crown it this ramble would be most charming, especially in autumn, when the woods must look their best.

Other pleasant excursions are :—

To **Humphrey Head**, about 4 miles westward, where there is a *Holy Well*, praised by Southey, and of old local repute for cures ; it is said to resemble the Kissingen water, and may prove as salutary if a London doctor can be got to write a book about it.

To **Cartmel** (*Cavendish Arms*), an easy hour inland ; an old decayed town with a large church containing many curious features of architecture and carving, and several good monuments, the latest a marble one to Lord Frederick Cavendish, assassinated at Dublin, 1882. Among curious relics in the Vestry are some ancient books, an unusually complete series of church relics and registers, and an umbrella 200 years old. From the belfry there is a good view of the *Cartmel Valley*.

The Duke of Devonshire is the great man of this country, and near the shore below Cartmel (*Cark and Cartmel Station*), 5 miles from Grange by road through *Allithwaite* and *Cark*, will be found **Holker Hall**, one of his seats, through the fine park of which visitors are allowed to pass, and to visit part of the house and gardens in the Duke's absence. A good round for a drive is by *Holker*, and past the old mansion of *Cark Hall*, now a farm, to *Cartmel*.

These excursions are a little shorter from **Kent's Bank**, which soon may be counted the west end of Grange. Hence the old low-water road over the sands runs across *Morecambe Bay*, which has so often swallowed up its rash visitors that it should not be explored without local advice.

In the other direction, across the estuary of the Kent, is **Arnside** (*Albion Hotel*), with a station of its own. Between the growing village and the sea rises *Arnside Knott*, commanding an extensive view; and near it are the remains of *Arnside Tower*, one of several old watch-towers in this neighbourhood, once infested by troublesome tourists from the Scottish border. Six miles up the river lies *Levens Hall*, the southern limit of our excursions from Kendal (see p. 19), and about half-way come the fine grounds of *Dallam Tower*, a mansion containing some good portraits and other pictures. A loop-line, with stations at *Sandside* and *Heversham*, here connecting Arnside and Oxenholme Junction, would be a help in visiting the course of the Kent, where there are other agreeable wanderings to be made.

If these rambles do not content them, sojourners at *Grange* and *Arnside* can, by the railway, join in the Circular Lake Tours for *Coniston*, *Ambleside*, *Windermere*, *Kendal*, *Furness Abbey*, etc. As becomes a growing holiday resort, Grange has not failed to equip itself with a golf ground. For further particulars we may refer to Mr. Hankinson's good local guide (6d.)

Silverdale (*Silverdale Hotel*) comes $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond Arnside, the village more than a mile from the station towards the shore, where there are some caves in the cliff. The handsome new Church has a conspicuous tower, a fine peal of bells, and a wealth of modern coloured glass, the gift of a recent benefactor. From Arnside one might go one way along the shore, and for the other take a path by Arnside Tower.

There are still wide views over Morecambe Bay, at the southern point of which is Morecambe, the Margate of Lancaster, the opposite horn tipped by the Isle of Walney.

After *Silverdale*, the railway sweeps round the edge of Morecambe Bay, in a few miles reaching **Carnforth Junction** (*Station Hotel*, C), that, for Midland and

London and North-Western passengers from the South, is the gate of the Lake Country, round and through which we have conducted our readers to the best of our ability, and here bring them back to the original starting point.

MOTORING IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

MANY of the coach roads that take one into very fine and mountainous scenery are available for cars of comparatively low horse-power provided they are fitted with a sufficiently low gear for hill-climbing. The hills even on some of the best roads often rise to 1 in 12, and are sometimes steeper. With a powerful car these ascents present no difficulties at all, but with a single cylinder car of about 8 horse-power they are often very tiresome, and may necessitate a considerable amount of pushing behind the car.

The roads mentioned below are all fairly free from steep hills, and are therefore available for low horse-power cars.

From the coast to Keswick *via* Cockermouth and Bassenthwaite Water.

From Keswick to Penrith (several fairly steep hills).

From Penrith to Pooley Bridge and Patterdale.

From Keswick to Borrowdale along the east side of Derwentwater to Lodore, Grange, and Seatoller.

From Keswick *via* St. John's Vale and Thirlmere to Wytheburn (for Helvellyn) and over Dunmail Raise to Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside.

From Ambleside to Dungeon Ghyll at the head of Great Langdale *via* Skelwith and Elterwater.

From Ambleside to Hawkshead and Coniston (one steep hill).

From Ambleside to Windermere and Kendal.

From Ambleside to Bowness and Ulverston.

Wastwater, Crummock Water, and Buttermere may be approached from the coast, but as Honister Pass may be considered insurmountable to motor cars, and as there is no road across the Sty Head Pass, no communication with other parts of lakeland can be had from this side of the central mass of mountains.

INDEX

ADELAIDE HILL, 25
 Aira Force, 57
 Allan Bank, 114
 Ambleside, 66
 Angle Tarn (Patterdale), 64; (Bow-fell), 102
 Angler's Inn, 194
 Angling Crag, 194
 Antiquities, 2
 Applethwaite, Keswick, 134
 Armboth, 153
 Arnside, 216
 Arthur's Round Table, 44
 Ashness Bridge, 166

 BAMPTON, 51
 Bardsea, 213
 Barff, 155
 Barrow Cascade, 157
 Barrow in Furness, 209
 Bassenthwaite Water, 155
 Beckforth, 202
 Belle Grange, 34
 Belle Isle, 31
 Benson Knott, 19
 Birk Fell, 55
 "Bishop of Barff," the, 155
 Biskey Howe, 31
 Black Combe, 205
 Black Sail Pass, 177
 Blake Fell, 189
 Bleaberry Fell, 147; Tarn, 183
 Blea Tarn, 63, 93
 Blelham Tarn, 69
 Blencathra (Saddleback), 137
 Boardale Hause, 58
 Boot, 202
 Borrowdale, 159
 Bowder Stone, 161
 Bowfell, 100
 Bowness (Windermere), 29; (Ennerdale), 194
 Bowscale Tarn, 137
 Braithwaite, 140
 Brant Fell, 31

Brantwood, 81
 Brathay River, 68, 92
 "Bridal of Triermain," Scene of, 150
 "Brothers," The, Scene of Wordsworth's Poem, 194
 Brothers Water, 64
 Brougham Castle, 45
 Broughton, 205
 Brown Ghyll, 99
 Brundholm Woods, 138
 Bull Crag, 101, 153
 Burneside, 20
 Burnmoor Tarn, 202
 Butterlip Howe, 108
 Buttermere, 179; Hause, 182

 CALDER ABBEY and Bridge, 198
 Caledonian Forest, 49
 Calgarth, 40
 Cam Spout, 203
 Carnforth Junction, 16, 217
 Carrs, the, 90
 Cartmel, 216; Fell, 38
 Castle Crag, 157
 Castle Head, 132
 Castle-Howe Hill, 17
 Castle-rigg, 124
 Cathells, 144
 Causey Pike, 143
 Chapel Stile, 94
Char Fish, 23
 Chesnut Hill, 138
 Claife Heights, 33
 Clappersgate, 76
 Cleator Ironworks, 193
Climate, 7, 11
 Cockermouth, 191
 Cocker Valley, 189
 Cockley Beck, 208
 Codale Tarn, 112
 Coledale, 141; Pass, 142
 Colwith Force, 93
 Combe Ghyll, 168
Concangium, Roman Station, 18
 Conishead Priory, 213

- Coniston, 77, 79; Lake, 80; ascent
 of "Old Man," 87
 Crag Fell, 194
 Crake River, 214
 Crinkle Crag, 100; Ghyll, 99
 Crosthwaite Church, 128
 Crummock Water, 179
 Cunsay Stream, 35
- DACRE CASTLE, 44
 Dalegarth Force, 202
 Dale Head, 145
 Dalehead Tarn, 145, 164
 Dalemmain, 43
 Dalepark, 86
 Dallam Tower, 217
 Dalton, 213
 Deepdale, 64; Hause, 120
 Derwent, 131
 Derwentwater, 130; circuit of, 156
 "Diana's Looking-glass," 76
 Dockray, 57
 Dock Tarn, 167
 Dollywagon Pike, 119
 Dove Cottage, 107
 Dove Crag, 75
 Dovedale, 64
 Dow Crag, 89
 Drigg, 201
 Druid Circle (Keswick), 138
 Duddon Valley, 206
 Dungeon Ghyll Force, 95
 Dunmail Raise, 123
 Dunmallet, 55
- EAGLE CRAG, 101, 167
 Eamont River, 44, 48
 Easedale, 114; Tarn, 112
 Eden Hall, 47; River, 48
 Eel Crag (Grasmere), 143; (Borrow-
 dale), 145
 Egremont, 197
 Ehen River, 193, 197
 Ellera, 25
 Elterwater, 95
 Ennerdale, 178, 194; Bridge, 194
 Eskdale, 201
 Esk Falls, 203; Hause, 102, 172,
 204
 Esthwaite Water, 34
- FAIRFIELD, 73
 "Fairy Cave," the, 161
 "Fairy Chasm," the, 208
 Falcon Crag, 133
 Far Easedale, 115
 Far Sawrey, 33
 Ferry Hotel, 33
 Finsthwaite Tower, 39
 Fisher Crag, 151
Fishing in the Lakes, 31
- Fitt's Wood, 191
 Fleetwith Mountain, 183
 Flcswick Bay, 196
 Flintoff's Model of the Lake District,
 127
 Floating Island, Derwentwater, 132
 Flouter Tarn, 184
 Force Crag, 141; Beck, 144
 Force Mills Fall, 86
 Fox, George, residence, 213
 Fox Ghyll and Fox Howe, 77
 Foxfield Junction, 205
 Friars Crag, 130
 Frosrick, 27
 Furness Abbey, 209
- GALEFORTH SPOUT, 20
 Garburn Pass, 21
 Gatescarth Pass, 21
 Giant's Grave and Thumb, 32
 Gillerthwaite Farmhouse, 195
 Gill Spout, 208
 Glaramara, 168
 Gleaston Castle, 212
 Glencoin, 55, 57
 Glenderamakin Stream, 137
 Glenderattera Beck, 138
Glossary of Place-names, 11
 Goat's Water, 89
 Gosforth, 199
 Gowbarrow Park, 55
 Grain Ghyll, 169
 Grange (Borrowdale), 157
 Grange over Sands, 214
 Grasmere, 103; Sports, 114
 Grasmoor, 142
 Great Dodd, 150
 Great End, 173
 Great Gable, 175
 Great Howe, 150
 Great Langdale, 94
 Great Rigg, 74
 Green Bank, 41, 216
 Greenhead Ghyll, 122
 Greenodd, 214
 Greenup Ghyll, 118
 Greta, the, 127; Hall, 127
 Greystoke Castle, 49
 Grisedale (Coniston), 36, 85; (Patter-
 dale), 60; Pass, 64, 118; Tarn,
 119; Pike, 142
 Gummer's Howe, 40
- HALLIN FELL, 59
 Hampsfell Hill, 215
 Hardknott Pass, 209
 Harrison Stickle, 96
 Hart Crag, 75
 Harter Fell (Mardale), 21, 52; (Dud-
 don Valley), 208
 Hartsop, 52
 Haverthwaite, 214

Hawcoat, 212
 Hawes Water, 49
 Hawkshead, 35
 Hawl Gill, 200
 Hayeswater, 52
 Hell Ghyll, 99
 Helm Crag, 113
 Helvellyn, 59; ascent from Grisedale Tarn, 120; from Thirlmere, 151
 Hen Holm, 31
 Herdhouse, 194
 Heron Pike, 74
 High Close, 110
 High Crag, 183
 "High Man" (Skiddaw), 136
 High Raise, 98
 High Seat, 147
 High Stile, 183
 Highstreet, 27; ascent of, 61
 High White Stones, 98
 Hindscarth, 146
 Holker Hall, 216
 Holme Island, 215
 Holmrook, 205
 Honister Pass and Crag, 163, 183
 "Horse" Ghyll, 163
Hotels, 10
 Howtown, 55
 Humphrey Head, 216

ILL BELL, 27
 Ill Crag (see *Eel Crag*)
 Irton Road Station, 202
 Irt River, 201

JAWS of Borrowdale, 160
 Jenkin Crag, 71

KENDAL, 16
 Kentmere, 21
 Kent River, 19, 21, 217
 Kent's Bank, 216
 Keppel Cove Tarn, 60
 Keskadale, 182
 Keswick, 125
 Keswick Lake, 130, 156
 Kidsty Pike, 21, 52
 King Arthur's Round Table, 44
 Kirkfell, 177
 Kirkstone Pass, 65, 71
 Knoll, The, 77

LADDER BROW, 157
 Lady's Rake, 132
Lake District, models of the, 127, 129
 Lake Side, 39, 214
Lakes, measurements of, 15
 Lamplugh, 189
 Lancrigg, 114
 Langdale, 91; Pikes, 96

"Lang Strath," 167
 Lanthwaite Hill, 187
 Latrigg, 135
 Legberthwaite, Vale of, 150
 Leven River, 39
 Levens Hall, 19
 Ling Crag, 189
 Lingmell Ghyll, 174
Literary associations, 3
 Little Langdale, 93
 Liza Stream, 195
 Lobstone Band, 145
 Lodore, 157, 166
Long Meg and her Daughters, 48
 Longsleddale, 20
 Lord's Island, 131
 Lord's Seat, 155
 Lorton Vale, 187
 Loughrigg Fell, 76; Tarn, 76; Terrace, 76, 110
 Lower Sweden Bridge, 73
 Lowes Water, 188
 Low Fell, 189
 "Low Man" (Skiddaw), 136
 Lowther Castle, 45
 Low Water, 88
 Low Wood, 40
 Lyulph's Tower, 57

MAIDEN MOOR, 145
 Manchester Water Works, 151
 Mardale Green, 21, 52
 Marron Junction, 192
 Martindale, 58
 Mary, the Beauty of Buttermere, 180
 Matterdale Common, 54, 150
 Mayborough, 44
 Measand Beck, 51
 Melbreak, 186
 Mickleden, 100
 Mickledore, 173
 Millbeck (Keswick), 134; Streams, 32, 96
 Miller Brow, 25
 Millom, 205
 Mirehouse, 156
Models of the Lake District, 127, 129
 Moor Row Junction, 193
 Mortal Man Inn, 26
 Mosedale (Wastwater), 177, 200
 (Lowes Water), 185
Mountains, Heights of, 13
 Muncaster, 201

NAB FERRY, 33
 Nab Scar, 121
 Naddle Forest, 51
 Nag's Head Inn, 151
 Nan Bield, Pass of, 22, 52
 Nathdale, 149
 Needle of Great Gable, 170

Newby Bridge, 39
 New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, 94
 New Houses, 93
 Newlands Valley, 139
 Nickol End Landing, 139

OLD DUNGEON GHYLL HOTEL, 94
 "Old Man," Coniston, 87
 Orrest Head, 25
 Overbeck Glen, 176
 Oxendale, 99
 Oxen Fell, 78
 Oxenholme Junction, 16
 Oxen Park, 86

PAPCASTLE, 192
Passes, Heights of, 14
 Patterdale, 53, 56
 Pavey Ark, 97
 Peel Castle, 213
 Pelter Bridge, 77
Pencil-making (Keswick), 128
 Penrith, 41
 Pier's Ghyll, 170
 Pike o' Blisco, 99
 Pike o' Stickle, 96
 Pillar, the, Mountain and Rock, 176
 Place Fell, 58
Place-Names, 12
 Plumptre Junction, 214
 Pooley Bridge, 44
 Portinscale, 139

RAILWAYS, 9
 Rampsholm, 23, 131
 Rannerdale Knott, 186
 Raven Crag, 151
 Ravenglass, 201
 Rayrigg, 25
 Red Bank, 76, 110
 Red Nab Landing, 25
 Red Pike (Wastdale), 175; (Buttermere), 183
 Red Screes, 72
 Red Tarn, 60
 Revelin, 194
 Riggendale, Straits of, 21
 Robinson, 146, 182
 "Rock of Names," 151
 Roman Fell Road, 61
 Rossett Ghyll, 101
 Rosthwaite, 162
 Rothay River, 68, 105
 Round Table, the, 44
Rushbearing at Ambleside, 67
 Ruskin, John, 81
 Rydal, 108
 SADDLEBACK, 137
 Sadgill Bridge Cascade, 20
 Sail Crag, 143
 St. Bees, 195
 St. Herbert's Isle, 131

St. John, Vale of, 149
 St. Sunday Crag, 63
 Sandwich, 59
 Sandwith, 196
 Satterthwaite, 85
 Sawrey, Far and Near, 34
 Scafell, 171; ascents of, 174, 203
 Scafell Pike, 171
 Scale Force, 180
 Scalehill, 187
 Scales Tarn, 137
 Scar Crag, 143
 Scarf Gap, 178
School of Industrial Arts (Keswick), 128
 Screes, 199
 Seascale, 197
Season, 8
 Seatallan, 175
 Seathwaite (Borrowdale), 169; Beck, 164
 Seathwaite (Duddon Valley), 207; Tarn, 90, 207
 Seatoller, 163
 Seat Sandal, 119
 Sellafield Station, 197
 Serjeant Man, 98
 Shap, 49; Wells, 50
 Shepherd's Crag, 166
 Shoulthwaite Ghyll, 154
 Silecroft, 206
 Silverdale, 217
 Silver Hill (Patterdale), 57; (Derwentwater), 130
 Silver Howe, 114
 Sizergh Hall, 19
 Skelwith Bridge, 92
 Skiddaw, 136
 Small Water, 52
 Smeathwaite Bridge, 150
 Society of Friends, first meeting-house, 213
 Sour Milk Force (Grasmere), 112; (Buttermere), 181
 Southey, residence of, 127; burial-place, 129
 Sprint River, 20
 Stake Pass, 100
 Stanley Ghyll, 202
 Staveley Station, 21
 Steeple, 175
 Stickle Tarn, 96
 Sticks Pass, 63
 Stock Ghyll Force, 69
 Stonethwaite, 167
 Storr's Hall, 39
 Strands, 199
 Strawberry Bank, 37
 Striding Edge, 60
 Stybarrow Crag, 57
 Styhead Pass, 168
 Swarthmoor, 213

- Sweden Bridge, 72
 Swindale, 50
 Swinside (Keswick), 139; (Broughton), 206
 Swirrel Edge, 60
- TARN HOWES, 78, 82
 Tent Lodge, 85
 Terrace Road (Keswick), 133
 Thirlmere, 151
 Thirlspot, 150
 Thornthwaite, 155; Crag, 28, 63
 Three Tarns, the, 99
 Threlkeld, 149; Station, 65
 Thresthwaite Glen, 62
 Tilberthwaite Ghyll, 82
 Tongue Ghyll, 119
 Torver, 80
 Troutbeck, 26; Tongue, 27
 Trontbeck Station, 65
- ULLOCK STATION, 188
 Ullswater, 53
 Ulpha, 207
 Ulverston, 16, 213
 Underbarrow Scar, 19
 Upper Eskdale, 203
- VALE OF LORTON, 187; Newlands, 136; St. John, 149
- WALLOW CRAG (Hawes Water), 51; (Keswick), 132
- Walna Scar, 86
 Walney, Isle of, 213
 Wausfell Pike, 69
 Wanthwaite Bridge, 149
 Wastdale Head, 5, 170, 200
 Wastwater, 170, 200
 Watendlath, 154, 165
 Waterhead (Ambleside), 40; (Coniston), 80
 Watson, Bishop, monument, 30
 Wetherlam, 90
 Whinlatter Pass, 140
 Whitehaven, 192
 Whiteless Pike, 182
 Whiteside, 142
 Windermere, 22; Village, 24
 Windy Gap, 176
 Winster, 37
 "Wishing Gate," 109
 Wordsworth's birthplace, 191; memorial in Ambleside Church, 67; cottage, 103; grave, 106
 Wordsworth's Yew, 141, 187
 Workington, 192
 Wray Castle, 40
 Wrynose Pass, 208
 Wytheburn, 151
- YEWBARROW, 175
 Yew Crag, 163
 Yewdale, 78
 Yews of Borrowdale, 169

THE END

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hotels arranged Alphabetically according to Locality.

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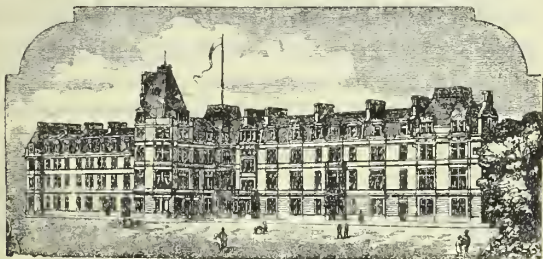
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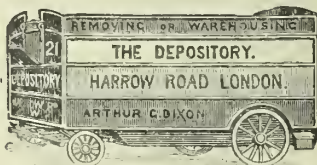
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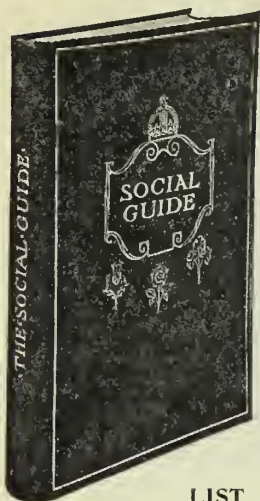


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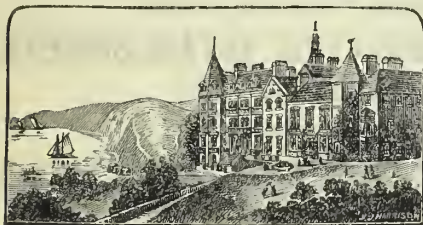
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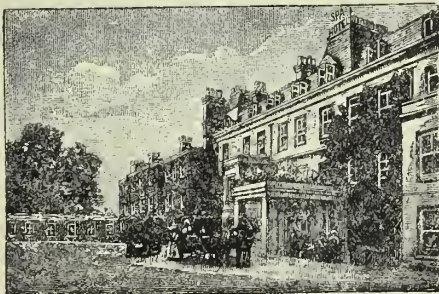
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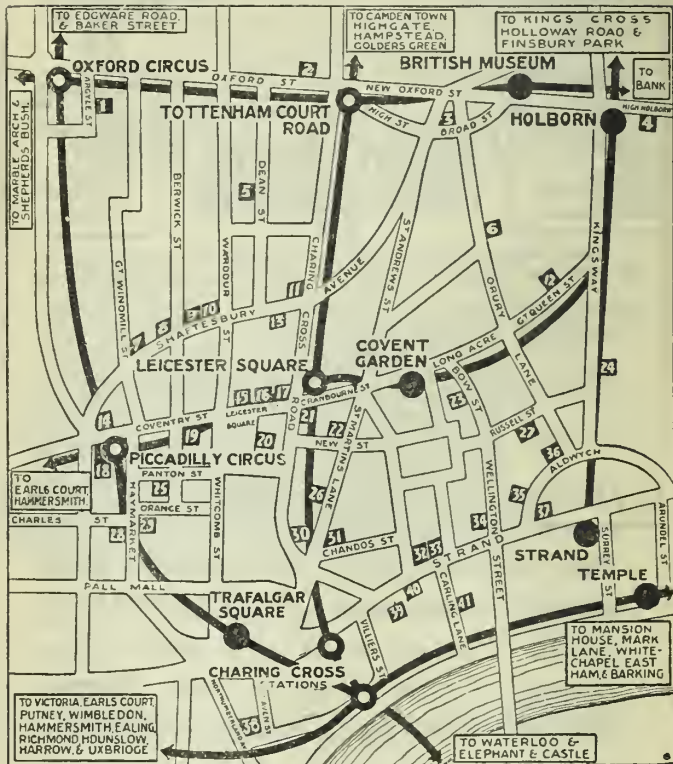
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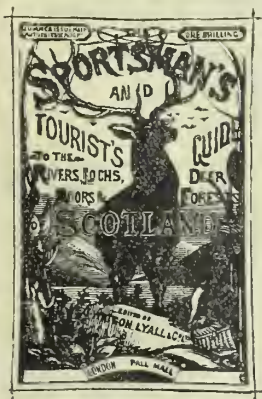
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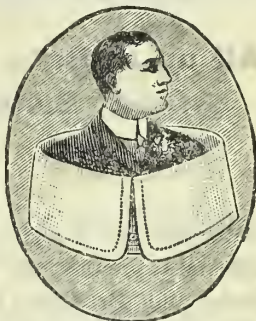
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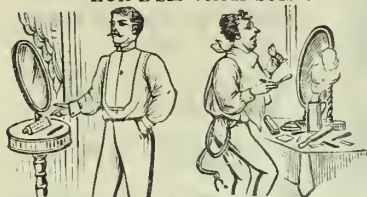
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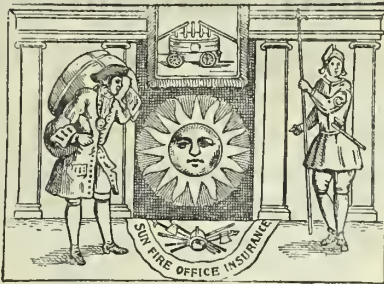
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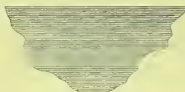
443 f^t



Depth 180 f^t

HAWES WATER Length 3 Miles - Breadth 1/2 Mile

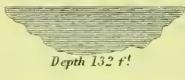
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Depth 270 f^t

WAST WATER Length 3 Miles - Breadth 1/2 Mile

240 f^t



Depth 132 f^t

CRUMMOCK WATER Length 3 Miles - Breadth 3/4 Mile

222 f^t



Depth 72 f^t

DERWENTWATER Length 3 Miles - Breadth 1 1/2 Miles

210 f^t



Depth 75 f^t

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147 f^t



Depth 160 f^t

CONISTON WATER Length 6 Miles - Breadth 1/2 Mile

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